

## Tumble Homeward

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/559037) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/559037>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">Gen</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Castiel/Dean Winchester</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Sam Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Original Male Character</a> , <a href="#">Amelia (Supernatural)</a> , <a href="#">Crowley (Supernatural)</a> , <a href="#">Castiel</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Mpreg</a> , <a href="#">Angels</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe</a> , <a href="#">Season/Series 08</a> , <a href="#">Heaven</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Hold Me Fast</a>
Stats:	Published: 2012-11-10 Updated: 2014-02-17 Words: 35,791 Chapters: 12/?

# Tumble Homeward

by [thewakingsleep](#)

## Summary

Post Season 8 fic. Dean and Castiel had a kid named Jace James Samuel Winchester, except Sam and Cas don't know and haven't seen Dean in 10 years. When Dean gets captured by demons, his son needs help getting him back. Who does he turn to?

## Notes

Spoilers up to 8.7 (I think). Destiel love child fic. Mpreg is mentioned, but there aren't any graphic details, nor will there ever be any graphic details. For all we know, the baby teleported out of a non-existent uterus. Also, slightly graphic descriptions of torture. I hope I covered all the warnings! Let me know if I didn't. Titles taken from Mumford & Sons' newest album, Babel. I was listening to this album when I wrote this. Enjoy!

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

## Love the One You Hold

It was just like the start of any true horror show. A young man, barely into his teens, walks up to his house and pauses at the slightly opened door. Unlike any normal boy, he pulls his backpack around and digs deep until he can feel the cold metal in his palm. He draws the weapon out as he pushes the door open. "Dad?" He calls tentatively, his heart beating hard and fast against his ribs. He gasps, his eyes widen, and his jaw drops at the sight of his living room.

The trail of wreckage starts at the front entrance and makes its way into the living room, knocked over tables, torn couch and chairs, smashed glass and TV. The thing that interests the young man most is the blood on the far wall, making it the first thing someone sees when they enter, spelling out, "Trade your angelic ass for your father's, and he might live. All my love, Crowley."

The teenager is frozen for a few moments before taking a breath and closing his mouth. He tucks the gun in the back of his jeans as he moves a little bit further into the house. Sadly, he knows exactly what to do. They had planned for it and packed bags and have a safe house. But before he leaves and starts on the plan, he defies a direct order from his father: don't take any personal belongings.

He picked his way into the house where he knew of the lock box that contained all the baby pictures and family photos that his father kept safe. He also picked up a duffel bag, packing tomes, clothes and a variety of weapons, from Rosary beads and holy water to the demon-killing knife and his father's favorite pistol. Armed to the teeth and supported by a plan, Jace James Samuel Winchester made his way out of his childhood home.

~

Dean Winchester collapsed into the squeaky motel room chair with a huge sigh and a beer at his lips. His brother, Sam, sat down a few feet away on one of the double beds, elbows to knees, hands clasped, back tense and eyes searching. He opened his mouth to speak, but in thinking better of it, shut it once more. He huffed a sigh.

Dean rolled his eyes and tipped his head to the side to steal a glance at Sam. "Dude, just say it." He took another drink.

Sam gulped and shifted on the bed once more. "I was thinking"

"Uh-oh..." Dean interrupted smarmily.

"Dean," Sam scolded. Dean sighed and waved his hand, dropping the beer he had onto the table. "I was thinking that now that we got our holy grail and the gates of hell are closed, I would go back to Amelia." He looked up at Dean, who was staring at the beer in his hand.

Dean sat thinking about life without Sam. He thought about how Sam was his last person on earth. Castiel was in heavenly jail, by his own choice, and any friends he'd had before were

dead. And now... now with the changes that are going to happen very soon... He gulped, sitting up and rubbing his hands on his pants. He sighed, not wanting to think about any of that in front of his brother. "I'm going out for a bit," he announced as he stood up.

Sam's shoulders slumped. "Sammy, don't be like that. I have to go think. Drive." Sam looked up again with that lost puppy look on his face, only a slight difference between his puppy looks.

He left and got into his baby and started driving. For the past two weeks he's vomited 24 times. Nausea welcomed him every morning it seemed. It had only been maybe two months since Cas left them for heaven. It was still too early to tell, right? It's not like this had ever happened before and it's not like his body is meant for it at all. But with the mood swings, the vomiting, and the slight bleeding, there was only one thing his mind could attribute all of those things with. Add in the fact that he had angel dick up his ass almost two months ago, and there was his answer.

That damn feathery bastard never mentioned anything like this. He would need to do research to see if this ever happened to men when angels went around sleeping with humans on a regular basis. Research, he hated research. It was one of the good things about having a partner, a brother. But he couldn't even comprehend telling Sammy that he might be a little bi, let alone pregnant.

Pregnant. Meaning a baby. Not just a baby, half angel, half human. Oh god.

Dean pulled over to the side of the road, now just outside of town and jumped out of his precious baby. He ran as far as he could, which was just off the shoulder of the road, before he threw up.

After he was done getting rid of his dinner and any beer he might have drank, he wiped his mouth and went to lean against the Impala. His mind was blank until it flashed with one word: Nephilim. What the hell would his child look like? It's half celestial wave of intent and half flesh and bone and soul. His mind couldn't get around it. He guessed that was something else he'd have to research.

And there it was. There was his answer. He was so lost with this kind of thing. His body would be going through changes that he had no clue about and then he'd have to figure out a way to get the baby out once it was done growing inside him because no way was it getting out the same way it went in. He most definitely will need help. But not Sammy's help. No, he wanted to go be with the love of his life. He really did need to stop sneering every time he thought, heard, or spoke those words. The only love he had truly believed in was his love for Sam. Sam's love for him has obviously been overridden. And Dean has never loved anything more than Sam. Not even Castiel.

God, the kid would only have him. No woman, no other man, no angel to help or support or teach. Only shitty, old him. He did okay raising Sammy, but that was a long time ago. He's changed. He's been to all the dimensions now, heaven, hell, purgatory, and earth. Jesus Christ, he didn't even know how old he was now. In his mid-thirties? His body keeps disappearing or dying and coming back, that he has no idea how aging will work for him. His soul was a

different matter. His soul was easily 80 years old. How was he supposed to raise an infant? By himself?

Dean scrubbed a hand over his face. He started to feel light headed. God, he needed to back up. What did he need to do now, what needed deciding right now? Sam, stay or go? Go, he won't be happy here and Dean didn't particularly think he'd want him around for the pregnancy thing and the birth thing. He'd probably love to be an uncle though. Okay, so Sam goes.

*Where do I go?*

~

Stealing a car was easy. Driving when you look 15 but have only actually been on this planet for 9 years? Not so easy.

JJ drove the car he stole with a thick book under his ass. This way he looked tall enough that any cop would think he was at least 16 or older. He was in no way done growing and if what his father had told him about how tall his uncle was true, he might be taller than his dad someday.

He smiled slightly remembering the times when his father told him of his uncle. It was usually right at bedtime when he did. It was frequently about the monsters they hunted or stories that involved an angel or two.

The angel thing was something he had to sort out for himself his dad had said. His dad didn't want to put anything in his head to hate his other parent. Instead he kept everything that he told him about Castiel good and worthy of a true hero. When he was at that age where he loved love stories, his dad would tell him all of the more romantic stories of him and his angel. How Castiel had given up heaven for him and how the angel had saved his father from monsters and demons and hell itself.

When he was old enough to be curious to ask where his father was, his father had said that Castiel was back in heaven, his home, and that's where he chose to be. But JJ also knew that Castiel had no clue he existed. His father had made it very clear that if Cas had known he had a son, he would have stayed and helped and loved JJ just like he did. And now JJ might be able to pray for Castiel to come help, but his father had made it very clear that if anything were to happen, he should go to Sam first. Cas was a last resort, the atomic bomb. So JJ was going to Kermit, Texas.

~

He woke to the smell of leather and blood. He could immediately tell that he was bound similarly to how he was during the first thirty years he was in hell. He groaned as he woke. His head was throbbing and the lights were way too bright, especially for a demon's torture chamber.

"Wakey, wakey, Deany boy," crooned a voice that was way too familiar and yet he hadn't heard it in many, many years. He was supposed to never hear that voice again. Why was it

right here?

He opened his eyes and Crowley's infamous meat suit was staring down at him. He groaned loudly. He would have cursed as colorfully as he was in his mind right now if his mouth didn't have a strap of leather in it.

"Nice to know you didn't forget little old me. When we were finally freed from hell, which was way too over crowded with all us demons back by the way, we were so surprised to hear about your little angelic offspring."

His heart was beating a mile a minute. JJ was all on his own for now. He'd have to try to escape before JJ came to make a trade or bring Sam or, please god no or Castiel. That would be utter disaster. He needed to make sure JJ was safe. He needed-

Pain bloomed brilliantly on his cheek as his ears processed the noise of the smack. "Dean you aren't listening to me."

Oh the many snarky things he could have said at that point.

"I really like having you gagged. It makes everything so much easier and so much less annoying. Of course I can't wait to show you all of the new things I learned in the pit." Crowley crouched down low next to his ear and whispered, "It'll be a scream." Dean closed his eyes as Crowley laughed.

"I get to do with you what I want while we wait for little Nephilim to show his face for the trade. And Dean, there are so many things I want to do to you."

Dean felt a sheet being pulled back and cold air hitting all his skin that wasn't strapped down with heavy pieces of leather.

"Let's get started!"

~

Missouri Moseley had to be one of the most wonderful people ever. Dean felt very sure of this when she came into his bedroom after he'd been sitting with his newborn son for two hours already. He could have sworn there was a halo around her head when she offered her arms to take the little boy so that Dean could get some sleep.

"Thank you," Dean almost moaned as the weight was lifted from his arms.

"Go back to bed now. I'll stay in here until he quiets down and then I'll put him back with you."

Dean groaned as he hauled himself out of the arm chair. "Okay, jus' don' take 'im outta the room. Stay here," he mumbled as he took the two steps to collapse onto his bed.

"We'll stay in here," Missouri assured him and settled into the chair.

Dean only woke again when he felt himself being rearranged and a tiny warm body placed on his chest. He hummed and wrapped his arms around his son, a great warmth spilling out of his heart and spreading out to the edges of his body. He had never felt this way about anyone before. He'd thought the only person he'd ever love the most was Sammy. Romantically, he'd only ever thought he loved Cassie, and then nothing until Cas. But Cas was a new and absent thing and the feelings he felt for him were never static. Then his son came into being and he had felt nothing like this, ever. He fell asleep easily once he knew his son was safe and in his arms.

~

"Come on, come on!" JJ huffed under his breath. He'd been trailing his Uncle Sam in his car for three hours now. He had to have caught on. "Just realize someone's following you and do a maneuver to confront me. Come on!"

The thing he'd been waiting all afternoon for didn't occur until 40 minutes later when he'd followed his uncle's car into the warehouse district and it was all too obvious that he was making his move. The car's tires screeched as it spun to a halt, blocking the only exit for JJ. He stopped a few yards from Sam's car. Sam, his Uncle Sam, the veritable brick wall, jumped out of the car with a pistol trained on him. JJ sighed, his stomach full of butterflies.

He stepped out of the car, empty hands raised and out of the door first. "I'm not armed!" JJ shouted to Sam. The man got a confused puppy look on his face, one that he had described to him many times over his childhood. JJ smirked as he stepped in front of the open car door. "Well, actually that's a lie. Hunters are always armed. Isn't that right Sam Winchester?" He dropped his arms at his sides, relaxed.

Sam lowered his gun slightly, moving forward carefully. "You're a kid. What are you doing, following people?"

They were a few feet apart now; Sam's hands still clenched on the gun, but no longer pointed directly at JJ. "Didn't you hear me just now? I'm a hunter," JJ said slower. He sighed and got straight to the greeting that was taught to him by his father as standard operation for whenever you meet another hunter.

Fast as can be, he kicked the gun out of Sam's hands, took the water gun from the front of his pants and sprayed Sam's face with holy water, then dropped the gun when his flesh wasn't steaming. He grabbed Sam's wrist and took out his silver knife from inside his jacket and cut along his arm. No stinging. A smaller container filled with Borax came out next, again from inside his jacket and was sprinkled on Sam's hand. Nothing. Sam was clean.

JJ looked up at Sam. He almost laughed due to the expression of indignation. "You're clean. Now me."

He raised his arm and filled the knife around so that Sam could take it and cut him. Sam got out his own knife and cut into his arm, just enough to draw blood. JJ winced. He wasn't all that used to being on the received end of this greeting. Being half angel, he wasn't susceptible to the common forms of possession, so his father never bothered to check him. JJ was never out of his father's sight long enough for anything to happen anyway.

“You’re clean,” Sam told him, once he’d finished. He stood back and stared at JJ. “You say you’re a hunter. What do you want?”

JJ gulped, wrapping his arm in a piece of cloth. “My father is a hunter too. He said you were the best, years ago. He claims to be the best now, but I need help and he’s been taken.”

Sam leaned against the car, “How do you know he didn't just walk out?”

JJ shook his head. “There was a message left on the wall, in his blood.”

“Was it signed?” Sam asked, sounding rather petulant.

JJ’s lips tightened into a thin line and he tipped his head, “Look, I can tell you all you want to know, but only if you promise you can help me. If not, I need to go looking elsewhere and this would have been a terrific waste of time. So here’s what you need to know: My father, a hunter, has been taken by something supernatural and I need your help to get him back. What is it going to be?” JJ’s chest was heaving by the end.

There was an awful pause full of eye contact and JJ’s heart going a mile a minute, so scared he’d be turned down. Finally, Sam spoke.

“I haven’t hunted in 10 years. What if I’m rusty?” Sam asked arms crossed in front of his massive chest.

“Oh you are most definitely rusty. You didn't do anything about the guy following you for almost 4 hours. But I know you used to be the best and this is what my father told me to do in case this happened. Come to you for help. Come to the best for help.”

*Oh, that’s what he meant by bitch face, JJ thought.*

“Fine. I’m in for now. I’m willing to hear what you know and help you plan. But I can’t promise you I’ll help in any physical way. I stopped hunting a long time ago and it was for a very good reason and I can’t turn my back on that reason. Got it?”

JJ’s shoulders slumped in relief. “Yes. I understand.”

Sam lowered his arms to his sides and then stuck one out, “First things first. What’s your name?”

JJ looked at the hand and took a moment to recognize how surreal this was. Then he took his uncle’s hand and looked back into his eyes. “JJ.”



# Give Me Hope in the Darkness

## Chapter Notes

Again, nothing more graphic than the show. Actually, very much less so than the show.

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

“Daddy?” The little boy called out to his father who was sitting at the kitchen table with a laptop. “Daddydaddydaddydaddy”

“Yeah, buddy?” Dean answered his son. “What’s up?”

The little boy tugs at the hem of his father’s shirt. “Why’d we hafta leave grandma Mozley’s house?”

Dean sighed and picked up his son settling him on his lap and looking him in the eye. “I told you this before, son. She got too curious about how you age. I couldn't trust her anymore.”

Little Jace’s face twisted into a frustrated confused expression and he tipped his head to the side. Dean’s heart skipped, twirled, and laid down to die. He could not get over how much Jace looked like Castiel, or rather, Jimmy Novak. Dean guessed that it was Jimmy’s DNA that contributed to the human aspects of Jace, along with Dean’s. The angelic parts of Jace were more a mystery than anything. He aged faster than humans. Dean hoped it would slow down at some point so his son didn't end up looking 40 at 25 years old.

And then there was a matter of the angelic powers that started showing up. Those were the real reason he needed to leave his home of a year and a half. His son, at 2 years old was developing a habit of healing everyone and everything. When they’d found a cat limping through Missouri’s backyard, Jace had run right up to it, no matter how much or loudly Dean had protested, set his hands on it and the cat was good as new.

He was thankful Missouri hadn't been around to see that. What she had been around to see was Dean accidentally cutting his finger making dinner and Jace making the cut disappear with a brush of his hand. She’d gotten awfully curious from then out. She knew somewhat of Jace’s origins, but not the angelic part. He had been thankful to her for all that she had done and put up with him, but once he’d found her trying to use his son to help her psychic business boom, he was out of there.

The only other angelic trait Jace had shown signs of was Cas’s freaky way of getting into stranger’s minds. This was just another reason they would have to move frequently. Or at least go to a place where they don’t pay much attention to that stuff. For now, they were making due.

Dean had considered going to Sam for help, but there was so much between them now. He had his new life with Amelia and Dean had a new life with Jace. Dean couldn't wrap his head around how he'd get back into Sam's life. For the first few months at Missouri's, he'd kept in touch with Sam, but when it became increasingly difficult to manage contact and not give away details, he'd cut ties with him. If Sam had been truly worried or concerned for Dean, he'd have found him in no time. It was just another thing that he had to deal with.

And now his two year old son is learning faster than even Sam did when he was a child. He was reading all the time now. Dean had a hard time keeping up with him. Soon, Dean feared, Jace would outgrow him, just like Sam had when he went off to Stanford, or gave up hunting for Amelia. It was a thought he didn't like to dwell on.

Dean took a deep breath as he returned to the little boy who looked so much like his other father. He just drew him closer to his body, not wanting to ever have to let him go.

~

Dean came to for the third time since Crowley started. He groaned for the ache left throughout his body and then immediately stopped for the pain his throat was in. It wasn't any wonder his voice had progressively gotten more gravelly and rough as the years went by, with all the torture and screaming.

"You know, this might not be as fun as it could have been with you in hell," Crowley stated from his seat at a table on the other side of the room. He was swirling some expensive looking liquor in his tumbler. "In hell, you would have woken up with a brand new body to start all over again. Instead, you have the old one." Crowley sighed. "Now I have to clean you up between sessions. Let you rest and heal for a few hours before I start again. This would be a problem, if I didn't have a solution already on its way."

Dean squinted. He couldn't really keep track of what the demon was saying. Not really. He didn't understand that last ominous phrase until a few minutes later and some of Crowley's goons dragged a young man in a suit through the door.

"Ah! Just in time. Dean!" He snapped his fingers to get Dean's eyes over to him. Crowley smiled evilly. "Dean, I want to introduce you to Israfil." Dean's heart started beating faster and his eyes widened. "Yes, I've captured one of the lovely feathery ones to help with our little problem." Crowley motioned and the goons dragged the angel over to Dean's side. Crowley took the angel's hand and put it to Dean's forehead. "Heal him," Crowley commanded Israfil.

"And then what? You'll kill me?" Israfil asked sardonically.

The corner of Crowley's mouth lifted into a smirk. "No. You'll have done a good deed, healing this man." The demon leaned down and whispered into the angel's ear, "Can't you recognize him? He's the righteous one. And he's hurt and needs healing." Crowley's smirk grew. "After you heal him, I'll have some more fun with him before you have to heal him again. So no, sweetheart, not going to kill you yet."

Israfel's nostrils flared as he huffed a breath. His gaze looking from Crowley to Dean as if Dean could contribute to the conversation with leather stuffed in his mouth. His gaze settled pityingly on Dean, "I'm sorry." And with that, Dean felt a whole lot better. Even that crick in his neck he'd been having since before he was captured from when he tried to keep up with Jace during training was gone. Dean grunted his thanks even though he knew his painlessness would be short lived.

"Good angel," Crowley scowled. He motioned once more and his goons took Israfel away and out of the room. Only moments after, Dean was using his voice in the most unpleasant way. Again.

~

"Crowley!?!?" Sam's eyebrows rose very high and JJ felt slightly concerned about that. "Crowley took your father!?"

JJ showed him the picture he took of part of the message on the wall that left out the "angelic" part again instead of actually speaking.

"That's not possible! My brother and I closed the gates to Hell forever. All of the demons that were on earth were sucked back in and had no way out," Sam took the picture from JJ's hand and studied it closely.

JJ sat back down in the motel room chair. "I know. But this is what I know. And I researched signs for demons in the area and cattle were dropping dead that day as well as three electrical storms in neighboring towns." He shifted uncomfortably. "All signs point to demon and the message clearly points to the King of Hell."

Sam sat down across from him, table full of papers and research between them. "I- I can't believe the gates are open again." He tossed the photo back onto the table and put his head in his hands. JJ recognized the need to process as it wasn't all that different from his father's. "It's- It's just that I quit hunting and I felt good about that decision because the demons were gone and I figured all the other hunters would take care of whatever was left. But now..." He trailed off shaking his head and sighing.

JJ gulped. He wasn't sure how his uncle would take this news. He was afraid it'd affect his decision to help. He couldn't do this without help. He couldn't get his dad back without someone helping him and leading him. He could not do this alone. It was something he was so sure of. He felt his face get flushed at the prospect of Sam backing out and having to take this on alone.

"Sam, if you don't want to continue, I'd understand," JJ said slowly, not sure what he was saying.

His uncle shook his head again, "No! No, it's okay. I'm glad I know. And I'm still going to help. So, Crowley took your father. What beef would Crowley have with your father?"

Sam looked to JJ for answers. JJ prepared for these questions. He can do this. "He crossed Crowley before he was sealed in hell. He also thinks that getting me to trade myself for my

father would hurt my father more than any torture he could unleash on dad.” He gulped, not wanting to think about the state his father must’ve been at that moment.

“Well, he’s probably right about that,” Sam admitted, now looking through the papers with a renewed fervor. “How long ago did this happen?”

JJ took a breath and straightened up. “Three days ago. I came looking for you as soon as I found the house like that.” Sam looked up at him. “We had a plan in place in case something like this happened. Dad knew that until I was ready to take on a case by myself and not fail, I wouldn’t be able to do something like this without help.”

Sam gave him a long look before it settled into being a look full of pity. “You do know that you don’t have to follow your father’s path, right? I mean, you don’t have to be a hunter if you don’t want to be.” JJ’s insides burned.

“I know that, and I also know that I am the only one who decides my future. It’s not like dad’s pushing me into this. I have plenty of options that I’m fully aware of and even plan on taking a few of them. And I also know that despite my chosen profession, I need to save my dad.” JJ’s jaw clenched tight. His dad had always said he could go off like a gasket sometimes. It’s something he’d always attributed to Sam, not himself or Castiel.

Sam stared and then slowly nodded, seemingly understanding. “Okay. Let’s get to planning then. First, we have to find out where they’re holding him.”

~

“So you and the angel were really seeing more of each other than you let on. I’d always suspected, even commented on it a few times to dear old Cas. He always threw me against a wall whenever I did. I guess he’s a bit possessive,” Crowley’s mouth was very close to Dean’s ear now. He could feel the warmth of his breath on his skin.

Dean shivered in disgust. He hated this. He hated that this was exactly like hell. He hated the smell of the dried blood on leather and he hated the helpless feeling the torture and restraints and gag were all giving him. One reprieve was that Crowley was not nearly as good at his job as Alastair was or even as good as Dean himself was.

“It had to have been when you got the little angel out of Purgatory, right?” Crowley was having too much fun with this. “That had to be when you got impregnated. Dear old Cas flew back to heaven to stay not long after that. And we all know how well that went.” Crowley went back to cutting on Dean. “So your angelic offspring was born a little while after you sealed hell. Did Moose know? Did your brother know that an angel’s spawn was growing inside of you?”

Dean wasn't sure what Crowley was trying to achieve with all this talking. All it was doing was distracting him from the pain.

“Is that why Sam left you? Did he find you disgusting having slept with the angel that destroyed so much, who played god? Did he run away from you?” Crowley sneered into his ear.

Dean got it now. He was trying to get him to break down. It would make sense, if what he suggested actually happened. If Sammy had abandoned him, knowing he'd be going through one of the hardest times of his life, Dean would have been more broken than he was now.

“Or were you the one running away? Did you know it's a sin for an angel to lay with a human? The offspring, Nephilim, were hunted and slaughtered by the other angels. They are abominations to heaven, to hell, to purgatory, and to earth. They belong nowhere.”

Now he was hitting a spot. Dean couldn't imagine what would happen if heaven found out about Jace. He couldn't imagine how he'd feel if they were to try and take Jace away. He'd found a long time ago that he'd destroy anyone or anything that tried to take his son away from him.

If Jace went to Castiel, if he went to heaven to get Castiel, to help save Dean, the angels would retaliate. He had no idea what Cas would say on the matter. He didn't know if the hatred and genocide of Nephilim was something ingrained into an angel's being or if it were the Old Man's decision, or if he'd changed enough to know what Jace truly was. His son was a gift, not a curse or a burden. He was not a stain that needed rubbing out. He was magnificent.

“Oh Dean. I think we're having a lot of fun. But do you know what would make this party even more exciting?” He could feel Crowley's breath on his neck. His flesh crawled as he heard the doors open, and craning his head up, he saw nothing walk through. “Hellhounds.”

~

As the light from the portal faded, Sam and Dean saw a figure walking through. Dean's heart beat in his chest, almost chanting 'Cas' with every thump. "Cas?" Dean called when the figure had stopped. The light then went out completely and Dean saw the angel for the first time since Purgatory. He looked brand new. In his old suit and crooked blue tie and stupid flasher trench coat.

Relief like nothing he'd ever felt pulsed through him. He walked forward, keeping his eyes on Cas's and pulled him into a hug, not dissimilar from the last one he gave him when they met up once more in Purgatory. This time they stayed together for a minute longer. Dean felt as though he could cry.

"I'm so glad you're okay," Dean managed to scratch out of his throat. He patted Cas on the back once before letting go. He stepped back but kept a clutched hand on the angel's shoulder and Cas's hand did the same.

"And I you Dean. Thank you, for getting me out of there," Cas said, with all of the meaning deliberately put into his voice and eyes. "Thank you."

A few hours later, when Castiel has made the decision to confront his siblings in heaven and accept whatever the punishment may be, Dean sat him down and handed him a beer.

“But why?” Cas asked again.

“Because!” Dean answered the same way the last three times. When it became clear that Cas wasn't going to drink or take part in this activity until Dean fully explained himself, Dean sighed and sat forward in his seat. “You know a few years ago when we were going to face Raphael and I took you to that brothel?”

“Yes, Dean, angels do not forget,” Cas replied.

Dean rolled his eyes. “Well, this is like that. It's enjoying your last night on earth. Cause you don't know what's waiting for you in the morning.”

There was a pause and then Cas picked up the bottle in front of him and drank. “Okay,” Cas conceded.

Dean felt a little like the angel was only doing this because Dean wanted him to. He hated that there might be a possibility of Cas feeling like he owed him for getting him out of Purgatory or some shit like that. He hated the unbalanced feeling of their relationship on the whole. First Cas saves him from hell, then Dean and Cas are caught up in a cluster of saving each other. Cas dies two times for him. Cas eventually crowns himself god and fucks up a lot. Cas lets out the Leviathan, but disappears. Cas takes Sam's Lucifer hallucinations and becomes crazy. Dean leaves Cas behind in Purgatory only to get him out again.

It's too much to keep track of. If only the angel felt more forgiven, maybe they could act as equals instead. There was going to need to be a lot more alcohol involved before Dean could share feelings like Sam did. So he downs his beer and opens his mouth.

“Hey, Cas?” Dean tentatively asked.

“Yes, Dean?” Cas prompted, still frowning at his beer.

“I was wondering if you know that I forgave you,” the words stumble out of his mouth.

Castiel looks up, almost frightened. “No, Dean, I don't.”

The hunter nodded. “Well, I did. So stop acting like you owe me or some stupid shit.”

Cas opened his mouth and then closed it again and thought. “I was not aware I was acting that way. I'll refrain from doing so immediately.”

Dean huffed. “Thank you. We're so past all that since everything that happened in Purgatory.”

The angel hummed in agreement. There was a pause. “What did happen in Purgatory, Dean?”

Dean looked up from where he was drawing with the condensation left from the bottle. “You mean you don't remember?” His heart was beating faster than ever.

Cas shook his head quickly. “No, no. I remember. I was just wondering what it meant. To you. And to me.”

Dean could feel his face flush with heat. “Um, well I’m not quite sure. I guess it was comfort if anything. You were the only one I trusted and knew in there and we have this bond and, yeah.” Dean petered out.

“Oh. Okay,” Cas responded. This time the pause was incredibly awkward. “Do you think it’s likely to happen again?” Cas asked tentatively, looking up and straight at Dean.

Dean raised his head and his eyes caught with the angel’s. He gulped.

~

“I know how to find him,” JJ said.

Sam’s jaw dropped. “You do?”

“Well, yeah. Crowley had to be sure that I’d be able to find him in order to make the trade in the first place,” JJ said, a little condescendingly.

Sam sat forward again, “Well, how do we find him?”

JJ took his laptop out of his bag and opened it up. “His cell phone has GPS locating capabilities. I can log into the account and find out where the signal is or, if it’s destroyed, I can find the last place it was last broadcasting a signal and we can go from there.” He logged back onto his computer and his heart sped up at his wallpaper. He quickly opened up a browser and got to work before Sam could bring his chair around to his side of the table and see his own brother looking back at him, arm around the kid with the computer.

“How long will this take?” Sam asked, his forehead crinkling in concern.

JJ’s fingers were flying across the keyboard. “Not long.”

There was a pause. “How old are you?” Sam asked.

“Fifteen,” JJ answered succinctly. His dad had drilled these pieces of information into him every time he looked a year older.

“What year were you born?” Sam asked again.

“2007.” Lies. He was born 2013. He’s only been alive 9 years, but looked 15. It’s been an issue that they’ve had to deal with multiple times and with creative mean.

“Huh,” Sam huffed and leaned back in his chair. “You’re really good at this for how young you are.”

This in JJ’s mind translated to even more admiration as he was adding 6 years onto his age. “Well, when you were my age, weren’t you this good?”

Sam laughed. “Maybe, but I didn’t want anything to do with hunting at your age. Actually, it wasn’t until after college that I went back into hunting and only because my brother needed me.”

“Oh? Where did you go to college?” JJ asked, still working. He knew about his uncle leaving his family of hunters to go to college, essentially cutting all contact with them. It was after his father went missing that he saw his brother again, and after his fiancée died that he went back into hunting. But keeping Sam focused on his past and himself, kept him distracted from creeping into his own life.

“Stanford,” Sam answered. “I had a full ride, which was the only way I could’ve gone. My dad wasn’t about to pay for it, and he didn’t have the money to anyway.” His tone surprisingly wasn’t accusatory or bitter at all. It showed JJ just how long ago this was.

“You don’t seem upset about it.”

Sam shrugged. “It was a long time ago. I’m done with being mad at my dad or my brother.”

“Where are they now?” JJ asked, knowing how he’d answer for his grandfather, but he wanted to know how much Sam knew about his father. Sam was silent for a moment. “Sorry, I don’t mean to pry.”

“No, it’s okay. My dad is dead and has been for 16 years now. But my brother,” he breaks off in a frustrated huff before he continues, “he left and I haven’t seen him in 9 or 10 years. Once I stopped hunting it was like he disappeared or,”

“What?”

“Died,” Sam said with a tone of finality. “That’s how I think of him most of the time now, is dead on a hunt or a car wreck, I don’t know.”

JJ swallowed around the sudden massive amount of feelings that brought to his throat. “Wow. I’m so sorry.”

Sam sighed and leaned back in his chair. “It’s okay. Nothing for you to be sorry about.” There was a bit of silence after that, just the sound of JJ’s fingers on his keyboard.

“Done,” JJ said triumphantly. He turned the laptop slightly to show Sam what was on the screen. The signal was active and pulsing brightly in downtown Detroit, Michigan.

“Oh, god. Detroit? Really? It had to be Detroit?”

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading! Wow, that episode tonight! No spoilers, don't worry! Just, wow. I have the third chapter already written, it just needs to be looked over and I need to write the fourth chapter and then I'll update! Let me know what you think! Thanks!



# Grace and Choice

## Chapter Notes

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

The sun was peaking in through the window and angling straight onto Cas's bare back. Dean had forgotten to pull the curtains. Dean was just waking up, but Cas had just lain there all night awake since he was an angel and probably could sleep but didn't need it. He could feel Cas's hand running up and down his side slowly and gently, at least gentler than he'd been the night before.

Then it hit Dean all over. Castiel was leaving today for heaven. He might die today. He might leave forever. He might fall. There were so many possibilities about today going through his head and he kept on coming back to the very slim chance that he'd come back to Dean. As always, Dean would blame heaven and the dickless angels. Although, now that he'd had angel dick up his ass, he could no longer claim they were dickless.

He huffed a small laugh at the fact that he lost an insult after having sex. He felt Cas's stubble scratch against his nipple when he laughed. His breath hitched and Castiel's hand stopped moving. Then after a moment, Cas huffed a laugh too.

"Really, Dean? Dickless was inaccurate even back then and unoriginal," Cas's voice sounded even more wrecked now. Dean didn't concentrate on what Cas was saying, just that his breath puffed warm against his chest. "And now you're back to wanting intercourse. Interesting how quickly you can get excited." Cas tipped his head down to look at Dean's dick and how it was filling up.

Cas hummed and smiled before starting to kiss Dean's chest. "I'm a guy. Not to mention I'm a guy who hasn't had sex since purgatory and very rarely even before that. Also, I have one hot angel ass lying naked in bed with me. What else is going to happen?"

Cas hummed again before Dean fisted his hand in his hair and tugged up without much effect. "Dammit, Cas. Come up here," Dean ground out. Cas obliged after another tug and pulled his lips from Dean's chest to his lips for a kiss. It was gentle at first, but as Dean got harder and Cas reciprocated more, the kiss became frantic and messy in no time.

"What do you want?" Cas asked against his lips. It made Dean pause. Last night was awesome. Two rounds of hot angel sex had worn him out whereas Cas seemed like he could have gone for an infinite amount of rounds. And the night before was supposed to be about Cas having whatever he wanted before he would go up to heaven to die or whatever his punishment would be. Yet, all Castiel did was ask Dean what he wanted. Dean needed that morning to be about saying goodbye. He didn't have a proper goodbye when he left Cas behind in Purgatory so he didn't want to miss out now when he might never see him again.

"I want to feel you," Dean whispered. They hadn't gone far the night before and right then, Dean was craving Cas in a new way. Cas gazed at him a bit more searching for something.

"Are you sure?" Cas tipped his head to the side and did that super intense gaze thing. Dean nodded and Cas pounced.

~

"Dad?" Jace called as soon as he came through the door, dropping his book-heavy backpack by the stairs.

"Yeah, Jace?" Dean called back from the kitchen. Dean heard him sigh from a room away.

Jace entered the kitchen through the swinging door. "I told you not to call me that." He sat down on one of the bar stools at the island in the kitchen and watched Dean move around.

Dean laughed. "Sorry, son, but I named you and created you so I get to call you what I want." Jace rolled his eyes and picked up a carrot.

"Potion?" Jace questioned.

Dean held up the Italian seasoning and the Basil leaves. "Stew."

"Oh." Jace chewed and paused, looking awfully thoughtful. Dean slowed in his movements at the silence and studied his son's face.

Dean put the stew on pause. "What's up?"

Jace took a breath and opened his mouth, but nothing was coming out. He tried again, "I had a question," he said slowly. Dean inclined his head to indicate Jace could ask him. He took another big breath and blinked rapidly. "Where's my mom?" His question came out rushed and breathless.

Dean's eyes bulged and he froze, not even breathing. Jace avoided his eyes until he noticed his dad's breathing problem. "Dad! Breathe!" Dean took a breath and started moving again. He braced his hands on the counter.

"Wow," Dean mumbled. He ran a hand across his mouth. "I need to sit down," he said and went to do it. In the living room.

Jace followed him into the next room, talking all the way. "Dad, I know that when I was little all you talked about was Castiel the angel and how he's my father and I'm part angel. And I get that part, but how..." Jace was clearly trying to choose his words carefully, "did I come about?" He collapsed on the couch right beside Dean.

"Um. I. Well, you see," Dean tried and failed. "Give me a moment," he begged and took a moment. He had not been prepared for that question at all. 'Why do I have wings' he was prepared for, but 'how did I come about' not so much. He didn't even know the true mechanics of it all. "Well, Jace, I'm not quite sure how you came about biologically. I mean, I could tell you the straight and simple and gruesome terms of how you came to be--"

"Please, no," Jace interrupted, with his 'I'm truly disgusted face.'

“But as far as who gave birth to you, that would be me,” Dean said stilted with his eyes wandering up to Jace’s. He wasn’t sure how his son would take this fantastic news, but he knew that it grossed him out before during and after.

“Oh. So, you’re the closest thing I have to a biological mother,” Jace sort of asked and sort of questioned. Dean nodded. Jace nodded along and looked down at his hands. “And Castiel is in heaven?”

“Yeah,” Dean perked up at that and readjusted so he was facing Jace. “You know that he’d be here if he knew, right?” Sure, Dean had his fears of what heaven’s wrath might be if they ever found out about Jace, but he was fairly certain that if Cas ever looked him up, he wouldn’t try and kill their son.

Jace nodded. “Yeah, I know.” Jace went silent for a while longer, looking down once more. Dean nudged him with his knee. “Why hasn’t he tried looking for you yet? If you were so in love, why hasn’t he come back?” Jace kept his eyes on his hands in his lap and his voice cracked, knowing this would be a sensitive subject, not just for Dean but for himself too. “It’s been eight years. I know he’s in angel jail, but, Dad, if it’s self imposed, why hasn’t he come looking?”

Dean’s reaction was completely silent and not all dry-eyed either. He swallowed before he found enough strength to answer. “I don’t know, kiddo. I really don’t know.” Dean knew all of the possibilities, from apathy to death and none of them were good to dwell on. Most days he ignored those questions and kept going and kept raising their son by himself.

Jace nodded before falling head first into Dean’s shoulder, hiding his face from prying eyes. Dean felt his shirt become wet and Jace’s shoulders shake and shudder. Dean’s own face was a little moist.

After dinner and after Jace went to bed, Dean took a walk through of the house, making sure all the wards were still up. He came back to the living room once more, tumbler of whiskey in his hand. He sat down on the couch once more and all of those emotions came flooding back with a new twinge of bitterness that hadn’t been there earlier.

Jace deserved a father. A present and attentive father, anyway. It had been hard raising Jace on his own. He couldn’t imagine how hard it was on his father, although he wasn’t much of an example in any respect. Dean had done the best he could for Jace. He couldn’t help but feel sorry that Jace got stuck with him.

Dean rubbed a hand over his eyes, rubbing at them in hopes that the moistness wouldn’t happen again. He couldn’t help but blame Cas, just a little, for having left him. He knew it wasn’t fair or rational. But he felt perfectly within his rights to feel bitter that Cas hadn’t come looking for him once in the past eight years.

He didn’t get very far in the blaming game. Dean was still so hung up on Cas it was sad and pathetic. Even if he didn’t have those feelings for him, he still couldn’t hate Cas. The angel had given him a child who, sure, had his ups and downs and was sometimes difficult, but also

who was his sole reason to get up in the morning. He doesn't know what he would have done after Cas and Sam left if he hadn't been thrust straight into fatherhood.

Jace had saved him in more ways than from that wendigo three months ago on one of their weekend hunts. So it was hard to hate the angel that helped bring about his existence.

~

“What’s wrong with Detroit?” JJ asked. They were on their way in Sam’s car to the city in question. They were halfway to St. Louis where they would stop for the night.

Sam took a moment of silence. “Just, something happened there, before. And not something good.”

“Oh. Sorry,” JJ apologized. They sat in silence for a few minutes. JJ knew his aversion to Detroit had to do with Lucifer. His dad always cursed Detroit whenever it came up. When JJ had asked about it, he’d evaded the question or simply answered that Lucifer had “jumped Sam’s bones” there. He wasn’t entirely sure what that had meant, but he knew the basic story line. “Did it have to do with Lucifer?”

Sam’s head whipped around to look at him. “Wh-what? How did you know that?” Sam corrected the steering wheel once he’d looked back at the road.

“My dad used to tell me stories of the Winchester brothers,” JJ answered succinctly. He knew of the books that a prophet had written about his family, at least until Uncle Sam took Lucifer back into the cage with him. He’d even gone as far as buying the books and reading a few. He’d planned on reading them all; reading about his grandparents, uncle, and fathers was like seeing into a whole new frightening world. But all he’d ever known was what his father had told him, so he had gone searching himself. He’d read all the way until his father was featured in a scene, nude. That shut that plan right down.

“Your father knew about us?” Sam asked, still looking very suspicious of him.

JJ snorted. “Anyone could know a lot about your family just from reading the series.”

Sam groaned. “Oh, no. Chuck’s books. Please tell me you didn't read those,” he looked over at him with puppy eyes.

JJ stared at him for a second and then said flatly, “I have not read those books.”

Sam groaned some more. “So you know about Detroit?” He gesticulated broadly.

JJ shook his head. “No I stopped when it had a detailed description of Da-Dean’s naked body.”

His uncle laughed loudly. “Yeah, he complained about that. It was right before we found out about fanfiction,” he said while chuckling.

JJ was the one confused now. “Ummm, what’s fanfiction?”

Sam looked over at him and smirked. “Fans of the books writing stories about the characters. They even had slash fanfiction with me and Dean.” He gave a disgusted look at that.

“Slash fanfiction?” JJ sounded like a broken record.

“Sam slash Dean,” Sam leaned over to give him a significant look with eyebrow raising and everything.

JJ was still squinty-eyed for a few seconds and then his eyes got huge. “Oh, god, seriously? Don’t they know you’re brothers?” JJ felt very uncomfortable now.

Sam just laughed. “Yeah, they know. They just don’t care.” Sam paused with a hard look on his face. “Just don’t... don’t read any more of those. Please.”

JJ knew there was some stuff in there that, as a descendant of Dean and Sam and John would probably not want to know. It would raise too many questions and probably not show his family in a good light. “Okay,” JJ quietly agreed.

Sam huffed a breath. “Okay! So, we’ll stop just outside of St. Louis for the night. Then we’re straight into Detroit the next. It’ll be night when we get there, so I say food, load ‘em up, and go.”

JJ looked over at Sam. “What, just go in the warehouse and raid it? Guns blazing?”

Sam shrugged a shoulder, “We’ll add some fine details tomorrow. We’ll scope out the place and strategize.”

“Oh, okay.” JJ nodded. He looked out the window. “Can we stop to eat soon?”

~

Cold cold cold cold. Dean gasped as cold water was dumped over him. They’d moved onto different kinds of torture. Crowley hadn’t been getting anywhere with the psychological torture, but he’d done a pretty good job with the hounds. Nothing he hadn’t seen before in hell though.

“Get any sleep, Dean-o?” Crowley asked. “I was getting a little bored of this whole sleep-deprivation thing, so I think I’ll just cut on you some more.” He went to the tray that contained an array of knives and tools. He reached for the buckled on the strap of leather in Dean’s mouth. “This time, let’s let you scream.”

Dean narrowed his eyes and waited until the leather was out of his mouth before he started swearing and biting. “My child isn’t going to trade himself in, so what are you waiting for?”

“Tsk-tsk. You should know better, Dean,” Crowley replied. “Your son is a Winchester. He will come. He will sacrifice himself for his family, just like you and Sam and dear old pops have done time and time again. I have no doubt.” Crowley stood up and took a good look at the tool in his hand.

“Not my son. I didn't raise him like a Winchester. I didn't raise him like my father raised me and Sam. He won't trade himself,” Dean hoarsely responded also certain.

Crowley started his work. “I don't think so. John didn't raise you and Sam. You did.”

Dean gritted his aching teeth as he cut on him. Dean didn't quite know how to respond to that. It was the truth mostly. But it was the conditions in which they were raised in that made their relationship as brothers so co-dependent. Their father also encouraged and perhaps enforced that behavior. “It doesn't matter. I know my son. He won't trade,” Dean's speak was stilted as he squeezed his eyes shut.

“I think what we have here is a Nurture versus Nature problem. Does the nurture little Winchester received as a child override the genetic nature of co-dependent tendency amount the Winchester boys?” Crowley acted like he was addressing a classroom of students rather than a slab of flesh with a soul.

Dean's breathing and heartbeat picked up. “I believe in my son. I believe in his genetics as much as I believe in what I've taught him. And I believe that he will not trade himself for his father.” Dean really hoped that Jace didn't burst into the room yelling out, ‘Trade, trade!’ It would kill his point right down. Luckily that didn't happen.

Crowley chuckled as if he could hear what was going on in his head. “Well, I guess we'll see.”

“Yes, we will,” Dean ground out contrarily as Crowley dug into his body and played with his insides...again.

~

Dean was shaken awake by tiny hands. “Daddy?” He heard his little boy call for him.

“Yeah? What's the matter?” Dean rubbed his eyes and pushed himself onto his elbow. Jace, with tears streaming down his face, was sitting right next to his pillow.

“Daddy, I can't sleep. God is angry,” the little boy sobbed as thunder roared.

Dean sighed and collapsed back into his pillow, dragging Jace along with him. “It's okay, baby. God won't hurt you. You don't need to be afraid.” He didn't know where he'd gotten the idea that thunder was from God being angry. He made a mental note to ask in the morning and then go skewer whoever told him that.

Jace wrapped his arms and legs around Dean and hid his face in his neck. He mumbled something Dean couldn't hear. “What, baby? What'd you say?” Dean asked gently, rubbing his hand up and down his back while the other pulled the blankets over the both of them.

Jace brought his face away from Dean's skin an inch and mumbled, “How do you know that God won't hurt me?”

Dean sighed. In truth, he didn't know. He didn't know God's position on the whole Nephilim thing. But he was willing to take the bet. “Jace, you know who your papa is?”

Dean could feel Jace's little face scrunch up in confusion. "You're my papa."

"No, baby, your other dad, your papa, not your daddy," Dean clarified. "Do you know who your other dad is?"

"Casteel," Jace fumbled the name.

Dean nodded. "Castiel, that's right. And what is Castiel? Is he human?" They'd been over this before so much that the questions and answers felt rehearsed.

Jace shook his head. "No. He's an angel." His tone showed that he was a little tired of these questions too.

"Right and do you know who an angel's father is?" Dean asked. This one was new. Jace perked up at this one, right before another crash of thunder hit and he shot right back into Dean's neck. "Hey, hey, baby, it's okay." Dean resumed the back rubbing. Once he'd unclenched a bit, Dean repeated the question.

"No," Jace sounded very suspicious of this question.

Dean jostled Jace in his arms. "An angel's father is God." He let a moment pass for that to sink in. Jace brought his face out with eyes as big as saucers. Dean drew breath making that awed sound. "Yeah! God is your grandfather!"

"He is?" Jace sat up now, letting all the cold air in as he pushed off the blankets.

Dean smiled and put his hand to Jace's cheek. "Yeah, he is. And because he's your grandfather, he would never hurt you." Dean nodded and Jace started nodding along with him, a smile starting on his tiny face.

"Okay!" Jace said and burrowed down into the bed once again. "Can I still sleep in here? It's cold."

Dean laughed and pulled the blankets back up. "Yeah, you can."

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I will try to get chapter four posted by this weekend. I love love love comments! Oh, and the last five hundred words of this were complete fluff because of last week's episode.

# Breathe in Light

## Chapter Notes

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

“Are you sure this is the place?” Sam asked his nephew once more. They were hiding in some bushes a few hundred yards away from a warehouse where his dad’s cell phone was.

JJ looked back at his phone. “Yeah, I’m sure. This is where Dad’s cell phone is. I’m not certain that’s where they’re holding him, but it’s our best chance at finding out.” Sam just nodded, scanning the building and the area. “So what’s the plan? Just go in as quiet as we can until we can’t anymore and kill all the demons?”

Sam nodded a bit absently. “Yeah, if you’re okay with that, we can go in through the same entrance and then split up when it’s necessary. But only if you’re sure that you can handle yourself.” Sam glanced at him skeptically.

JJ snorted. He had exorcisms ingrained in his head and the ability to kill supernatural creatures with his hybrid grace/soul. “Yeah, I can handle myself. I took out a Wendigo when I was fourteen years old. I can handle a few demons.”

Sam just looked at him little bitch face, again. “Okay, if you’re sure.”

JJ gritted his teeth. “Yes, I’m sure.”

“Okay, then. We’ll wait until its dark and keep watching the place, checking for guards and once we have a solid plan, we go in,” Sam glanced at him and sighed.

JJ nodded along. “Sounds good.”

~

“Jace, let’s go!” Dean pounded on the motel bathroom’s door.

He heard the muffled voice of his almost nine year old son who was dealing with thirteen year old problems through the door saying, “Just a minute dad!”

Dean stepped back from the door, not really wanting to hear what was going on on the other side. They got done with a ghost hunt late the night before and now it was Monday morning. It was one of the rare three-day weekends that Jace’s school district allowed. They needed to get back home.

He packed up their stuff and loaded it up in the car. When he got back to the room, Jace came out of the bathroom to finish packing his backpack. “Hey, I’ve told you a million times, dad. Call me JJ now,” Dean’s surly son said.

Dean, putting on his jacket facing away from Jace, raised his eyebrows. “Okay, then.” He smirked a little. “Get your stuff and meet me out in the car, Jace,” he said as he walked out



the door.

“Daaad!” Dean heard Jace call out the open door.

“Want to stop for lunch soon?” Dean asked. Jace had spent the entire two and half hours they’d been driving so far sulking in the front seat playing a stupid video game or something. It wasn’t fair his son was so much more technologically advanced than him.

Jace just hummed a reply, too caught up in whatever was going on in the game. If it wasn’t for the daily training, the everyday routine of their lives, and how involved Dean was in it, he’d probably have taken away all the games by now.

“Alright then,” Dean said and just turned up the Zeppelin a little more and looked for signs of a diner.

They pulled into a diner an hour later. Jace only put the game down to order and eat. Dean was sipping on some coffee and reading on his phone when the waitress came by to see if they needed anything else. When she left, Jace put the game down again, folded his arms on the table and leaned forward focusing his blue eyes on Dean.

Dean slowly put down the coffee cup, eyes widening. “What?” Jace’s eyes narrowed.

“You know that she was flirting with you, right?” Jace asked calmly.

Dean spluttered. “Uh, what? I thought I was the one that was supposed to introduce you to the art of flirting and all that. Not the other way around.”

Jace rolled his eyes and gave Dean a look that resembled Sammy’s bitch face. “Yeah, and we’ll get to that, but you know that I won’t mind if you flirt back, right?”

Dean just froze. And then gulped. Then he abruptly decided that he was not having this conversation with his son. He shook his head, reached for his wallet, leaving a decent tip and got up, motioning for Jace to do the same. “You need to go to the bathroom, do it now.” And with that, Dean went out to the car.

Jace joined him in the car a few minutes later, presumably having gone to the bathroom. This time, when they got on the road, Jace didn’t pull out his game right away. Instead, he sat in silence, just the very old mix tapes making noise. Every time Jace suggested upgrading the stereo system in the Impala, Dean fed his Brussels sprouts. He gave up quickly. Dean hoped he wouldn’t have to do something similar for whatever Jace was going on about now.

“Look, I know that you... dated a lot and flirted a lot when you were younger,” Jace finally broke the silence.

Dean snorted. “Yeah, and how do you know that?”

Jace shrugged. “Through reading the Winchester gospels.” Dean turned to glance at him. Jace was tense and had his lips folded in on themselves.

“You read those?!” Dean was pissed.

“Well, you don’t tell me all that much and I wanted to know! And what better way to find out than through your family’s own gospel, complete with harlequin romance cover models,” Jace finished the sentence with a snicker.

Dean reached out and whacked his son over his head. “You could’ve just asked! And you were never meant to read those! Those are... bad, bad interpretations of what really happened. And you should not have read those!”

“Okay, okay! Jeeze,” Jace collapsed back into his seat. “I didn’t get through all of them. I had to stop when one of them described your body with a gross precision.”

Dean gagged. “You read that?! I can’t believe you read that! Oh, gross, dude!”

Jace shook his head, “What I’m trying to say, is that you were really active before papa, and now that he isn’t here and now that I’m grown up,” Dean snorted, “you can continue with the flirting and the dating. It won’t bother me. I don’t mind.”

Dean just shook his head, mouth slightly open, trying to find the appropriate thing to say. No words were finding him. They kept in silence long enough that Jace went back to his game. It wasn’t until they were almost home that Dean spoke about that again. “Jace, your papa wasn’t someone to be dismissed. Sure, I dismissed him a lot of the time, but he kept coming back, getting my attention. Even now, he isn’t someone who I can dismiss completely. And that isn’t because I see him in you every day, but more like I can’t shake him. I see him everywhere. And my mind can’t keep off him for too long.” He took a deep breath. “So, you don’t need to worry about me flirting or dating or anything like that.”

“But, dad,” Jace had put down his game, “you’re lonely. I can see it.” Dean scoffed, but Jace pushed on, knowing it was painful for his dad to think or talk about feelings. “You’ve been busy for years taking care of me, so maybe you don’t quite realize it yet, but you are and with me growing up so fast, you’ll realize it soon enough and I need you to know that it’s okay for you to date.”

Dean put his hand up. “Can we be done with this line of conversation now? Like, forever?” Jace nodded, but didn’t go back to his game. They were pulling onto their street. When they got inside and Jace was about to go upstairs to lock himself in his room for the rest of the evening, Dean tugged on his arm. “Hey, come here.” He pulled his son into him and wrapped his arms around him. He wasn’t as little as he used to be, but he was still not as big as he was going to be. “You are sometimes wise beyond your years,” Dean whispered to him.

Jace snorted, “Only sometimes.” He wrapped his arms around his father.

Dean smiled. “Yeah,” the smile turned into a smirk, “only sometimes, Jace James Samuel Winchester.”

He laughed and Jace struggled in his arms to get out and when he did he ran upstairs, shouting, “I told you to call me JJ!!”

~

JJ and Sam snuck into the side entrance of the warehouse, taking out any demons that crossed their path with Sam's demon-killing knife.

They came across a hall filled with doors and two demons right at the end. "Go!" Sam shouted as he charged the two of them. JJ looked on for a moment before springing to action himself. They fought with the demons a while before Sam managed to kill his demon and tossing the knife over to JJ, allowing him to kill that one. Three more came through the double doors at the end of the hall making their way towards them.

JJ killed two of his before he saw that his uncle was cornered by one of them and stabbing that one in the back, killing that one.

"Thanks!" JJ's uncle patted him on the back. He had never faced demons before. Their black eyes instilled a bit of fear in him, but he was reassured by his angelic blood that these creatures were weaker than him.

The demons had been guarding double doors. Sam looked to JJ and nodded to him before moving towards them. He let his uncle go first, not exactly sure what to expect.

~

It was much, much later when Dean heard the signs of a rescue. It had been days at least, if not a week since he first woke up there. He'd been healed more times than he could count and Israfel was looking worse every time he did it, knowing that he was simply facilitating more pain to be brought down on Dean.

"I guess this means that little Nephilim decided on a rescue attempt instead," Crowley sneered. He put his knife down and motioned for three of the demons to go check on the guards. Israfel was in the corner and Crowley beckoned a demon to bring the angel to him. "Have to get you all pretty for your son, afterall."

Dean's pain vanished and now that he could hear properly with both ears and without the wheezing he was doing before, he could hear two people fighting against the demons. Sam. Dean cursed and struggled a bit, even though he knew it wasn't going to get him anywhere.

"Now, now, pet, settle down," Crowley took off his bloodied apron and set it down before patting Dean's bare leg. The sounds of fighting ceased. His son and brother would be walking through those doors in just one moment. His heart took off.

~

They pushed through the doors to see his father strapped down with leather on a slab of cement that was raised and angled towards the entrance. The leather straps were wrapped around his chest, groin and legs with individual straps for his wrists and ankles. He looked healthy and without a scratch.

“Dad!” JJ ran forward before Sam’s arm came out and stopped him, holding him back. That was when he noticed the demon standing next to his father.

“Isn’t this a delightful surprise? Moose and the little Nephilim, here together to save the head Winchester,” the king of hell crooned. He leaned down to whisper into his father’s ear, “I bet you weren’t expecting that.”

“Dean?” Sam called his face a confused and hurt mess.

“Come on, answer your brother,” Crowley told Dean. He fisted the man’s hair and brought it up. “Go on.” Crowley smiled.

Dean’s voice was a bit gurgled for a moment. “Jace, Sam. You came,” he raised his eyebrows. “You shouldn’t have.” JJ believed that.

“Dad,” JJ called, once again moving against Sam’s arm.

Sam turned to look at him for a moment before he was flying across the room into the wall and was held suspended there. “Sam!” It took only a few seconds before the lackey demons in the room had JJ in their grasp.

“Jace!” Dean called out, struggling once more. “Don’t hurt him! Crowley, don’t you dare hurt him!” Dean was growling now.

“Quiet!” The demon commanded. Then, when it was quiet, Crowley laughed. “Don’t you love how your Nephilim son led your dearest brother here to rescue you and now I have all three Winchesters in one place.” Crowley walked up to JJ and took his chin in his hands. “Oh, yes. He does look like Castiel, doesn’t he? The eyes, the hair, the grace,” he spit it out as if it were a dirty word. He let JJ go. “I can only begin to imagine what I can do with all three of you here. It’s like my birthday.”

A quiet, weak voice sounded from the back of the room. “Nephilim,” a man in the corner called, his face gaunt and his eyes wide. Crowley smirked.

Dean growled again, getting JJ’s attention. Once JJ was looking his father in the eye, Dean gave an order, “Jace, go. A-bomb time. Pray.” Dean nodded, encouraging him to fly. The room was angel-proofed as the angel in the corner couldn’t fly off, but JJ wasn’t an angel. JJ looked to Sam, who was still pinned against the wall, in shock of what was happening.

JJ looked back to his father and whispered, “I love you, dad.” He managed to see his dad’s eyes light up and his lips curl into a smile before he flew himself out of the warehouse and back to the motel.

JJ heaved in breaths and bent forward, putting his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. He felt tears prickling in his eyes. He stood up. He had to move. He had to figure out what to do now. His dad had given him an order. He needed his papa.

~

Dean wished he could move his hands to cover his ears to protect them from the scream of rage Crowley let out when Jace flew away. He started letting out his rage on the demons that were meant to be holding onto Jace. Dean looked over to his brother, who was looking at him.

Sam had on an interesting face, and one he had seen before. It was a combination of hurt, betrayed, confused, and a little bit of happiness. It wasn't until Crowley had calmed down a bit before assessing that he still had the two famous Winchesters at his disposal.

"Oh, the Nephilim will come back, but in the meantime I will certainly be entertained with the two of you. You brothers have so much catching up to do. Why don't you both go do that in one of those nice rooms we've set up?"

Crowley snapped his fingers and Dean was suddenly clothed and shackled to a wall in a cage. Another set of jangling chains drew his attention to his brother who was opposite of him. Dean moved around a bit, reveling in the range of movement. Sam sat down and Dean followed suit, leaning against the cold stone wall.

They stared at each other for a moment. Sam looked... older. Ten years will do that to a person. He had to be pushing 40 by now.

"Dude, you look old," Dean broke the silence first.

Sam scoffed. "You're older than me, Dean. So you look older," Sam said back.

"No dude, you look really old," Dean was enjoying this too much to let it stop too soon. And yet, Sam didn't retort, but just looked right at Dean, giving him his best bitch face. Dean rolled his eyes.

"Dean, what the hell? You disappear for ten years and then your son comes to me for help to rescue you from the king of hell who we were supposed to have sealed in hell. I thought you were dead, Dean! I can't believe you just let me think you were dead. I would have understood about JJ, but no, you just- oh my god, does that mean you had sex with Castiel?!" Sam's expression took a turn from incredulous and angry, to mortified.

Dean laughed, "Take a breath, man."

That just seemed to incense Sam further. "No! You disappeared! You wouldn't call me back or answer my emails or messages. I thought you were dead!"

Dean got fed up at this point. "Sam! You could have found me easily if you had bothered to look, and I mean really look. So don't blame me for that. You had a hand in that too. And I cut off all communication because I thought it would be a little difficult to explain the baby crying in the background."

Sam gesticulated jingling the chains as he did so, saying, "You could have told me about the baby! You could have told me about Castiel! But no! You just run off instead! And don't give me that crap, if you really looked, my ass!"

Dean just crossed his arms- he could do that now- and gave Sam a look. “What, I should have told you that I was pregnant with Cas’s child? Yeah, that would have gone over well,” Dean scoffed. “Besides, I couldn’t guarantee his safety with you around.”

Sam threw up his arms at that. “Oh! You couldn’t trust me with that information? Yeah, that’s great Dean.”

Dean screwed up his face, “Well, things were weird after Purgatory and you wanted to quit hunting, and what with a half-angel baby on the way who would have been hunted by every supernatural creature out there, didn’t seem like a good way to tell you that you could retire. So forgive me for disappearing so you could live your normal life.”

Sam quelled at that. He ran a hand over his face and nodded. “Yeah, I guess not. But thinking you were dead.” He shook his head.

Dean raised an eyebrow. “It’s not like you’ve never thought that before. I’ve gone away plenty of times when you’ve never expected me back.”

“Yeah, but never for ten years,” Sam retorted. Dean hummed in agreement. “So, what’s his name?”

Dean smiled, “Jace James Samuel Winchester.” He looked up to see yet another of Sammy’s bitch faces.

“No,” Sam said incredulously. “You didn’t name him after me.”

Dean nodded. “I did. I named him Samuel after you, and James after Jimmy Novak. And Jace was just a name that I heard on the radio and really liked.”

Now Sam was tearing up. “Wow, man. That’s... yeah.” They sat in silence for a moment before Sam’s eyebrows came together. “So when he says his name is JJ that stands for Jace James.”

Dean snorted. “Dude, he is the only one who wants to be called JJ. For me he will always be Jace. Just like you will always be Sammy.”

Sam just looked at him before going, “Awe! I thought you said no chick flick moments!”

## Chapter End Notes

I love comments! Thanks for reading! I'll have another chapter up before next Sunday.

# Our Choices Seal Our Fate

## Chapter Notes

Again, there is torture, but it's mildly described and it's less than the show.

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

“Dean!” His name was called gruffly across the loud garage.

“Yeah?” He called back once he lifted his head out from under the hood of the car he was working on.

His boss yelled back, “Phone! It’s your son’s school!”

Alarms started ringing in his head. His heart picked up speed along with his feet as he jogged to the office phone. “Thanks,” he murmured to Joe, his boss, and took the phone from him. He took a second to breathe and then put the phone to his ear. “Yeah, this is Dean Winchester.” He paused, listening to the voice on the other end. His eyes widened with the news and relief spread through his chest. It wasn’t as bad as he thought it was going to be.

“Okay, I’ll be right down,” he told the secretary. He put the phone down on the hook and crossed his arms staring at nothing. His lips twitched and then he snorted explosively before slamming his hand over his mouth and straightening his face once more. “Hey, Joe! I’m heading out!”

Dean walked into the school office and was immediately brought back to the nurse’s office, where he found Jace lying down on a cot.

“He got into a fight with two other kids and ended up with a bloody nose. It cleared up quick, fortunately,” the school nurse informed him. “I still had to bring him here though and keep him here until it cleared up before seeing the principal.”

Dean nodded and went to sit down next to his son. He waited until the nurse went into the other room. “Hey, how’re you doing?” Dean tentatively asked the twelve-year-old-looking-boy.

Dean sees Jace’s chest rise up slightly with a deep breath, “I wasn’t fighting.” Jace sounded defeated and resigned.

Dean sighed. He patted Jace’s leg. “Hey, sit up.” Jace pushed himself up, dark brown hair mussed and hanging in his eyes a bit. “What happened?”

Jace sighed and began talking, “There were these two guys and they both wanted to play with this other kid on the tetherball and so they started pushing each other and I was a few feet away so I thought I’d stop them.” He lifts his eyes to meet his father’s for the first time since he got there. “So I got in between them and they had started punching and one of the guys hit my nose and I kinda lost it.” He looked back down and started chewing his lips.

“Okay, how bad did you lose it?” Dean ducked his head, keeping his expression curious and concerned.

Jace took a breath that shook in his chest. He looked at the wall instead of Dean. “Bad,” Jace answered getting a really broken and guilty look on his face. “I threw out my arms and kind of pushed ‘em back, but without touching them and they went down on the blacktop harder than I expected.”

Dean furrowed his brow. “How hard?”

Jace’s breath hitched. “They’re both in the hospital.” Tears were welling up in his eyes. “I heard their bones crack and I just...” He couldn’t finish. Dean held out his arms and Jace collapsed into them. Dean held him close, rubbing his back like he’d done many times before. He calmed down a bit before talking again. “I tried to go to them to heal them, but that probably would have been more suspicious and I’m really sorry, Dad.”

Dean smiled a little. Still not as bad as it could have been. “It’s okay, Jace. Everything’s going to be okay.” He held him for a bit more, rocking him a bit before pulling back. “You’ll probably be suspended and have to apologize to the kids and their parents, but I don’t think it’ll be anything too bad. You’re beating yourself up pretty badly already.”

Jace just sniffed, wiping his face with his sleeves. “I’m sorry you had to leave work to be here,” he said quietly.

Dean laughed a bit. “That’s okay. I don’t mind. But do you understand a little better about why we train and why I push you to control your angelicness?” Dean asked, hoping for a lesson to be learnt.

Jace nodded. “Yeah. I promise I’ll try harder from now on. I’ll train and work hard and I won’t do this ever again. I promise.”

Dean smiled. “Oh, you’ll probably mess up plenty of times, but that’s okay. You’re partly human after all. We all mess up. It’s what makes us awesome.” Jace smiled, seemingly comforted by his human half.

~

The motel room floor was cleared as JJ pulled together everything he needed. He didn’t know if a summoning spell would reach his father, but he had to try. When it didn’t work, he tried praying again, for the hundredth time. It seemed as though nothing could reach his father in angelic jail. JJ realized for the first time that Castiel wasn’t so much an asshole father as an absent one.



But what could he do now? He didn't have that much experience with flying. It usually always tired him out. He was lucky he flew to his intended destination after the warehouse. He was beginning to panic. His breathing sped up. His human side was definitely taking a toll. He needed to calm down. He sat back down on a bed and wrapped his arms around himself.

What could he do to get in touch with his father? There seemed like only one option left. Go to heaven.

~

Crowley came for Dean and Sam after a few hours. He strapped them both down and began his torture routine once more. This time, he alternated between them, talking to them, trying to find a tender spot in order to slither in and open up an old wound.

"You thought Dean was dead, didn't you, Moose?" Crowley asked Sam. "And little Sammy wanted to quit hunting, didn't he?" he asked Dean.

After Dean and Sam started chatting with each other while the torture went on, it seemed as though they were catching up as if the torture wasn't happening. Crowley got pissed and started using one brother's pain against the other.

Israfel was used less regularly than he had been before and he looked a little better for it.

After a few hours like that, Dean just started laughing. Crowley was in the middle of cutting on him and he looked up, eyebrow twitching. "Are you finally getting hysterical?"

Dean just laughed a little harder. "It's just," he couldn't finish until he'd laughed a little more. "It's just that, I spent 30 years being tortured by Alastair, the master torturer of hell, and then was taught by him for another 10 years. And Sam was stuck in a cage with Lucifer and Michael. It's just, funny that you think you can do things to us that we haven't already been through or done ourselves." Dean just laughed.

Crowley sneered, getting annoyed now. "So what you're saying is that I should step it up a bit?" Dean wound down and looked at Crowley. He shrugged as best he could. Sam looked at him like he was crazy. "As you wish."

Crowley snapped and brought the hell hounds in again. This time, they weren't as playful with Dean as they had been before.

~

"Go brush your teeth and get ready for bed," Dean told the little boy as the after-dinner TV came to an end. Jace got up and ran up the stairs. Dean went back into the kitchen, packing up the leftover food and making sure that he got all the dishes in the dishwasher before starting it.

He went upstairs and found Jace climbing into his little bed that an almost-three-year-old shouldn't need. He'd put his son's apparent age at a little over four. He'd gotten better at this

now that he was hanging around kids more often. It was a risk, settling in one place with his son aging as he does, but he found that the phenomenon was often explainable.

If someone had noticed the aging thing, he'd explain to them about 'how he'd just found out about Jace's rare condition that the doctor had found fascinating and wanted to make a case study out of him and they were forced to move to this small town and how they've been so accepting of them.' By the time he got to the moving away from 'the insane doctor that tried to kidnap his son', whoever was asking knew it was a sensitive subject not to be brought up or spread around. It worked out pretty decently.

"So, do you want a story or a song tonight?" Dean asked the boy as he settled down on the bed next to him.

The boy sighed. He was often bored with most things. He was already reading books that Dean hadn't read, although he's sure that Sam had when he was in high school. Jace already was fluent in English, Latin, and Hebrew. Enochian counted in there but that was something ingrained in his angelic side. So every night when Dean tucked him into bed, it was a constant battle to see if he could find something that would interest him and put him to sleep at the same time.

"Song?" Dean questioned further. "I had Ramble On by Led Zeppelin stuck in my head all day. I'd be happy to share it with you." Jace shook his head. "Story, then?" Dean prompted. "What story?"

Jace furrowed his brow and pursed his lips in a way that Dean recognized as him thinking up a new story for Dean to tell. This meant a lot of on-the-spot-censoring for Dean. "How did you meet Papa?" Jace finally asked eyes bright with the achievement that he found something new.

Dean's brain stuttered. How to tell his child he was in Hell because of a demon deal he made in order to bring his Uncle Sam back from the dead, which resulted in an angel pulling him out of Hell? How does he do all this and not give his child nightmares? Censorship. Censor the story like none other. But also make it exciting.

"Well, Jace, your Uncle Sammy was pretty badly hurt after we fought trying to keep a gate of hell from opening. So, I made a deal in order to save him."

"What kind of a deal?" Jace had to ask.

Dean, again, flying by the seat of his pants. "Well, a deal that would exchange my life for his. So that he could live again and I would be banished to a different realm."

"Like heaven? Heaven's a different realm. So is Hell," Jace helpfully supplied.

"Uh, yeah, like heaven and hell. So, I was trapped in this other realm, with no way to get back to earth, back to Sammy. And this realm didn't have Sammy, so I really wanted to get back to earth." Dean took another breathe. "So, because I really wanted to get back to Sammy, and because I didn't belong in this other realm, an angel"

“Papa? Is it Papa?” Jace wriggled in his bed excitedly.

Dean chuckled. “Yeah, it was your Papa. Do you remember Papa’s name?”

“Cas-tee-el,” Jace sounded it out once before putting it together again. “Castiel.”

Dean’s heart skipped a little hearing Cas’s name come out of their son’s mouth. “Yeah, that’s his name,” he said a little breathless. “Castiel. Castiel heard my cries and knew my heart, so he flew down to he-the realm from heaven, fighting his way through for a really long time to get to me.”

“How long did he fight?” Jace asked.

“Well,” Dean started, “time moved differently in this realm, so it took him years to get to me.”

“Wow,” Jace said with an awed voice, eyes big.

Dean laughed quietly. “Yeah, and after years of fighting he finally found me and gripped me tight and raised me up, bringing me back to earth.” He found that his hand had drifted to his shoulder where he knew the brand was. He could show that to Jace when he got older.

“So, you got back to earth and you saw Uncle Sammy again,” Jace said.

“Yeah, but you know, hunters are very suspicious when it comes to things like this, so we summoned the entity that pulled me from that realm. Your Grandpa Bobby and I were in a barn and we had painted all these symbols on the walls to protect us and we had loads of weapons. We summon him and you know what Cas does?”

Jace’s face showed that he was hooked. Dean was getting good at this. He shook his head, “No.”

“He shows up late,” Dean said and tickled his son, who giggles. “Your papa almost stands me up!” Jace just wriggles and laughs, which just makes Dean smile big. “He comes in through huge double doors that were blocked shut with big logs of wood. He doesn’t even touch them; he just walks through as they do that on their own. And the roof is shaking and the light bulbs above us blow out, which makes these sparks come down around Cas’s shoulders.”

“Did you fall in love?” Jace asked, enraptured.

Dean smiled, “I was terrified. I didn’t fall in love with your papa until much later.”

Jace jumped and begged, “Can you tell me that story? Please, Daddy? I swear I’ll go to sleep after this one.”

Dean narrowed his eyes and shook his head. “No, that’s enough story time for one night. If you still want to hear it, you can ask me tomorrow night, okay?”

Jace pouted like none other. “Fine. Can you sing me a song?”

Dean smiled and began singing, “Leaves are falling all around.”

~

JJ sat on the motel room floor, meditating. If he concentrated on heaven enough, he could get there. The problem was he had never been to heaven. But JJ thought that since he had some angel in his blood, it shouldn't be too hard to get there. It was the fifth hour he'd been meditating before something happened. That something was the motel manager kicking him out.

JJ packed up his things and took Sam's car and drove. His dad always seemed to think better, clearer, while driving the Impala. So he turned on the radio and found a classic rock station and listened to a little AC/DC before passing a church. JJ mentally face-palmed.

He parked a few blocks away and walked towards the church, his backpack slung over his shoulder. This was his best bet. Where else would he be able to gain access to heaven but in a church? Well, maybe the Vatican or some sacred ground somewhere. But he didn't have that much time and he didn't want to stray too far from his dad and uncle.

He looked around the dark street before walking up the church steps. He tried the door knob, hoping it was locked, and it wasn't, which meant that the pastor or minister or someone would be around. JJ debated with himself with his hand on the doorknob. Normally, he would wait until the place was cleared or go find another church, but he was too desperate at this point. He needed this to happen now.

He walked tentatively into the lit church. He walked down the center aisle to the altar. He hadn't seen anyone so far, so he put his backpack down and started setting up. He was making the meditative circle up on his own hoping his knowledge of Enochian would guide him. He drew, in chalk, the most important sigils in a circle around him in front of the altar. Heaven, angel, Nephilim, Castiel, entrance. He lit candles and placed them in between the sigils and completed it with drawing a circle around all of it.

Just as he finished drawing, JJ heard the side door open. He froze as a man in a button-up shirt and slacks stopped, seeing him sitting in the middle of his makeshift circle.

“Who are you? What are you doing?” The man asked. He was older, probably in his fifties. JJ wasn't sure what he should do now. He couldn't knock out a man of god right before asking entrance to heaven. That probably wouldn't go well. “I'm going to call the cops.”

JJ sighed and gritted his teeth. “Please, I needed a holy place to do this. I'm not here to vandalize or steal anything. These sigils are drawn on with chalk, so they'll wash off. I'm not here to hurt anyone or anything. The cops aren't needed. Please, please, just let me do this,” he begged.

The man took a few steps forward to look at what was drawn. “What do you need to do?” he asked, suspicious and skeptical.

“Meditate, pray,” JJ said, hoping the word pray would get him to back off.

“And what are these symbols?” the man asked.

JJ shook his head. “I can’t tell you. But I’m begging you, please let me do this. It’s nothing evil. In fact, I’m not even asking you to leave or anything. You can sit and watch, I don’t care, and I just need time and quiet. Please.”

The man paused, obviously thinking it over. “What’s your name?”

“JJ,” he answered. He immediately saw that wouldn’t satisfy the man. “Jace James,” he elaborated. “But I prefer JJ.”

The man nodded. “I’m Pastor Rich. I’ll let you use this space for a little while and I’ll sit right here and watch to make sure you aren’t doing anything mischievous.”

JJ nodded, “Okay, then sit.” He waited until the pastor sat down in the front pew before closing his eyes and facing front once more, crossing his legs and letting his body relax. He bowed his head and started meditating, chanting, and praying.

About an hour later, he was still doing it and the pastor was still watching, fidgeting in his seat. He stopped for a moment to think about what he was doing wrong. He was opening himself up to this prayer, but maybe this was just a human’s plea, not an angel’s plea. Maybe he needed to bring his grace to the surface.

He turned to the pastor, who sat up as he noticed JJ’s movement. “I need to try something new. You’re either going to want to leave, or close your eyes. But I’d suggest you leave.”

The pastor shook his head. “I’m not leaving. I’ll close my eyes, but I’m not leaving.”

JJ nodded and turned back, amplifying his chant and meditation. He’d done this once or twice before with his dad and he knew that it could hurt the man. He would have to do this as quickly as possible. He could tell that his grace was getting brighter and brighter until his grace was at the surface. He heard the pastor cry out, but not in pain.

He stretched his wings out completely, the sigil for heaven burning in the wood in front of him. He concentrated everything he had towards heaven and flew.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Let me know what you think! I love comments. I always get stuck with action scenes. I suck at describing them, so please don't hurt me...

# Rose to Cut Me Down

## Chapter Notes

WARNING: Graphic torture scene right at the beginning. If you want to skip it, you can.

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

Blood was everywhere. It hadn't been like this before. Dean's insides were more outside now than inside. He was afraid Sam was going to pass out at just the sight of him, not that he could see Sam. He couldn't feel much anymore. Crowley was really stretching the limits of humanity, pushing Dean to the brink of death over and over again.

"Bring the angel," Crowley snapped to the demons in the corner. Those words were relief every time, no matter what he knew would happen afterwards. "Let's see if you can heal him now." Crowley posed this challenge to Israfel each time too. He seemed to get off on the chance that the angel wouldn't be able to bring Dean back from the mutilation he'd taken him to.

Fortunately, Israfel had yet to fail. Dean was never sure if Crowley looked disappointed or not. The only thing that Dean didn't like about being healed was that it signaled Sam's turn under the knife, and other instruments. With his eyes put back in his skull, he looked over to Sam. His expression was resigned and sickeningly supportive.

"Your turn, Dean," Crowley smirked before turning to his brother on the other slab. He really liked this method of torturing one brother while the other watches, perfectly fine. It was the Winchester way, after all. They suffered when the other suffered. Honestly, Dean preferred being cut on than having to watch Sam be cut on.

He regretted that Jace brought Sam here at all. He regretted telling Jace to go to Sam first in case of emergencies like this. He wished he told Jace to go straight to Castiel, although that probably wasn't that great of an idea either as the angel was just as likely to be trapped here as Sam or himself.

Crowley was soon done with Sam's face, moving onto his torso. The screams didn't really faze them anymore. They had been at this for too long. Crowley liked to work sporadically, except for the more sensitive parts of the body. He knew that to get the most pain out of a victim was to cut on those places first before the pain was drowned out by adrenaline. Dean wasn't sure if their bodies were even producing that anymore.

"You know what I'm going to do to your son, Dean, when I finally have him?" Crowley got his attention again. He'd been going back and forth between the abdomen and thighs. "I'm going to gut him just like I did you two. I'll see if he heals from that. He's half angel, so I'll

bring out my trusty angel sword and test it out on the little Nephilim. Then, once he's a sobbing, piss-soaked mess, I'll let the hounds in and see what they come up with."

Dean was beginning to see red. This was one of those times when he wished he had his hands free to cover his ears. Although, truth be told, if he had his hands free, he'd be holding a knife covered in the demon's blood.

"Of course, for courtesy's sake, I'll record each of these sessions and be sure to send you a copy. Or maybe I'll just keep you once I have the little shit. That way you can watch your son scream like you were when the hell--"

Dean started screaming.

~

"It's a hidden advantage you keep up your sleeve," Alex Trebek prompted Neil Patrick Harris.

"Ace!" Jace called out.

"What is an ace?" Neil answered correctly. Dean chuckled from the kitchen. His kid was a genius. "Stag films for 400 please."

"Songs in this 1942 film include "Little April Shower" and "Thumper Song,"" Alex gave the clue.

"Oh! Bambi!" Dean called from the kitchen, pointing the kitchen knife upwards.

"What is Bambi?" Neil and Dean got it right. Dean fist pumped.

The game continued and Dean noticed Jace wasn't shouting like he usually would. Dean looked up through the kitchen window to the living room. Jace was just sitting there staring at him like he'd grown three heads.

"What?" Dean asked Jace.

"How do you know Bambi?" Jace asked, looking a little disturbed.

Dean stuttered, "Uh, cause-cause it was Sammy's favorite movie when he was a kid."

Jace snorted. "Yeah, smooth." Dean grunted admittance and gathered up his chopped mushrooms and onions and placed them in the frying pan.

A few minutes later, when the smell got to his son, Jace finally directly spoke to Dean instead of the television. "Steak sandwiches for dinner?" Jace's eyes wide with anticipation and hunger.

Dean's lips curved up. "Yep. With mushrooms and onions, just how you like it."

“Awesome!” Jace praised. Dean always one of Jace’s absolute favorites about twice a month. If he made them too often, it’d no longer be special, and he probably wouldn’t get an ‘awesome’ out of him.

Once the food was done, Dean called Jace, “Turn off the TV and come eat!” He immediately heard the TV shut off and Jace’s not-so-little feet rushing to the dining room.

They had already begun eating when Jace asked a question that made Dean choke. “When Papa gets out of prison, will he live with us?”

Dean coughed and swallowed the meat and bread in his throat as best he could. “What?” Dean asked.

Jace sighed, put upon. “When Papa gets out of heavenly jail, is he going to live with us? Like is he going to make dinner, and watch Jeopardy, and eat with us, and sleep with us?”

Dean’s eyes bugged out a bit. “Um, I’m not sure, Jace. I- The problem is that I don’t know exactly when Cas gets out. And I’m not sure that if he does get out that he would like to live with us, like full-time. It’s- I just don’t know.” Dean sighed, a bit frustrated with the question. He honestly didn’t know if Cas was getting out let alone when. Cas put himself in jail; so it makes sense that he would let himself out. But how long until Cas felt as though his sins were absolved? Dean had thought about this before, but had avoided it, the ‘what if’s’ being too numerous and disastrous to contemplate.

Jace looked thoughtfully at his plate. “If he got out of jail tomorrow, would you let him live here?” he asked, truly wanting an answer.

Dean’s heart began to hurt. He didn’t want to see Jace go down the path of hoping his father would come back. It would only lead to disappointment. “Jace, it’d be better if you didn’t think that way about your papa.”

“Why not?” Jace asked with his inherited puppy eyes working hard.

Dean gulped. “Um, uh.” He couldn’t just crush his son’s spirit and hopes by saying he will never see his papa. “Never- never mind.” They paused a bit, letting the moment pass. Dean looked up from eating and saw Jace sitting earnestly, waiting for an answer. “Oh, um. Yeah, I’d let him live with us. If he got out of jail tomorrow, I’d let him live with us.”

Jace wriggled in his seat, happy at the prospect. Dean’s stomach sank a little. It was much more complicated than that, but Dean let it go.

Much later, once Dean had gone to bed, he allowed himself to think about a life with Castiel, which he rarely ever did. Dean would have to be sure that Jace wasn’t in danger of being subjected to the wrath of heaven at any time and that Nephilim were more acceptable than previously thought. Then Castiel would actually have to want to live with them. He might want to do something else, like go back to serving with a garrison, or travel doing good deeds or something. Then, if Cas did live with them, what would be his place? Would he fit



seamlessly in their home? Dean wasn't sure if, with the dynamic built between him and Jace, Cas would be a second parental unit as if there had been a place for him all along. He thinks, either way that they would need to adjust to the new dynamic.

The complicated parts weren't the fun parts to think about but they were necessary to get to the fun parts. He imagined doing what they did tonight except Cas would help him with the dinner while Jace turned up Jeopardy for all three of them to play. Maybe they would take turns, or keep score. No, they didn't seem like a keep-score-family. Family. Dean moved on quickly, thinking about how they would sit at the dinner table together, eating, and talking. Then, when they got Jace in bed, they'd go to bed themselves. This was the part that Dean always enjoyed a little bit more than others.

~

JJ couldn't describe the sensation of flying. He'd always been able to do it, most of the time, not very well. His father had eventually banned him from trying to fly when he'd gotten stuck in a tree in the park three blocks from their house.

Only in the past year had they begun to work flying into his training regimen, and even then, starting relatively small. There was nothing like flying. Swimming was the closest thing he could relate it too. Sometimes he felt completely in control and other times completely out of control.

This though, this was different from normal flight. It felt as though he was passing through a waterfall, not that he'd ever done that. But flying into heaven wasn't something he felt with his body, but with his grace.

JJ opened his eyes, finding himself standing in what looked like an office. Now he was really confused. It looked like he'd flown himself into an office building, not heaven. He looked around, finding a very surprised woman in a suit sitting at the desk. JJ was about to stammer an apology to the woman, trying to explain himself away, when two men in suits appeared beside her.

"Oh," JJ said. "So I made it to heaven." The feeling of relief was immediate. He'd made it to heaven. He was closer to his father than ever before. "Awesome!"

"What are you? How are you here?" The head lady-angel asked. The men-angels looked about ready to attack, their angel swords at the ready.

"Um. Right. Uh, hi," JJ waved. And then grimaced. "My name is JJ."

"And? How are you here?" The lady-angel asked.

JJ swallowed. "I'm not sure, I just tried really, really hard to get here and then it happened!" He was still somewhat elated that he actually made it.

He didn't notice the lady-angel's frustration until it was too late. She motioned for the men-angels to attack. JJ's eyes bugged out and immediately began to defend himself, and was quickly subdued. The angels trapped his arms behind his back.

The lady-angel came around from behind the desk and said, "I'll only ask one more time. Who are you and how are you here?"

JJ finally recognized the weight of the situation and finally understood. He scrambled until he thought of what his dad would do. He smirked before flying out of the angels' grasp and grappling with them enough to disarm them, all three angels looking shocked. Once they looked like they weren't going to attack him again, he threw the angel swords back to them.

"My name is Jace James Samuel Winchester," JJ started. He saw their eyes widen in understanding. "I'm here to see my father."

~

Dean was exhausted. He couldn't keep his eyes open for more than a few seconds. He could barely scream anymore. No matter what Israfel did to heal him, Dean was tired.

Sam wasn't doing much better. So Crowley ultimately decided to send them back to the cells to get some rest.

They slept fitfully for a few hours before they woke up fully and started talking.

"I hadn't thought of this until now, but how is JJ, sorry, Jace, a teenager when he should be ten years old?" Sam asked.

Dean smirked at the name switch. "Cause he ages faster. It's been a bitch, but since his brain is in sync with his body, it's easy enough for him to live a normal life. He just goes through clothes and grades quicker. He being a Nephilim brings a whole new set of fun things I have to deal with as a parent."

Sam snorted. "Yeah, I bet. So, how did you explain..." Sam looked very awkward and uncomfortable now, "where he came from?"

Dean screwed up his face. "Ew. Gross, dude. I didn't give him any of the mechanics because I still don't even know, but I just told him that I was the one who... gave birth to him."

Sam nodded and then sighed. "I'm bummed I didn't get to see him."

Dean's eyes widened. "Like during birth?"

"Oh! No! Dude!" Sam waved his arms as much as he could with the shackles around his wrists. "Like when he was growing up. I wish I could have been there for that."

Dean sighed too. "Yeah, I know. You practically were, though. I told him a lot of stories about you and us and Cas."

Sam was staring at him. "You love him," he said with finality.

Dean furrowed his brow and shook his head. "Don't go down this road. I don't even know what I feel, so don't try."

Sam shook his head. "I should've known better. Jerk."

"Bitch," Dean retorted and smiled.

~

Dean felt the bed shift as early morning became midday. Being half asleep, as he was, he couldn't quite process what was happening. He felt Cas get up out of bed and when he opened his eyes, he saw him sitting on the edge, watching Dean.

"Déjà vu, dude. It's creepy to watch someone sleep," Dean mumbled. He remembered the first time he'd woken up to Cas like this. That time included a lot more clothes.

"Dean," Cas said, getting his attention. "It's time." Dean looked up, resigned. Cas was looking at him mournfully.

Dean sighed and sat up. "Can't it wait just a few more minutes?" he asked, sliding his hand up Castiel's bare thigh, smirking. A hand caught his and his smirk disappeared. Cas intertwined their fingers and rested them on his leg. Dean furrowed his brow. He knew it was wrong to superimpose sex onto everything, but it was how he dealt with most things. He sighed. "Just a few more minutes," Dean requested of Cas, looking him in the eye.

Castiel heard the change in his tone from lecherous to intimate, and saw it in his eyes too. He conceded and lay back down next to Dean. Dean pulled the covers over their heads, cocooning them in the bed. They lay separate, not touching, and silent for minutes. Then, Dean reached out and placed his hand on the angel's chest. Cas's hand warmed his as it immediately went to cover it.

Dean broke the silence by whispering, "I really wish you weren't going up there." The admission seemed to trigger Cas sighing.

"I know. I also wish it a little. But I know that I have to, otherwise things with me and my family will never be resolved," Cas spoke low instead of whispering. Dean didn't think he'd ever heard the angel whisper before. "I'm sorry."

Dean nodded. "I know," he said simply. He had the urge to ask about if he did come back, what would happen with them. But he knew just forming the words would be painful for the both of them.

Cas quickly wrapped Dean in an embrace that trapped Dean's hand to his chest. Dean snuck his other arm under and around Cas's neck and closed his eyes. This was probably the thing he would miss the most. Being this close to him and touching him and just spending time with him without having to talk all the time, or share all the time. Like this moment, he knew what Castiel was saying to him. He was saying it back as much as he could, so he knew Cas could hear him.

"Goodbye, Dean," Cas said quietly.

Dean stuffed his face into Cas's neck, knowing it would be gone in a moment. "Bye, Cas."

~

“Castiel mated with the eldest Winchester?” an angel asked. Head lady-angel brought in another angel. One JJ didn’t recognize. “So, he’s a Nephilim?” the head man-angel turned to JJ, who was sitting in a chair in the office, and asked, “You’re a Nephilim?”

JJ sighed. They sure moved slowly in heaven. “Yes, I am. I am the love-child of Dean Winchester and Castiel. Before Cas went into angelic prison, he... had relations,” he cringed, “with Dean. Approximately nine months later, I was born.”

The angel sat down in the chair next to him, squinting at him. “We haven’t had Nephilim around for millennia. And you said you were conceived right before Castiel entered the Hall of Redemption 10 years ago. But your body is developed into adolescence. How is this possible?”

“I age faster than humans. If you were to look at my soul or my grace’s age, you would see it’s ten years old,” JJ explained.

The angel squinted again, “Oh, yes. I see now. Well, Jace, you said your name was?”

“I prefer JJ,” he replied.

“Alright, well, JJ, my name is Samandriel. You said that the seal on hell has been broken and as a result, Crowley has taken Dean hostage in return for yourself. You also said that Sam was taken as well, so your father said to get Castiel to help. Is this all correct?” Samandriel asked.

JJ nodded. “Yeah, I just really want to see my father. Please, let me see my father.”

Samandriel smiled and said, “You know, I met both your fathers before. I too had been held by Crowley and tortured for information. Dean and Castiel got me out. You can see your father, but I must warn you to brace yourself for what you might see when he comes out of the Hall of Redemption. No angel enters there without having been placed there or entering voluntarily, like your father. We will go in and retrieve him now.” He motioned to the angels from before and they left.

JJ smiled, even more relieved. “Thank you. You’re really not as bad as my dad says.”

Samandriel laughed. “Yes, I can only imagine what he has said. And I feel as though I should tell you that I am fascinated by you.”

“Because of the whole Nephilim thing?” JJ asked.

Samandriel shook his head slowly, looking at JJ a little closer. “I’m not sure why.” Then he sat up abruptly in his chair. “They’re coming.”

JJ stood, suddenly very nervous. He looked down at his clothes and cursed himself for not thinking about his appearance before now. His heart was going a mile a minute. He hoped he wasn’t sweating. He looked down to see what shoes he was wearing when he heard wings flutter.

He swallowed and looked up. “Hi, Papa.”

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! I was worried about that torture scene being too graphic, but I was in the mood for something dark right at the beginning, so I made a playlist full of Korn and Disturbed. Good news: we'll be seeing a section from Castiel's POV next chapter. Thank you for reading and as always, comments are appreciated.

# In the Quiet, In the Crowd

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: Chapter contains one instance of homophobia and the word 'faggot'.

“Jace?” Dean called up the stairs. “Where are you?” He should have been home from school by the time Dean had gotten home from work.

Dean went upstairs to check on his son. He ended up searching the whole house before trying the attic. He pulled down the dusty steps and climbed through the square opening in the ceiling. There he found Jace, looking fourteen years old, holding the box of all the things Winchesters were allowed to be sentimental over. He looked at Jace and saw tear tracks. He sighed, brushing his hands against his jeans and then went to sit beside him.

He saw the photo Jace was staring at. It was a candid one of him and Cas. He hadn't actually known about that one. Sam must've snuck it in before leaving. They were in another nameless diner and he had his arm wrapped around Cas's shoulders. Cas was smiling and looking at him. Dean was smiling down at his menu, partially unaware of what was going on. Seeing Cas looking like that, normal, after all these years made his heart hurt.

"I look like him," Jace whispered roughly. Dean smiled and wrapped his arm around Jace, mirroring the picture. "His vessel, I mean."

"No, I mean, yeah, you do. You look a lot like Jimmy, but you also look like Cas," Dean said. Jace raised an eyebrow. "Well, it's not like I can see what your grace looks like, but I bet it looks like him. You also do this head tilt thing that he used to do. You even did it when you were a baby. It freaked me out," Dean said, laughing.

Jace leaned into his side. "He looks happy. And in love."

Dean's brow furrowed. "It was right after we'd both gotten out of Purgatory. It was a hard time. But it was also the time when we were happy and together. It was brief."

Jace sat in silence before breaking it. "Can I miss him if I've never met him?"

"Yes," Dean answered immediately. "You're allowed to miss your father. I know that if he knew about you, but had never met you, he would miss you like crazy. I feel bad that he isn't here, just because he missed you growing up. Soon, you'll be going to high school and then to college and living on your own, and I don't know. It's too fast. I wanted you around longer," Dean confessed squeezing his son to his side.

Jace smiled and allowed the squeeze. "Yeah, sorry about that. I can't help being a Nephilim." He took a breath, and asked, "What do you think he'd think of me?"

Dean kissed the top of his son's head and whispered into it, "I know that if your father knew you, he would love you and be proud of you. I don't think you need to worry about what he'd think of you. You're a pretty spectacular kid."

Jace huffed. "Thanks, Dad."

~

"Hi, Papa," JJ said, looking up at the man, the angel, who he'd wondered about all his life. He looked almost exactly the same as he had in the picture he'd first seen many years ago. Trench coat, suit, crooked blue tie, messy dark brown hair. The only thing JJ noted was significantly different was the way Castiel held himself and the look in his eyes. They were haunted. He was slouched to be smaller than he actually was and his mouth was an unhappy line.

When JJ called him papa, he saw a reaction. His eye brows pinched together and his head tilted to the side. JJ knew it was his father in that moment. JJ smiled, really nervous now.

"Papa?" Castiel said slowly. "I am not a father and I am not your father." His voice was low, rough and hoarse.

JJ's heart panged in his chest, but he chuckled weakly. "Yes, you are. Please, believe me." For some reason JJ had hoped that his father would take one look at him and know, instinctively, who and what he was.

Cas shook his head and turned to Samandriel, pulling himself up to his full height. "Is this some trick to bring me out from the Hall? You know that I need to remain in there. You should not have done this. It is beneath you, especially having him claim to be my son."

Samandriel moved forward then, JJ had forgotten about him since Cas was in the room. "Take a look at him, Castiel. Look at his soul," the angel implored Cas.

Cas squinted, taking a look at JJ. His eyes widened after a moment and his mouth opened slightly. "Nephilim," he whispered. "It's not possible."

JJ cleared his throat and swallowed, "My name is Jace James Samuel Winchester. My human father is Dean Winchester. My angelic father is Castiel."

Castiel's jaw dropped then, his eyes gaining understanding. "Dean. Dean is your father?"

Samandriel stepped in again. "It's true, brother. He ages quickly due to his angelic blood. If you look at his soul-grace hybrid, you can see that it's at the right age to have been created just before you left for heaven."

"Then, I am your father?" Castiel asked, shocked. JJ nodded. Castiel took one of the seats, still looking very shocked. JJ pulled his previous chair over and sat beside him.

"Dean told me stories about you. He told me how you went into hell and you gripped him tight and raised him from perdition. He told me how you rebelled against heaven for him. He

told me of your promotion to archangel, but he glossed over why you wanted to go to angel-prison,” JJ said, shrugging. “I swear, I’m your son and you can ask Dean himself”

Castiel raised his hand, cutting off JJ. “I believe you,” he said, moving the hand back down. “There are instances like this that have been reported before. So, it’s not something entirely new.”

They sat there in silence for a few moments. The awkwardness set in as neither father nor son looked at each other, and the other angels in the room had a hard time looking elsewhere.

JJ started to feel ridiculous. He reminded himself of why he came to heaven in the first place. He needed to get business done first, and figure out the whole relationship with his estranged father thing after.

He stood up and went around Cas and sat on the desk in front of him. “Castiel,” JJ used his full name in order to get his attention. His father looked up at him in great reluctance. JJ set his jaw. “I came here because the seal on hell has broken and Crowley has my father and my uncle. You are the only one I could come to for help. Will you help me?” He kept staring into Castiel’s eyes. He pushed down the surprise he felt at seeing so much of himself in this man he’d never met before.

Castiel took a moment, a very long moment, and then nodded. “Yes, I will help you.”

JJ sighed in relief but the tension in his shoulders remained.

~

When he flew to heaven, he was fully expecting to never return again. He’d done too much to his family, his home, to ever expect to be welcome there again. When he did arrive, he was surprised to find that the angels were forgiving. Perhaps that had to do with helping the Winchesters seal hell, or helping rescue Samandriel.

Either way, when the angels remaining weren’t immediately hostile or unforgiving, he felt unsatisfied. He had stayed in Purgatory for the purpose of prolonging his punishment and was hoping to serve penance in heaven any way they decided. Instead, he was welcomed back.

It didn’t take long to make his decision and it was an easy decision for him to make. He went to them and asked to be sent into the Hall of Redemption. They didn’t seem too shocked. It seemed like they understood what he needed and were prepared to let him have it.

The hardest part of all of that was making this choice for himself, with only his interests in mind. If he had considered Dean in that decision, he would have never chosen to be imprisoned indefinitely. It was another part of his punishment- to never see Dean again.

When he flew back to earth to say goodbye to Dean and Sam, he wasn’t sure of how Dean would react. They had just begun to be intimate in a more exclusive way, and he had just broken through Dean’s walls. He didn’t want to lose that, but he wanted to have penance more.



He flew to Dean as he and Sam were sitting in a diner. This time, he popped up outside and walked in. Dean, who was facing him, didn't look up until he was standing at the end of the table. His face broke with a wide smile as Dean's did. Dean scooted over to make room for him.

Dean insisted on ordering him something. He knew the angel had something to tell him. Dean hadn't expected him to come back and now that he was, he could tell Dean was apprehensive about talking alone with him, no matter how much it was needed.

When they got back to the motel room, he turned to Sam and asked, "Can you please leave for approximately one hour so that I may speak to your brother alone?"

Sam blushed and stuttered a goodbye before tripping out the door. He turned to see Dean smirking a little, standing in the middle of the room with his hands in his pockets. "You didn't have to be so abrupt, Cas."

"Well, I felt like that was the most efficient way to get you alone," Cas replied.

Dean nodded, smirk dropping. "So, what's the verdict?" Dean looked at him with fear and resignation in his eyes.

Cas sat on one of the beds and he motioned for Dean to do the same. After he had done so, he told Dean of the forgiveness that greeted him in heaven. Dean smiled his mood lifting, but then Cas told him of making the decision to enter the Hall of Redemption. His face dropped and the walls went up.

"So," Dean started, his voice more roughened than usual, "you were free to join the ranks of heaven again, to stay on earth with me, and you chose to go to this horrible place? One that might break you? Why? I don't understand. You're saying that you might not get out within my lifetime?" Hurt was written all over Dean's face. "Why, Cas?"

"The penance I served in Purgatory was not enough to sate me. I need more punishment for the crimes I have committed against heaven, against my kind. I need that. I can't run from it, and I can't get it anywhere else," Cas explained.

Dean stood up from the bed, shaking his head, his hand rubbing over his face. "If you wanted to serve, you could have hunted with us. You could have stayed on earth and helped people. Instead, you're locking yourself away."

Cas clenched his jaw and nodded. "I understand that there were many options open, but the Hall of Redemption seemed like the best option if I wished to gain forgiveness."

Dean turned around at that and shouted, "You've already been forgiven! The angels have welcomed you back. They've forgiven you. Sam and I have forgiven you. Hell, God's probably forgiven you. Everyone has forgiven you for what you've done, Cas!"

"Not everyone," he said, in a commanding voice that he hadn't used on Dean in many years. "I still need to forgive myself, and I will not be able to do that until I have served time in the Hall of Redemption."

Dean laughed brokenly. “Fuck you, Cas.” He screwed up his face in frustration. He wouldn’t stop shaking his head. It was a long while before he did. “When are you leaving?” Dean asked, not looking at Castiel.

He took a breath. “I thought I would say goodbye to Sam before I left.”

“So today,” Dean answered for him. He walked around the motel room, unsure of what to do with himself. “Fine. I can see that you’re set in this and that’s what it is. But you have to know, Cas, that if you ever come back and you plan on leaving again, I will kill you,” Dean delivered the threat looking straight into Castiel’s eyes. A threat given by a Winchester was a promise that they would keep.

Castiel nodded, keeping eye contact with Dean. Dean’s shoulders slumped. “Well, I’ll call Sam back so you can be on your way,” Dean said, reaching for his cell.

Cas grabbed Dean’s hand and said, “Maybe not just yet.” He was begging Dean to give them a few more minutes just for them.

Dean paused and then nodded. “Not just yet.”

~

“How did the seal on hell break?” JJ asked the room as a whole. They were still in heaven, preparing for the mission here instead of on earth.

Castiel shook his head. “Someone powerful must have done it from the outside. It couldn’t be broken from within.”

JJ felt thoroughly unsatisfied with that answer. He shook his head. “Never mind. Let’s just focus on getting my dad and uncle away from Crowley. I don’t want to think of the hell they are being put through right now.” He saw Castiel grimace.

“I would lend you some of our angels, except now that we’ve been notified of the broken seal, I fear that most of our angels are fighting demons at three different hell gates. We can’t spare any right now,” Samandriel said. “Except Castiel can choose to go with you of course. I also offer my services to you if you need it.”

JJ looked up at him at that. He was surprised by the contribution. His heart fluttered. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out except, “Thanks.”

“We might need you. I haven’t been on earth in many years. My powers are... rusty,” Castiel replied.

“Alright, so what’s the plan? And please don’t say it’s just to charge in,” JJ questioned.

Cas cleared his throat. “Jace, you said there were angel barriers marked on the inside?” JJ nodded. “But you were able to get in and out because you’re not quite angel, not quite human. So you’ll pop in first, quietly as you can, and destroy the sigils. Then, you’ll pop back out and go in with us. If you somehow can’t get back out, you’ll have to signal us once it’s done.”

JJ nodded again, agreeing with the plan. “Oh! Wait, I think, last time, I think I saw an angel. I think they were holding him so that Crowley could heal my father before he died.” JJ shivered at the idea.

Samandriel looked to the head lady-angel and she flew off somewhere. “We’ll check on that. If that’s correct, then we have three individuals to save instead of two.”

The head lady-angel popped back into the room and Samandriel went to her to talk. JJ sat in the chair next to his father and was feeling rather awkward.

“You look like him,” Castiel spoke to JJ.

JJ looked up and tried for a smile. “He always said I looked a lot like you. Or rather, Jimmy Novak. But also like you.”

Castiel smiled a bit and then looked into his eyes. “How has he been?” he asked somberly.

JJ swallowed. “He’s been okay. I mean, it’s been hard for him to raise me by himself, but he’s okay. As always.”

His father’s brow furrowed. “By himself? Sam wasn’t around?”

“Oh, um, no. I had never met Sam until this week. Sam quit hunting right after hell was sealed and Dad knew it would be hard enough raising a Nephilim. He didn’t want Sam to be sucked into the clusterfuck that is our life,” JJ explained.

Castiel nodded. “So, he’s been by himself?” JJ noticed a shift in how he asked this question. Then it dawned on him.

“Yeah. He’s been completely by himself. No one else. Actually, I can tell he’s lonely. I’ve told him before that he should date. You know? Find someone to make him happy. He’s been so busy raising me, I don’t think he noticed how lonely he’s been,” JJ said carefully. “But he hasn’t.”

Castiel seemed relieved for a moment but a moment later the tension was back in his shoulders. Before he could say anything, Samandriel came back.

“We believe the angel Israfel is missing. He’d been assigned on earth a few months ago and hasn’t reported in for almost a week,” Samandriel delivered the news.

JJ nodded. “Alright, then. We’re saving two humans and an angel.”

~

Dean’s heart was racing. This was the first time he’d been called to a school of Jace’s. At least this was in the afternoon, when school was just getting out, and not in the middle of the day, when he knew it would have been really bad.

The teacher hadn’t said much just that she needed to speak with him when he came to pick Jace up.

Kids were spilling out of every door in the hallway and parents were few and far between. They raised their eyebrows at the dirty shirt and jeans he was wearing. Today was his day off and had spent it caring for his baby.

He waded through the flood of kids and reached Jace's classroom, taking a breath before entering. Jace was sitting at a crafts table, drawing. He was waved over by the teacher before he reached Jace.

"Hi, Mr. Winchester," Stacy, he thought her name was, greeted.

"Hey, what's up? Why'd you call me in? Is something wrong?" Dean couldn't stop it all spilling from his mouth.

Stacy smiled. "No, nothing wrong. Well, not completely. We just had a bit of an incident today."

"What kind of an incident?" Dean asked, a bit calmer than before.

"Well, Jace and another little boy got into an argument over their parents' genders," Stacy said carefully, clearly attempting to choose her words in a way that wouldn't offend anyone.

Dean's eyes went wide. "Oh," he exclaimed. "So, Jace was saying he had two daddies and this other kid was saying, a mom and a dad?"

Stacy nodded. "It got a bit worse than that." She took a breath. "The other little boy was saying he had a mother and a father, and Jace said he had two fathers. When the boy heard this, he teased Jace and used the word faggot."

Dean was stunned. He'd never had to deal with the whole homophobia thing before. He'd only ever been with Cas, who was in a male vessel. But even then, it was brief enough that it ended before they heard any hate. He'd heard his father rant when he was younger about fags, but as he got older, he recognized it as ignorance and bigotry branded into him by the military.

"Wow. That kid really said that?" Dean asked, a bit disbelieving.

Stacy nodded. "Yes, I was there and heard it myself. The boy was sent to the principal's office and was suspended. The parents were most likely where he picked the language up from, and so they were educated on the matter as well. It's our school's policy."

Dean breathed out hard. He blinked a few times. "Okay. Well, how did Jace take it?"

He and Stacy were looking at Jace now. "He defended you, of course, and not with violence, just with words, and none of them bad. He just said that God didn't think it was bad or wrong, but he did think that hate was wrong." Dean looked at Stacy, surprised. She smiled. "You have a wise son, Mr. Winchester."

Dean looked back at Jace, now cutting up some paper, and felt a swell of pride fill his chest. "Yeah, I do."



# Learn Your Lesson, Lead Me Home

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this is so late! It's finals week and I still have two more finals that I should be studying for, but I wrote this instead. Hope you enjoy it!

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

JJ could feel him staring at him. He was starting to get a bit uncomfortable. Castiel had already invaded his space in scooting their chairs that close together, but now, with the staring... JJ gulped.

They were waiting for Samandriel and the others to get back to check on their numbers, so they were in the room on their own. JJ was looking straight ahead, glancing down at the desk in front of them every-so-often. He was pretty sure that his father had not taken his eyes off him long enough to blink.

JJ cleared his throat and paused. He weighted his options. He could turn and stare at Castiel back. He could continue to ignore the staring. He could ask Castiel to stop. Or he could ask Castiel why he was staring in the first place.

Before he could decide, Castiel spoke. "You really do look like him."

JJ jumped a little at the interruption from the silence. He turned to look at Cas and saw the intensity of his stare full force. He had no idea how his dad could stand being looked at like that. "Um, well, Dad has always says that I look a lot like you."

Cas shook his head. "You look like Dean first, and then Jimmy Novak. The only resemblance of me you hold is in your grace."

"That's not true," JJ said. Cas raised his eyebrows a little. "Really, Dad told me that I have some of your mannerisms."

"Mannerisms?" Cas asked, looking a little concerned now. "I don't have mannerisms."

JJ chuckled. "Yeah, you do. You stare too long at one person or thing. You have no concept of personal space. You also squint your eyes and tilt your head to one side when you don't understand something. That's something that I do. The squinting and the tilting."

Castiel looked a little shocked. He looked away from JJ now, his eyes moving around, not settling on one thing. JJ could feel the release of his gaze. "I did not know those things. Dean had told me not to step into his personal space before we were intimate, but afterwards, he invited me in more often than not. I did not, however, know about the staring, the head tilt, or the squinting."

JJ was a little shocked from hearing so much from Castiel at once. He swallowed. “Yeah. Well, uh, you do.”

There was another long pause, and now JJ was beginning to think that Samandriel had deserted them on purpose to give them time to talk. He didn’t appreciate it. He knew that having time to talk with Castiel was important, but so was rescuing dad, and right now, one took priority over the other. They would have time after.

“Your name is Jace James Samuel Winchester,” Castiel said. JJ nodded. “Samuel was clearly after your uncle and great-grandfather, but is James from Jimmy Novak?”

JJ smiled. “Yeah, Dean wanted to pay tribute to him as he had a hand in creating me.”

“He didn’t have a hand, but rather the sperm,” Castiel said, a little confused.

JJ choked a little. His dad really wasn’t kidding about the lack of understanding human expressions. “Um, that’s not what I meant. I just meant that he helped create me, is all.”

Cas’s face opened up in understanding. “Oh. I wanted to ask, but I don’t want to offend. Why Jace?”

JJ shrugged. “I’m not really sure. Dad insists on calling me Jace even though I’ve asked him multiple times to just call me JJ.”

“No, he’s right. Jace is a beautiful name and he gave it to you. You should be as proud to have it as you are to have Winchester,” Castiel said.

JJ suddenly wondered if Cas went back to live with them, if Cas and Dean would gang up on him and only call him Jace. “So you won’t call me JJ?”

Castiel thought for a moment. “I’m not quite sure yet.” JJ nodded and let it go. “So, you call Dean ‘Dad’ and me ‘Papa’?” Castiel asked, with a curious tone.

“Yeah, I do. Dad started it. He wanted a name to call you by other than Castiel since it took a few years for me to pronounce it properly,” JJ explained.

Castiel looked very interested all of a sudden. “You had difficulty saying my name?” JJ nodded. “How did you used to say my name?”

JJ snorted and felt heat in his cheeks. “Um, I think it was Casteel.”

Cas’s eyes lit up. “I wish I was there for that.”

“Do you miss him?” JJ asked all of a sudden, not even sure where the question came from.

Castiel looked taken aback by the question, immediately answered in a hushed tone, “Yes. Every moment I was in the Hall of Redemption, I missed Dean and I thought of him. It was the thing that helped me through my time spent in there.” Castiel had a bit of a haunted look at this point.

JJ wanted to ask why he was in the Hall, but felt like he couldn't. Instead, he just whispered back, "We missed you too."

JJ gasped at the look of pain and regret on Castiel's face for a moment. His eyes held a bit of anger as well. It didn't last long, because Samandriel and the others have impeccable timing.

"We're ready," Samandriel announced. They had agreed that he and two other angels would join them in their mission. When JJ looked back to his father, Cas's face was wiped clean of any obvious emotion.

"Are you ready?" Castiel asked JJ. They had their plan. Now it was time to go for it.

"Are you?" JJ asked his father. He knew Cas hadn't been to earth in many, many years and he wasn't sure about the warning Samandriel had given him. Cas didn't answer only set his jaw and gave him a determined stare that scared him a little. Okay, a lot. He nodded and they turned.

JJ felt a hand on his arm. "JJ, I hope I can help in rescuing your family. I am glad to have met you," Samandriel confessed, eyes bright with a smile on his face.

JJ smiled back. "Yeah, I am too," he replied. Samandriel let go of his arm, and JJ could feel the touch even after. "Let's go."

~

The boy was gone. He'd been there, sitting on the floor stupidly, rocking a little for over two hours. He honestly wondered for the majority of the time if he should have called the police in order to take back the escaped patient from the local psychiatric hospital. Instead, he watched him for a long time. He wondered about the symbols drawn into the floor and the placement of the candles. It all looked vaguely satanic.

Then, when the boy changed his focus, and soon he was shining. The boy was shining light out of his eyes and mouth. He had to close his eyes because of the pain that began to radiate through them. A few seconds later, it became bright enough that he had to raise his arms to shield himself from it. He lost track of time and where he was and what was going on when the shining became its brightest. All of a sudden, he came back to himself and the boy was gone.

He swiveled his head around, checking everywhere in the chapel for the boy. The candles and his backpack were still there and the drawings. When he got a closer look, he saw that the front symbol had been burnt into the floor. It was weird because it didn't smell like anything had been burning, other than the candles. He crouched down to get a closer look at the burnt symbol and he felt the air move a little.

He looked up and saw three men standing above him. Startled, he stumbled backwards. That's when he spotted the boy, who was standing two his left with another man. His heart was bursting out of his chest with fear.

"How did you--"



The boy crouched down next to where he was sprawled. "I'm sorry for scaring you," he said, and held out a hand to help him up. Once he was standing, he looked around at the four other men that were there.

"This is how you got to heaven?" One of the men in a suit asked the boy.

The boy looked over to the man and nodded. "Yeah. I couldn't just think about it and fly like I usually can. I think it had to do with never having been there before. But now that I have, I think I'll be able to make the journey without the ceremony."

The man looked at the boy with a small smile on his face before he waved his hand and the candles, chalk drawings, and the burnt symbol had disappeared. He was in awe of what was happening. They were speaking candidly about heaven and they had appeared out of nowhere and this man had some sort of power. It was amazing.

"What's going on? Who are you people?" He asked them.

The boy turned to him and smiled. "You remember me, don't you? JJ. This is my father, Castiel," he said, motioning to the other man to his left. "This is Samandriel," JJ introduced the man to his right. "And I'm not sure what their names are," JJ admitted, a bit of shame showing on his face. "This is Pastor Rich," JJ said now, introducing him to the men. "He let me use this space without calling the cops or anything."

Understanding showed on Samandriel's face. "Oh, well, thank you. It was very kind of you."

"Uh, yeah," he replied. He was still in the dark about what was going on.

"Forgive us, but we must be going," the man, Castiel, said. He nodded and they walked past him, down the aisle and out the double doors, with JJ waving a hand as he did.

~

"I hate you!" Jace screamed as he slammed the door to his room shut, right in Dean's face.

Dean shouted through the door, "That was not okay, young man!" Dean closed his eyes, and sighed. He turned away from the door, walking down the hall to his own room, shutting it quietly behind him. He was so mad at the way Jace was acting. He had never had this kind of attitude before and he didn't quite understand why it was happening now.

That was a lie. He just didn't like admitting that he had flash backs of Sam yelling at their father whenever he dealt with Jace acting out. He hoped and prayed that he wasn't like his father. He wanted to be a stable and positive influence on Jace, not like John was for him and Sammy or like he was for Ben. Ben still made his heart hurt a little with regret.

Honestly, it tore him apart every time Jace yelled that he hated him. Yes, he'd grown a thicker skin to those kinds of things, especially in the moment. The first time he'd said it, he didn't know how to react. He felt that his jaw had dropped and his eyes were wide. His throat was stuck with words. Jace wasn't paying any attention to his reaction though, as he had run into

the other room just as he said it. He had trouble breathing and then he just collapsed in on himself.

Now, he showed less reaction to it in the moment, but later on, like right then, he would dwell on it and he couldn't stop running the words through his head a million times over. So, instead of breaking down or going and yelling at Jace, he just laid down in bed, taking comfort in the most comfortable bed he'd ever owned.

He wished for a drink so he could forget the words swirling in his head, but he'd quit as soon as he found out he was pregnant. Dean was glad that he had. He had been surviving on it for way too long.

Instead he just closed his eyes and thought about Cas. He thought about how he would have reacted to hearing that his child hated him for the first time. He thought about how Cas would have handled the situation with Jace today. He thought about how Cas might've held Dean during times like these. He thought about the comfort Cas would have given him being here.

It didn't work very well. It added to the hurt in his heart. He was about to turn out the light when he heard a small knock on the door. Dean scrubbed at his eyes, even though there wasn't any moisture there. "Come in," he called.

Jace peered into the room and then ran across it to jump on Dean's bed. Dean unwrapped himself and pulled Jace closer. Jace sat in front of him, biting on his lip. "I'm sorry, daddy," he whispered, head hanging down a little.

Dean sighed. "Yeah, me too, kid," he replied. They were still for a moment before Dean pulled Jace down onto the bed. He slept there with Dean that night.

~

Dean woke with water once again being poured onto his face. He gasped. Crowley's face was the first thing he saw. He spit out some water that had landed in his mouth onto his torturer's face. The demon smacked him for it.

"I need you awake if I'm going to have my fun," he sneered, taking a handkerchief from his pocket and wiping off his face.

Dean groaned. He hated this. He wasn't sure how long they'd been there, taken apart and healed over and over again. "I thought you would've been bored of us by now," Dean ground out.

Crowley huffed. "Yes, well, this is what happens when your offspring is late. Don't worry, I'll get another surge of inspiration once the little angel-boy hands himself over."

Dean rolled his eyes. He really hoped that Jace got to Castiel, although judging by the time, he wasn't sure it had worked. He had always avoided praying to Castiel directly in case messages could be interfered with, but sometimes, he gave into the urge. They had never been responded to in way, so he had no idea if Cas had just been ignoring him, or if they couldn't reach him where he was.

Right now, this moment, was one of those times when he gave in. He listened to his brother's painful cries enough. *Dear Castiel, I'm praying because I'm hoping that Jace has got to your angelic ass by now. I need you, Cas. I need your help. Please, please help me.*

Dean opened his eyes once more and waited a moment. He let his breath go. He hoped that had worked.

~

Dean's voice. He was sure that it was Dean's voice coming to him. Castiel was sitting in the stolen car of Jace's and they were driving to the vantage point Sam and Jace had used before. Then, he heard Dean's voice come to him, praying to him, begging for help.

Castiel gasped as too human emotions flooded his chest and made it difficult to breathe. His eyes were moist. There was pain lacing his chest. He did not like this feeling. It was too much. It had been ten years since he'd heard Dean's voice and to hear it full of despair and exhaustion as it was, hurt more than he could describe.

Suddenly, all these human emotions swarmed to him and overwhelmed him. Regret, for leaving for Dean and for missing Jace; joy, for being back on earth and having a son; great sadness, for knowing of the pain he had caused by leaving. Love was the one that he held onto. Love for humans, for the earth, for Dean, for Sam, for Jace, for his brethren.

"Jace, we must hurry," Castiel gasped out. His son turned to look at him with worry. His son's face kept catching him by surprise. Yes, he had his vessel's eyes and hair and chin and grace, but he had Dean's nose and lips and freckles and cheekbones and soul. He felt a surge of love for this boy stronger than the one he had felt when he learned of him.

"Okay, I will. What happened?" Jace asked. Samandriel stuck his head up to the front.

"Dean's praying. He needs help. He's almost done," Castiel confessed, not sure if Dean would like the fact that he shared this information with the others. Jace's eyes widened and he turned back to the road. Castiel felt an immediate increase in the car's speed. "Be careful, Jace. Dean would not like if you got hurt."

"Doesn't matter. I'd heal anyway," Jace growled, almost like Dean would.

Castiel grew frustrated. "You know he would not like it."

"He's right. Just be safe, JJ," Samandriel also said. Jace clenched his jaw before nodding and slowing down the tiniest bit he could manage.

They soon reached the spot and Jace scrambled out of the car. "Alright, exactly like the plan. I'll fly in at a secluded spot and destroy the wards. Then I'll fly back out for you guys. If I get caught, I'll send up a signal."

"Remember, we're going for two humans and an angel, Israfil," Samandriel said to the group.

Castiel caught Jace's arm before he could fly. "Be careful. Not just for Dean, but for me also. I would not like to lose you so soon. So, please," he said, his gaze and words intense on Jace. Jace looked a little dazed before putting his game face on, nodding his acquiesce and flying.

Castiel saw his son fly. He could see his wings when he did. They were a dark brown; Dean would equate them with chocolate. They were beautiful and graceful. With the swift stroke, his wings transported him, his grace and soul, and his body into the warehouse.

"That's some heavy guarding," Samandriel, next to him, said.

Castiel saw the seemingly glowing sigils covering the outside of the building along with the warded windows and doors which were done in blood. "Yes. Jace can do it," Castiel replied, firmly.

Samandriel smiled. "I know."

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and as always, comments are appreciated!

# Open the Darkness

## Chapter Notes

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

There is this moment that Dean remembers so clearly. It seemed to be after hours and hours of Jace being born. He remembers barely anything from that period of time, but something he does remember like it was yesterday was the first time he held Jace in his arms.

The months before had been all about the baby to him. Missouri wasn't going to take any chances with his health. Dean really hadn't been prepared for how his life was going to change after he was born, but nonetheless, everything did.

At first, he was bitter. He wasn't sure what he was bitter about, or what he wasn't bitter about. He was bitter that he couldn't drink alcohol. He was bitter that he couldn't drink coffee—at least not caffeinated anyway and what's the point of non-caffeinated? He was bitter that he was becoming round. He was bitter that he couldn't keep up with his training. He was bitter that Castiel didn't have to deal with this. He was bitter that Sam wasn't there.

Then all of a sudden he was very bitter at anyone and everyone that wasn't in as much pain as he was at the time.

All of that bitterness seemed to melt away once he felt the weight and the warmth of his son, his tiny son, in his arms, against his chest. The baby was cleaned and given shots just in case he was entirely human. Then Missouri placed the boy into his arms, all naked and crying. He barely had the strength to hold him up, so he just lay back and kept him on his chest.

His first thought about his son was that he smelled good. It was weird. How could he smell good after what just happened? It didn't matter much at the time, but that was the first thing. The second thing was that he was light and then warm.

The first thing he felt was amazement. And it was amazing. He started feeling all of these feelings that were so far away from bitterness and hatred and anger and disappointment and all the things he felt normally. All those feelings were drowned in the wake of these new ones. Those old ones rarely showed up again. And those new ones he reveled in. He'd earned it.

Instead, on a day to day basis, he felt pride, joy, love, wonderment, excitement, nervousness, anxiousness, and protectiveness. All of these things added up pretty damn well and they're what he thinks made him into a father. Then came the gratefulness.

He was so goddamn grateful that he had Jace, and that Castiel had come into his life to give him this, and made him into a father. He was grateful because he thought that was the only way he was ever going to be a father. Giving birth to the kid himself, going through that, was the only way he was going to change enough to be a good father.

It was that moment that changed him forever and for good. It was also the moment that kept him sane in times like this, when everything was falling apart and he prayed for escape to someone he hadn't seen or spoken to in ten years. It was the moment that Crowley couldn't touch.

~

JJ found himself in a broom closet and was disoriented. It was dark, and when he landed he made a racket by knocking over multiple brooms and mops. He hurriedly righted these things before taking a look around. There was a window behind some racks of cleaning products that had sigils drawn on.

He reached around and was about to break the ward when the door opened behind him. He whirled around, catching sight of the demon right before he charged him. JJ ducked and caught the demon around the middle, flipping him over and throwing him through the window.

"Oh, crap," JJ muttered as the racket from the broken window alerted the demons nearby of his presence. As the sigil was broken, he just flew back out to Castiel and Samandriel.

"Is it done?" Castiel asked eyes on fire.

"Yeah, although," JJ started, but not before Cas was gone. "The demons know we're coming."

Samandriel nodded. "Let's go. Castiel is in, we need to be too." He motioned to his backup angels. He grabbed JJ's wrist and flew with him. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before. Flying itself was relatively new, but flying with an angel? It almost hurt. When angels flew they were in their pure form and JJ hadn't experienced that yet. It was blinding and frightening. The hand on his wrist became a ring of white hot celestial intent.

They landed in the hallway where Castiel was pushing two demons by their faces through the double doors at the end of the hall all while smiting them. JJ's jaw dropped. His father was a BAMFA. Badass motherfucking angel.

There were still a few demons in the hall that needed taking care of and after Samandriel smote them both, he wondered if he was able to do that. They quickly followed Castiel through the double doors.

~

It felt longer this time, even though he knew it wasn't. The time before he heard the racket of a rescue felt longer than last time. That probably had a lot to do with the shift in intensity of Crowley's torture.

At first he just heard a few shouts. Sam had just been healed and Crowley had begun starting in on him, so he still had his ears and eyes. Israfil was looking bad, crouching in the corner, panting hard after each healing. After the shouts came a yell. That voice, he knew. It quaked in his bones. It shook his soul. Castiel had come for him. He felt like crying.

He heard sounds of a fight and Crowley was beginning to panic. He sent out two demons, but as soon as the doors had closed on them, Castiel was pushing them back through the doors, with their faces in his hands. Light shown between his fingers and he shoved them down hard into the ground as he finished the smiting.

He looked up, straight at Crowley, and Dean felt his heart leap in his chest. He'd never seen Castiel look so fearsome.

"Crowley," Castiel called the demon's name. Crowley smirked, but Dean could see the uneasiness in his stance and in his eyes.

"Castiel," Crowley greeted. "I heard you were locked up in heaven. What changed?"

Castiel moved forward. "You threatening my family is what changed," he replied, his voice just as gravely as it was before. Dean was amazed how he hadn't changed. Ten years had passed. Ten years of raising a child by himself had changed him so much. Yet, Castiel stood there unchanged. He wondered if he would be recognizable, and not just because of the blood and guts covering him.

Crowley began to squirm before snapping his fingers. Dean felt hot breath against his legs. Hell hounds. "Well, here are my lovely pets. Want to play?" Crowley asked. The doors opened again and Jace and an angel he sort of recognized stepped through. "Ah! The Nephilim! We've been waiting for you!"

Jace ignored the demon and hounds and ran straight to Dean, brushing fingers against his forehead and healed his wounds and then started on his bonds. Castiel started towards Crowley before being knocked down by a hound. His angel blade appeared and he began fighting off the hound with bold strikes, blood coming off the hound the only thing visible. Samandriel and the two other angels took care of the other hound before Cas was free of his.

Jace freed Dean of his bonds and Dean wrapped his arms around his son. "Oh, thank God," Dean breathed out, trembling with relief that he was okay.

"Um, Dad. You're naked," Jace choked out, pained. Dean let go of him immediately and one of the angels mojo'ed him a t-shirt and jeans.

"Thanks," Dean said to the room. He looked up and saw that Sam had been released and clothed and Israfel was being supported by two angels in the corner, and Castiel and Samandriel had Crowley cornered.

"Alright, alright," Crowley said, raising his hands up, too calm for the situation at hand. Which was why Crowley disappearing before either Castiel or Samandriel could get to him wasn't that much of a surprise.

Castiel turned to Samandriel and asked, "Do you think you could go after him?"

Samandriel pursed his lips and shook his head. "No, he's gone for now. I'll send out a squadron to search for him, though." With that, Dean turned to Jace and held his head in his hands, inspecting him.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt at all?” Dean asked. “You went to heaven. Were they okay with you being Nephilim, or do we need to start running?”

Jace smiled. “I missed you, Dad. I’m fine. Everything’s fine. The angels were awesome,” he answered.

Dean sighed, looking at Jace a little skeptically. “‘Awesome,’ huh?” He pulled him into a hug that they both indulged in. “I missed you too, kid,” Dean admitted quietly. He felt his body relax with the contact. He’d always been the most calm when Jace was nearby and safe.

Jace cleared his throat. “Um, Dad. Papa’s wanting you,” he said.

Dean’s body immediately tensed back up and he took a breath before letting go of Jace. He hadn’t really prepared for this. This situation with Castiel and him being the father of the son he never knew about was complicated and he really didn’t feel like dealing with it. Of course, when he turned around to look at Castiel, all these worries went out the window a bit because now Cas was looking straight at him.

And it was terrifying. He looked him up and down as if to scan for injuries, but began to linger halfway through. Now, Dean knew, Cas was seeing the small changes that occurred over the past ten years. The lines weren’t as flattering as they had been when they weren’t as deep. His lips were thinner, he knew that. His hair was bit a dull in color as well.

It didn’t seem to matter as Castiel stepped forward, expression relieved. “Hello, Dean,” Castiel said. Dean smiled and pulled him into his arms, a little awkwardly. It only took a moment before Castiel wrapped his arms around him as well. The pulled away after a minute and stared at each other. Castiel looked exactly the same, but that was to be expected.

“Hi, Cas,” Dean greeted and Castiel smiled bright, well, for him. Dean wanted to ask him so many things, like how he’s been, how was prison, what did he think of Jace, and most of all, was he staying? “Can we go? I’d really rather not be here anymore,” Dean asked, looking around the room.

Sam was sharing looks with Jace, although Jace’s attention was a bit more focused on Samandriel, who was speaking with two other angels who were holding Israfel steady and was glancing at Jace every so often.

He looked back at Cas and saw him nod before coming towards him to touch him on the forehead. Then they were in a motel room alone.

“Are you okay?” Cas asked, still standing in Dean’s personal space.

“Yeah, I just want to sit,” Dean said as he backed up and sat down on one of the motel room’s beds. He sighed. Even though he was healed, he still felt so exhausted after this whole ordeal and the soft bed felt really good.

Cas sat down across from him. Dean felt a pang in his chest. He really wasn’t ready to leave Jace just yet. “Hey, Cas, can we either postpone the ‘we have a kid’ talk or can you zap Jace in here with us, cause I gotta tell ya, I’m beat and I just want to be near my son.”



Cas looked up a little surprised and a little disappointed. “Yes, I can bring Jace here. You two can spend the night here and we can have the talk when you’re ready.” He stood back up in order to fly out.

“Hey, Cas?” Dean reached out and took his hand. “I’m really glad to see you. You can stay here with us tonight, if you want,” Dean offered.

Cas’ breath hitched and he nodded, a small smile gracing his lips. As soon as Dean’s hand left him, he was gone. Dean took the moment to assess how he felt. Fucking relieved was the first thing he felt. He wanted his boy near him and he wanted Castiel to stick around, like forever. He just hoped that everything would work out.

He heard wings flap once more and looked up to find Jace, Cas, and Sam all standing together. It was a sight he never thought he’d see. It was his whole family.

Jace knelt down in front of Dean. “Hey, are you okay?” he asked, concern written on his face.

Dean’s brow furrowed. “Uh, yeah. I’m okay, just tired and wanted you here. Spend the night here?”

Jace nodded. “Papa made it sound like you were dying. Just a gruff ‘Dean needs you’ and then off we go,” Jace imitated Castiel’s voice as best he could. He started pulling off the shoes that an angel had mojo’ed onto Dean’s feet before.

Dean chuckled. “Jesus, Cas. No need to make our boy panic,” Dean said, looking at Cas. His heart warmed at the thought of the phrase ‘our boy’ and he could tell it was affecting Cas too. Cas’ eyes were big and full of wonder. It was as if he found the situation hard to believe. Dean smiled.

“Okay, Dad. Time for bed,” Jace said, pushing Dean down onto the bed, attempting to have him scoot until his head hit the pillow. It took a bit more effort on both sides, but they got there. Dean pulled Jace down with him on the bed, hugging him tightly. “Ack! Dad!” Jace laughed.

Dean smiled at the most wonderful sound in the world. “No. I almost died like a thousand times so you’re going to stay here with me tonight,” Dean said, already closing his eyes.

“Okay, okay. But I need to go to the bathroom so let me up!” Jace replied and got up once he was released. Dean saw Sam already in the bed next to theirs and Cas was sitting at the couch and had the TV on mute already settling in for the night. Dean felt nostalgic in the moment. If not for Jace and the years Sam and him wore on their faces, it would be like nothing had ever changed.

Dean shuffled out of his jeans so that he could sleep more comfortably in just underwear and a shirt and slipped under the covers. He scooted over to the side closest to the bathroom and settled in. A few minutes later Jace came back out, already stripped into make-shift pajamas and climbed in next to Dean. Dean wrapped an arm around his son and pulled him close.

“I’m glad you’re okay, Dad,” Jace whispered to him.

Dean smiled. "I'm glad we're okay, baby," Dean said, glad that Jace allowed the endearment. He fell asleep to the sound of Jace breathing and the TV splashing colors across the room.

~

Cas felt despair and misery every moment in the Hall of Redemption. It had been created for the criminals of war, for angels who committed human sins and felt the need to be punished. It had started out with angels entering it voluntarily; however, as time grew on, and the script was thrown out, heaven required a place to sentence angels who needed punishing. Angels like Zachariah, Uriel, Raphael, and Balthazar who did not heed the law and mocked it. Angels like himself who massacred and wrought destruction.

Castiel hoped to find redemption. He didn't know how long he was to be in the hall, as no angel he had ever known to enter had ever come out again, but it wasn't on his mind. He was content to stay inside and suffer his sins over and over again until he was redeemed. He would know, inherently when he had forgiven himself and he would be able to exit when he needed to.

Samandriel was the only one who put up a fuss about him going in.

"I don't understand why you feel like you need to put yourself through this!" Samandriel shouted. They had been going around and around in circles about this and getting nowhere.

"I don't expect you to understand. All I expect from you is to accept it and let me pass!" Castiel shouted back. Samandriel was standing right in front of the entrance to the hall and not letting Castiel through.

Samandriel shook his head violently. "How is Dean okay with this? It's obviously wrong and he should have stopped you from leaving earth!"

Castiel grew even more frustrated with the mention of Dean. "Dean has to be okay with this. I made this choice for myself. Not for him or for father, or for anyone else but myself. I need to go in so that I may forgive myself of my sins. Now please, please move aside!"

"No!" Samandriel replied, voice broken.

Castiel's eyes scrunched up. "I don't understand. Why are you so against this?" He asked the other angel.

Samandriel sighed. "You and Dean saved my life. You saved me from even more torture. You've done so much good in your life, Castiel. I don't want to see you forget that. And I don't want to let you torture yourself further because of past sins that are forgiven."

After a moment of silence, Castiel stepped forward, placing his hands on the angel's shoulders. "I understand why you're doing this, Samandriel. But there is nothing that could change my mind. I will not be swayed in this decision. I've said goodbye to everyone on earth that I cherish. Now, I am saying goodbye to you, even though we will see each other again, brother."

Samandriel slumped, defeated. He shook his head sadly. "I will miss you, brother." He leaned forward and kissed Castiel on the forehead.

Castiel sighed in relief. He let go of the angel and walked past him, passing through the dark doorway. "Goodbye, brother."

## Chapter End Notes

I know! I'm very late! In between studying for finals and the holidays came the Merlin series finale which put me in a pit of despair for a good while. I'm fairly certain I read 20 fix-it fics before being able to write some more on this story. As a result, I'm afraid that the next chapter gets very soppy. I cried while writing it. It might just be me and my stupid hormones combined with Merlin depression. Either way, I hope to have another chapter up before the end of next week! Thanks for sticking with me! Let me know what you think of this chapter!

# Go Count the Cost

## Chapter Notes

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

JJ woke up and found himself alone in bed. He sat up and looked around the room for his father. His eyes met Uncle Sam's and Samandriel's, but neither of his fathers'. "Where'd they go?" Jace asked, his voice rough. He swung his legs over the side of the bed.

Sam was sitting at the motel room's table with the angel across from him. He had a mug of coffee and his laptop in front of him. He had an amused smile on his face. "They went out to talk. I'm really hoping they get everything resolved quickly so that we can get back to the whole unsealed Hell Gate thing."

Samandriel just glanced over at JJ from the tome he was flipping through and JJ noticed that his eyes started to roam just before snapping quickly back to the book. JJ felt a little confused and worried about this new weird thing between them. He knew that there was no way anyone would let them date or anything even resembling that based solely on the differences between them. He didn't even want to imagine his father's reaction.

JJ blushed thinking about it. He'd never really been interested in a specific person before, just the general attractiveness of the human form. Sometimes, when he would be reading texts that included information about the angelic form, he'd pop a boner. That was something he'd never tell anyone. Ever.

"You want some coffee?" his uncle asked, breaking him out of his thoughts.

"Um, no thanks. Dad says that I'm energetic enough without the caffeine," JJ replied. As he finished speaking he realized that what he said would make him sound too young. "How long have they been out?"

Sam hummed and then answered, "About half an hour. I'd give them another hour or so."

JJ nodded before grabbing some more clothes to cover himself with before making his way to the bathroom, feeling the hot gaze of the current angel in the room on him as he went. He closed the door and let out a breath. He wasn't used to being watched let alone with such a purpose. He looked up and saw himself, small and scrawny in the mirror. He was just skin and bones and wiry muscle with a little bit of baby fat still attached. In a few months, he would probably look fit enough to be attractive, but currently, he didn't find his physique something to lust over.

He knew that maybe within those few months and eventually, years, maybe Samandriel would be an acceptable partner to have, but now would be too soon. He wasn't ready to be comfortable in a way that he knew couples were. He couldn't wait until he was, but until then, he was just excited to have someone to think about, someone to hope for, and later to burn for.

He felt the burn of blush on his cheeks and spreading down his neck, but didn't look in the mirror again before heading for the shower.

~

Dean was a little worried when another parent had asked to speak with him, but once they had, he felt silly for worrying.

"Jace?" He called for the boy's attention at the kitchen table where his son was doing his homework. Jace looked up with his dark hair and blue eyes. "I had a talk with Sally's mom today. She says that Sally had asked you out and you said no?"

Dean was mainly starting like this to see if it got any kind of reaction out of Jace in the first place. Jace nodded. "I don't like her like you like papa," he stated so easily. Dean was always stunned by the simple and beautiful logic of children, let alone the amazing things Jace would come up with having a mind and life like he did.

"That's okay, baby. I was just wondering if you didn't like her for a specific reason, like you don't like her only or if you don't like girls, or..." he let himself trail off. He knew that trying to guess his son's sexuality while he was so young wasn't the best thing he could be doing as a father.

Jace just shook his head. "I don't like anybody like that," he answered plainly. He went back to his homework.

Dean just stared at his son for a minute and wondered if what Jace said made him asexual. Dean wasn't very educated on sexuality at all, so he guessed that this exercise was a little ridiculous. All he needed to do was love Jace no matter what, and make sure that his son knew that too.

He sat down in front of Jace and put a hand on his son's, stilling his writing. "I just wanted you to know that no matter who you end up liking, like I like papa, I will love you no matter what, okay?" He needed to be sure Jace understood.

Jace smiled and nodded. "I know. Can I have a popsicle?"

Dean laughed. "Yeah, you can have a popsicle," he said, releasing his son's hand.

~

Dean was in a bad mood. He had woken up in bed curled protectively around Jace and found an angel-less hotel room. Sam was still asleep. He couldn't blame him after what they had both been through. But the fact that he woke up without Cas in the room immediately put him in a bad mood. He thought he had made it clear that he could spend the night with them.

He got up and dressed with his head spinning in circles. He wondered if this had been a momentary reprieve and if Cas had gone back to heaven straight away. Dean was sure that now things would be different with Cas knowing about his son. Maybe they wouldn't be. That hurt him deeper than he wanted.

He thought back to the previous night as he let himself out of the hotel room. He suddenly felt very chagrined over his actions and his openness towards Castiel. He had completely forgiven him in those moments when he came to save him. He ran his hands over his face. How did his mind get so messed up? Well, there had been a lot of possible answers to that question.

He felt as though, with Castiel gone, and only his memories of him and the image of him in his son's face to keep him with Dean, his image or perspective of Cas had become skewed. With all the romantic stories he told Jace about Cas, he may have superimposed this wondrous heroic character over the real Castiel that he knew. Although it really had been too long and so much had changed that he couldn't base his decisions on who Castiel and he were before hell was sealed. He had to get his head screwed on back right before discussing the situation with Castiel or Jace even. He had to get to know Castiel once more before he let him into his life permanently, or even near Jace's life.

It wouldn't be fair to cut Cas out of their lives completely now that everything was out in the open. Yet, he still wasn't sure if Cas was staying on earth for sure or if he was going to go back into the hall, or stay on earth full-time or part-time. He needed to know what Cas had planned before deciding anything too.

With so much to think over and discuss, Dean felt as though these things needed to happen sooner rather than later. Right now, he was only concerned with getting breakfast for Jace, Sam, and himself.

He was walking down the street to the nearest diner when he heard a flutter of wings beside him. He was a bit shocked. He hadn't heard that sound in a very long time, not counting the previous night. He didn't look over at Castiel and just kept walking, Cas following along.

He wasn't sure what to say or where to begin. So, it wasn't until they were in the diner having a cup of coffee across from each other that they broke the silence.

Dean looked up at Cas, who was staring into his coffee, and studied him. He didn't look any different, and yet he was different at the same time. There was something off about him. It was something that bugged Dean enough to want to blurt out, 'Did you forgive yourself yet?' But he knew this had to be handled more delicately.

"Do you remember," Dean starts, pausing to try and get all his words together, "when you told me that you were leaving and we might never see each other again?"

Castiel nodded. "Of course I remember, Dean. Angels have perfect memory," he replied.

Dean snorted. He felt extremely nostalgic in that moment. "Yeah, I know. But do you remember what I told you then?"

Castiel's brow furrowed in concentration before his features fell back. "You told me not to come back unless I planned on staying on earth. I remember very clearly." He looked down, still not meeting Dean's eyes.

Dean took a deep breath. "I still mean that, Cas. I can't have you around and get my hopes up only to let me down by running back to heaven again. I sure as hell can't have you doing that to Jace. So, you have to decide, Cas, if you've forgiven yourself enough to spend quality time here on earth."

Castiel looked pained. Dean was a little worried that he was going to be sick. It took a few moments before the angel spoke. "I understand your worries, Dean, and I know that they are truly valid ones. I'm not certain as to whether I can go without more punishment for my crimes, but I know that I don't want to miss Jace growing up anymore than I already have." Cas looked up, meeting Dean eyes for the first time, the dark blue of them almost a shock in Dean's system. "I also would prefer it if we could resume our romantic relationship as well. I have missed too much of both of you," he admits quietly but with strength in his voice.

Dean let out a breath and sat back in his seat. Tension he didn't know he was holding seeping out of him. "Okay. That's good to know. It's a start. I'm not going to make any promises, but I am going to put down some ground rules, okay?" At this point, he sat up again. His voice was firm and a little cold. He could tell that it affected Cas, but this was concerning his son, so he'd be whatever he'd need to be to make sure he was safe. "One: You will need to be on earth leading a seemingly normal life in order to be in Jace's life full-time. You will need a job, someplace to live-not with us-and to be there for whatever Jace wants you there for. I have those conditions, but Jace is the determining factor. He gets to decide if and when he wants to see you, with overall approval falling to me.

"Two: We can date. It will be casual and there will be no guarantees as to if we will enter a relationship together or not. It's been a long time and we've both changed. We will never be together out of obligation to Jace-that's just plain stupid. Also, when we are in the process of dating, no one will know about it. I don't want people, especially Jace, to have expectations and then be let down. If you accept all of these terms, we will need to get something in writing, something binding to me and to you before any of this can begin. Do you understand?"

Cas gulped, looking a little frightened of Dean and he relished in it for a second before letting it pass. "Yes, I understand your terms, and I would like to have a say in the finer details and I do have questions, but those can be left for later."

Dean nodded and sat back once more. "Good. For now, we have to focus on this bullshit that's going on with hell being unsealed and then we can revisit this topic of discussion," he stated. It was good timing then, that their food had come in their to-go bags and they each had an armful as they left.

~

Castiel had to admit to himself that he had never seen Dean act this way before. It was a little invigorating at the same time as being a little scary. This was something that had changed in Dean over the past ten years. Before, Dean's authority lay in his abilities as a hunter and keeping others safe. His authoritative tone was purely saved for dire situations when there were civilians needing herding.

However, this tone, this authority, was brand new and something stronger than just a hunter. It was the tone of a protective parent. No, that wasn't quite right. It was the protective parent combined with the slightly psychopathic hunter he used to be that made the tone truly frightening.

Cas walked with Dean back to the motel contemplating how the hunter had changed while he'd been away. It seemed as though Dean was almost a completely different person. He had to play the role of two parents in Jace's life and he had done so remarkably. Dean was forever changed by it though. It wasn't just in the complete flip-flop of his priorities, but also in the way he spoke and the way he held himself.

Being a father made him different, perhaps better. He hadn't seen Dean go for a drink at all so far, although they had only been around one another less than a day. He even looked better.

Castiel then turned his observation inwards, to his own changes. In his decision, he hadn't anticipated any of this would happen, but here it was, happening. He committed himself to eternal punishment and pain and how had it changed him? He intended for that decision to finally be at peace with himself, and yet he has felt no better than when he entered the Hall. He felt more broken than anything, fraying at the edges, cracking at the center. He felt less.

Cas almost ran into Dean when he paused before the motel door. Without speaking, Dean turned and leaned forward into Castiel's lips. It was a chaste kiss, but he felt it throughout his body and into his grace. He felt some of those cracks being seal up. Their lips parted, but Dean touched his forehead to Castiel's.

Castiel hadn't felt that way in a long time. Not since he'd last kissed Dean. He desperately wanted it to continue, but when he opened his eyes and looked into Dean's. He saw that Dean only did this in order to reassure Castiel, but not permit him full access.

Castiel could definitely for that. For now. So he nodded and Dean gave him a small smile, paired with a softening gaze. Dean turned back around and opened up the motel room door.

~

JJ was already working on his own laptop, brought to him courtesy of Samandriel, when the motel room door opened bringing his fathers and food through. The three that were already in the room became very still in order to gauge the situation. JJ saw the smile on his dad's face. It meant good things, very good things. It was the same smile he'd seen in an old photograph once.

He leapt from his chair, first taking the food and setting it down on the table before enveloping his dad in a big hug that was returned full heartedly. He held it for a few beats before reaching out another arm and grabbing his other father and pulling him into the embrace as well. He was happy that his papa was finally making his dad happy instead of miserable.

"Okay, okay," his dad said before forcefully pulling out of the hug. "I'm hungry. Come on, kid, let's eat." JJ endured the ruffling of his hair. He was really glad everyone was okay. Everything went right. Shocking. Except for Crowley getting away. That still irked him.



It was surreal but it was awesome too, sitting down and having breakfast with his entire family. It was a dynamic he'd never seen before. His uncle was ribbing on Dad and Dad was insulting him right back. Papa was staring at his breakfast quizzically. JJ joined in on everything. He took his father's side sometimes and then switched to his uncle's just as easily and back again. He helped Papa with his food when Dad was too caught up in insulting Sam back to do so himself. Samandriel was sitting and watching on the sidelines, amused, before excusing himself to heaven.

"When are we going home, Dad?" JJ asked, honestly wanting to go home and take his expanding family with him.

Everyone stopped and looked at JJ. Dad cleared his throat. "Well, I'm not sure," he said. Dad had on his serious face with a side of apprehension and resignation. "Hell has opened back up and we're obviously a target of Crowley's and probably a whole lot of other demons. Our home before has been compromised. Sure we could go back with heavier defenses, but what about at the garage or at school? We have to move on. At least for right now. Once we get a handle on how this happened and fix it, we'll go back. I promise."

JJ felt a sharp pain in his chest from hearing his childhood home being spoken about so clinically. Dad sounded so much like a hunter at the moment it hurt. He nodded and swallowed hard.

There was awkward silence coming from all of them, unsure of how to get back to where they just were. It was broken by Samandriel coming back from heaven.

"I think I have a lead."

## Chapter End Notes

I know! I'm so late! I had to rewrite this chapter as the original had Dean so OOC I was embarrassed for him...and myself. I didn't get another jolt of motivation and inspiration until I had watched this week's Supernatural. BTW, no spoilers, but I'm just going to ignore what happened at the end. Obviously.

I had wanted to give my lovely readers and subscribers who are interested my tumblr which is [thewakingsleep.tumblr.com](http://thewakingsleep.tumblr.com) if you want updates or something. I promise I'll have more flashbacks next time around! Let me know what you think!

# Do You Ever Think of Me?

## Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this is so late! I have no structure anymore. Two weeks. I'm horrible.

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

Dean had a hard day at work. He had to listen to this one rich guy complain as he changed the oil on his European car, and get ripped a new one by his boss for being late from dropping Jace off at school. They had woken up late that morning.

All this meant that he really wasn't aware or prepared for when he got home and found demons in his living room. Since sealing Hell, his habits of demon protection had become lax, especially with raising a child, he found that those routines slipped while others took their place.

He was surprised when he found them in his house, and more than a little terrified. A decade ago, he would've been armed to the teeth. The demons wouldn't have gained entrance in the first place. Most of all, Dean wouldn't have hesitated in fighting them. But now, with so much to lose, Dean was just looking to get out alive and keep his son safe.

"What do you want?" he asked, trying not to let his voice shake.

"What do you think we want, Dean," a familiar voice asked from around the corner. Dean practically ached with how he wanted it not to be Crowley, but his more than familiar meatsuit appeared in his line of sight sitting in Dean's chair.

"Just take me. You don't need my son. I'll go with you but you'll leave my son alone," Dean growled.

Crowley laughed. "Oh, you'll be coming with us. What better way to trap a Winchester than to take a Winchester." Crowley stood, adjusting his suit and pocketing his hands. "Now, won't you come along?"

The goons he brought with him started coming towards him slowly. His first instinct was to fight them and kill them. To get away. But he was so unsure that would be the best for Jace's safety that he hesitated. It wasn't long, but it made a difference.

He ran further into the house, having to make it into the kitchen before finding their demon-killing knife in the knife block. He turned with enough force and was able to kill the first demon after a bit of fighting, but that left the second demon open to hit him over the head, making the darkness take over with the thought of Jace the last in his mind.

“What’s the lead?” JJ asked quickly. His family was already turning their immediate attention to Samandriel.

“Well, all I know is that it has to have been an inside job. The gates of hell would not have been able to open without the knowledge of how to break the seal on hell directly taken from the demon tablet, and with all the tablets having remained in heaven’s possession since the seal, it has to have been someone with access to heaven,” Samandriel explained.

Dean suggested, “Okay, so then it’s an angel, or a group of angels.”

Samandriel shook his head. “The angels are all accounted for and don’t have a motive for opening it up. They would not have accessed the room where the tablets are locked away easily. It would have heavily damaged their grace. None of the angels have that kind of damage to their grace, and any damage that may have been sustained is due to the battles being fought currently as well as the past wars.”

Sam looked utterly confused at this point, whereas Castiel looked thoughtful. “So it has to be someone with access to heaven, but not an angel? That doesn’t make any sense,” Sam exclaimed.

Dean snorted. “Unless it was God.”

Castiel shook his head. “No, there are other beings that dwell in heaven other than angels. What about the souls? Have they been accounted for?”

“No, at the moment, we don’t have the kind of resources to check for all the souls in heaven. The only way we were able to check on all the angels was due to angel radio,” Samandriel replied.

“Could a soul do that much damage though? I mean, if an angel’s grace is severely damaged in breaking into that room, than wouldn’t a soul not survive?” JJ asked.

Samandriel nodded, “Yes, that would be the case. A soul would be eviscerated in the process of breaking in, but even that moment of evisceration, some other being may be able to enter unharmed.”

“Like an angel?” Dean asked.

“Or any other being that has access to heaven and its souls,” Castiel concluded.

Samandriel sighed. “I suppose now I’ll have to pool some resources together to account for the souls.”

Castiel sat up straight from his previous thinking-man position. “I can help with that.”

JJ looked to his dad. Dean’s jaw clenched with the offer and he crossed his arms over his chest and slouched in his seat a little. Probably in effort to look relaxed.

JJ noticed that Samandriel was looking to Dean as well. Castiel caught on soon enough and looked to Dean imploringly. Dean twitched a little in his seat before standing and motioning

with the incline of his head to get Cas outside.

JJ looked on worryingly as they his papa followed his dad outside. He sighed once the door had closed on them. Sam slapped a hand against his thigh and announced a bathroom break and went for the motel bathroom himself.

Samandriel seated himself close to JJ once everyone else was gone. JJ smiled small for the angel.

“I’m sorry this is causing you so much distress, but I believe that they will work everything out and come back stronger than ever,” Samandriel spoke with conviction. He placed a hand on JJ’s shoulder. “You will have your parents together again soon, JJ.”

JJ smiled, feeling a little less tense. “Thanks,” he whispered. “I hope so.” He appreciated the efforts of Samandriel, however in his readings and his family’s past dealings with the angels he found they tended to put faith in many things that might not warrant it.

~

Dean kept walking even after he heard the door shut behind Cas. They walked over to the bench in the breezeway of the motel.

“Were you going to consult with me about this before going, or have you already made up your mind?” Dean asked, once they were seated. His arms were still tight around his chest. He hated what he was feeling. But having been left for heaven before, he deems his reaction perfectly valid.

Castiel cleared his throat, looking down at his clasped hands. “I failed, Dean.” He looked over at Cas because that really wasn’t what he expected for Cas to say. “I failed at penance. I went into the Hall in order to absolve myself of my sins, but instead I missed out on you and Jace.” He met Dean’s eyes this time, with a gentle determined gaze. “I promise you that I will be back and I will not miss you and Jace ever again. But while Hell remains unsealed, there’s work for me to do. I wish to serve heaven in whatever small ways I am able to before being bound to this earth.”

Dean sighed and felt himself deflate. He understood. He thought it over for awhile. His main concern was Castiel not coming back. He honestly didn’t trust him, but he had to in order to begin trusting him with Jace. It will only be for a small amount of time; nothing compared to ten years. This is probably the best way to give him a little bit of trust and hope that it will grow.

He nodded and gave Cas his deadly-father glare. “I’ll take you at your word. Do as you’ve promised.”

Castiel looked a little relieved, but knew the limits and nodded with a small smile on his face. He placed his hands on his knees in action to stand up, but Dean grabbed his neck first and turned it towards him. There was a fissure of tension beneath the soft way they were looking at each other.

Dean looked to his lips and swallowed. He took a deep breath before diving in and gently moving their mouths together. Dean's heart jumped at the fact that he was able to do this, to have this again. Cas's mouth was soft as it moved against his. Dean felt the warmth from Cas's as one went to his face and the other went to his waist. Everything about the kiss was so gentle he could almost hear something breaking.

They broke apart. Dean saw that his hands had found Castiel's waist as well. His breathing was uneven and as he lifted his eyes back to Cas's, their lips collided once again. This time it was rougher; their teeth came into play and their hands gripped tighter. Cas's tongue breached his lips and soon they were necking like none other. Dean felt his leg twitch and he had to keep himself from straddling the angel, just to get a little bit closer.

Dean broke away, some part of his mind still supplying some logic in that they were in public and their son was waiting for them to come back. He got sidetracked once again by the heated look in Cas's eyes and the flush in his cheeks. His lips trailed from his mouth to his neck, where he could feel the angel's stubble against his mouth. He brushed it with his own and started sucking on a patch of skin as Cas moaned.

"Dean," Cas's hoarse voice came through and Dean let go. They were both breathing heavily and when Dean dropped his hand from Castiel's lapel and felt Cas's hard length against his hand through the slacks he always wore. He gasped.

"Cas," Dean whispered back and started to move his hand against Castiel, but the angel grabbed his wrist and stopped him.

"Not here, not now," Cas reasoned with him.

Dean took a deep breath and took his hand back away from Cas's cock. He nodded, and slowly backed away from him retreating into his own space. "Sorry, just got carried away," Dean apologized.

"Please, don't apologize," Castiel said, looking intently back at Dean. "I want this, but not here and not like this. I want our coming together to be more than this, Dean. Let's wait until this ordeal is over and we can date like you said."

Dean nodded. "Right, right. I remember. Okay, then," he slapped at his thighs and stood up, willing his own erection away. He was going back into a room that had his son, his brother, and an angel. Erectionless would be best. "So, you'll go to heaven and sort out the souls. Let's go find out what I'm going to do while you're gone." Other than jerk off.

~

Dean was peculiar. He had always been very sexual, but now being a father, it was a different kind of sexuality. Castiel was going to enjoy puzzling apart his hunter.

They went back into the motel room and found the three they had left becoming suddenly silent. Samandriel stood and asked, "Well?"

Cas smiled and said, "I'm returning to heaven." He caught Dean's sharp look. "Oh, I'm visiting heaven for a small amount of time before coming back to earth and fulfilling my promise," Castiel corrected.

Dean laughed as well as Jace, who looked mostly relieved. Dean returned to his original seat, and Cas followed. "Okay, so what should we do while you guys are counting up the angels?" Dean asked the angels in the room.

"Well, probably research at this point," Samandriel suggested.

"We'll find out what other beings in heaven have the power to unseal heaven and then they'll question those beings and we'll figure out which one did it, how, and then how to seal it back up again," Sam said.

Dean nodded. "Alright. Go do." He looked to Cas and nodded. Before he flew out, Cas looked to his son.

"Goodbye, Jace. I will see you again soon," the angel assured him and Jace gave him a smile before he and Samandriel flew to heaven.

He flew into the same office type room as before and Samandriel was also there. "Go to the citadel. You'll find the others there already starting on the process."

Cas nodded and stretched his wings and flew and breathed in heaven as he had not done in a long while. He flew on to the citadel which was at the center of heaven. Below him were the buildings of the angels. Through the eyes of humans it might look like a great modern city, however, through the eyes of an angel, a very old angel, it looked like home.

There were great buildings and were much older than skyscrapers yet exponentially larger than those. The ground could have been mistaken for clouds but were actually the barrier between the realm of angels and where the souls housed and cared for. Each soul had very small space, but as their heaven wasn't actually within this dimension, they had unlimited space for themselves, and sometimes each other.

Some families were housed together. The Winchesters would most likely be found all in on part of heaven whenever their time came. The angels had the power to enter those dimensions and visit with the souls, so he didn't worry about whenever Dean would pass out of the realm of earth and into heaven. He would still follow the human wherever he went.

Castiel gazed at the magnificence of heaven and took his time taking it all in before he knew he would be called back to earth.

The angel was serene until Castiel sensed something that he had not since he was in the Hall. He stopped where he flew and hovered, looking around stretching his awareness to see what was coming. It was too late. A darkness as swift as an angel overtook Castiel and blinded him.

~

He had been created by God. He knew his creator and he knew his purpose from the moment he was created. The angels already ruled heaven, earth, and hell. The Great War and The Fall of Lucifer had already occurred. Humans had been for only a few hundred years at this point.

God filled him with purpose and gifted him with a dimension of his own. Redemption was what God wanted him to give the angels. His purpose was to fix things. He was promised an ecstasy like none other whenever he gave his services to willing angels. It was a form of free will that the angels were given and that the angels forgot. The angels never did something they were not commanded to do. The archangels took advantage of his services and sentenced their own to his dimension.

These angels came here for punishment. It wasn't his intended purpose for any who wished to receive redemption needed to seek it willingly. The angels that dwelled in his domain did not last long and were either released or forgotten, just like him.

Over time, the archangels and the chain of command were corrupted. His services fell to the wayside. It was not until the promised ones, the chosen vessels were found that he paid attention to the news of the three realms once more. One angel rebelled against heaven and was killed once for it and God brought him back. He found the little angel most interesting. The angel had free will.

He watched and watched. And once more, the angel was killed. He felt a sense of disappointment. He could only imagine what it would be like if an angel came freely into his dimension. He had not received one before, and felt betrayed by his creator. But if he got the little angel to come, maybe he would feel that ecstasy.

And so, once two of heaven's archangels were sealed into hell, he found the little angel's grace floating through numerous dimensions. He took it back to earth and gave it more power than before. He planted a need within his grace that the angel would not know how to satisfy. He felt his plan working quickly.

Soon a civil war in heaven and an arms race was all it needed. He gathered all the souls from purgatory within himself and became even more powerful, but more blind than ever before. He killed his own and eradicated numerous garrisons from heaven.

He knew the little angel would not last long. Once again, he had to wait for the angel to come. His plan was derailed many times by those blessed vessels. Soon, the little angel was in a dimension he could not reach. He only had to thank the blessed vessels for retrieving his little angel and sending him up to heaven where he came to him.

He was so happy. He was happier than he had ever known. An angel had entered his domain willingly. He was able to fulfill his purpose for the first time in his existence. Through the years of redeeming the little angel, he gathered information that was leaking from his grace. He became alarmed. He looked outside his realm for the first time in a long time and saw that hell had been sealed.

He found what he needed from the little angel and began his plan once more. But something he did not plan was his little angel leaving him. That's way, when the angel returned to

heaven, he flew out from his domain for the second time since receiving it and gathered his angel back up again. And all was well.

## Chapter End Notes

I took from the Son's 'Verse a little for the canon-divergence description of heaven. It was a mesh of canon and that author's take on it. Also, I was hoping that a few of my readers might want to prompt me for one shots that are au of this au. Like the other stories so far in the Hold Me Fast 'Verse. You can submit prompts at my tumblr: [thewakingsleep.tumblr.com](http://thewakingsleep.tumblr.com) I'll take prompts for continuing this story, once I'm finished. Thanks for sticking around!



# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

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

He was having one of those days. When the world around him was dark and the darkness was all he could see. There was no escape. There was no hope. He had been beaten down completely and he accepted that and reveled in it. It was this kind of submission that the demons around him fed off of. There wasn't anything for him to fight for anymore.

Torn and broken, destroyed and defeated, he wandered through hell. The demons couldn't touch him in this form which was a comforting in an old familiar way. He didn't want to be here anymore, but there was no way out. He could only fly out when the righteous man had been found and taken with him back to earth.

It was often hard to remember what his mission was. His grace was pushed down further into himself as the depravity, the torture, and the evil crushed upon him over and over again. He no longer looked up from his feet, although they were a sight in themselves. Bloody and dirty and with each step he took, the mass of human and demon bodies alike squished beneath his feet. Every few days he would stop to clean them of the bones and blood and other various fluids from his soles.

He felt left in those days. He felt lost. He forgot who and what he was sometimes. Then, every few months he would fall, desperate and mad, seeking guidance from his superiors as well as his father. He needed his family with him, but they were lost as well. He wondered how many others were lost like him. He didn't really want to think about it at all.

He didn't know how long he had been there. He knew that when he had separated from his garrison that he had been fighting demons and searching for the human for near 20 years. But since he had begun wandering he didn't know how long he'd been there.

But he remembered distinctly when he felt the presence of the Righteous Man for the first time. He was close and he was breaking. All of hell, all the demons, all the souls, all the angels felt the Righteous Man as he was hauled out of the chair and released from his chains, only to be handed a knife of his own and chains of his own and a chair of his own and a soul of his own.

The first seal had been broken.

Castiel found his direction once more. He knew who and what he was and what his mission was. The worst had happened. Castiel felt his family for the first time in 10 years. He came into himself and found purpose again. He looked up from his feet, now clean with a little bit of grace. He looked around him and saw the evil and depravity but felt the purity of his own grace shining brighter and brighter until the demons nearby are destroyed.

Castiel picked up his sword, and unfurled his wings and fought. He knew exactly where the Righteous Man was and he was the closest of his brothers. He fought his way into the well-protected depth of hell that the Righteous Man was being held. It took him another decade, but was finally able to enter the Master Torturer's dwelling.

The being he found was a shadow of a human. It no longer looked righteous in any way and was deformed and mutilated. It looked like it was trying it's hardest to be a demon. He knocked back the demon that was in the room with him, before gripping the Righteous Man tight and flying straight through the levels of hell. There was nothing that could stop them now. His garrison, what was left of them, flew with him, finally joining him after all this time.

Pain laced through his wings. The Righteous Man was fighting back. Castiel extended his grace over the human, taking away the demonic parts and healing the mutilated parts of his soul as best he could. He ended up leaving a lot behind.

Once they breached the surface, Castiel returned to the sight of Dean Winchester's burial while the rest of the garrison flew straight back to heaven shouting their victory. "Dean Winchester is saved!" They could begin to fight the apocalypse.

## Chapter End Notes

Hi! I'm so sorry this took so long! The longer it went between updates the harder it was to keep up with everything. I'm hoping that posting a few hundred words at a time will help get me back on my feet with this story. It's been over a year since I last updated. I

hate authors who do that. Cue the self-loathing. Not sure when I'll update again, but hopefully before the end of February. Thanks for reading!

## End Notes

Let me know how you like it! This is heavily inspired by zooeyrye's Destiel verse: The Son's Verse: <http://deancastiel.livejournal.com/743148.html> Just to give credit. Thanks for reading!

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