

Summary:

After being rescued by Cas, Dean finds himself with a freed vessel and troubles.

Categories: [Supernatural](#) Characters: Castiel, Dean

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Anal Sex, Angst, Complete, Explicit Sexual Situations, Language, m/m, Paranormal Conception, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 4833 Read: 455 Published: 01/01/2011 Updated: 01/01/2011

1. [Story](#). by lopaka tanu

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Author's Notes:

I do not own Supernatural. Cas/Dean slash.

Rain fell upon him, hot and cloying. As it ran down his face he swore he could smell old pennies. In his mind, Dean knew what was actually falling from the sky, but refused to think even think about it.

He could have thought about the bodies surrounding him. Each one was tied to an ancient tree older than his country. Well, what was left of them both. There wasn't a whole lot of either remaining.

Instead, all his attention was focused upon the figure ahead of him.

Standing within a glowing circle, Lucifer held his stolen head back to let the droplets pelt his face. His blond hair quickly darkened from the rain. "Can you feel it, boys?"

"What exactly would that be?" Frowning, Dean glanced over to the stake next to his. The confused expression on Sam's face made him grin back. Their hands were bound behind their backs, but nothing stopped him from talking. "I've got this tight feeling in my gut, but that's probably just from some cheap burritos."

Lucifer's sigh was audible even over the pouring rain. "Dean, always ready with a quip. You're like a coughing fit during a sermon." Raising his head, he stared Dean dead in the eyes. "I do not need you."

Hands seized upon Dean from behind. He struggled against the bonds holding him, but they were too tight against the wooden pole. "Let me go, you dicks!"

"Slit his throat and hang him upside down." Cocking his head to the side, Lucifer watched the spectacle with careless ease. "They bleed out quicker that way. Don't they, Dean?"

"You son of a bitch!" Surging forward, Dean jerked from the hands. They soon captured him again, and the only thing he succeeded in doing was jarring his shoulders. Pain laced its way through his muscles, making him wince.

"Gag him too." That said, Lucifer turned his attention on Sam.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill all of you!" Struggling harder, Dean fought to keep the hands from his body.

Something cold slid along his collar bone, making him shiver and grow still. When he next spoke, it was with a more subdued voice. "Sammy, whatever he says, don't ever say yes."

"He can't hear you through the binding spell!" Annoyed again, Lucifer snarled at Dean. "How many times do we have to go over this?" Eyes flashing, he looked over Dean's shoulder. "Why is he still alive?"

"Because he is still needed." Voice gruff, a strong hand clamped down on Dean's upper right arm.

Relief instantly flooded through Dean. He knew that voice and that touch. He turned to look, but found only a black hooded figure. "Cas, get Sam!"

"There is no time." As he spoke, the world around them exploded with brilliant light. The earth began to tremor beneath their feet. "It's time to go."

"No, Cas! Sam!" Dean tried to plead with him, but then the world around him faded away. "Sam!" A jerking sensation dragged him far from the burned out forest. Though he couldn't scream it, he still tried to shout his brother's name.

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Dean came back to awareness with a sudden heavy feeling. His entire body sagged and he staggered. The force of it became too much and he soon dropped to his knees. He wasn't alone in it this time.

Falling to the ground behind Dean, Castiel gasped in pain. Hand still on Dean's shoulder, he used it to keep himself from falling completely over.

Rage, quick as a snake strike, blinded Dean to everything else. With a shake of his shoulder, Dean tried to dislodge the Angel. "Let go of me, you son of a bitch!"

Castiel sucked in a thready breath. His hold on Dean's shoulder was almost permanent, unrelenting despite what the Human wanted. "I will not." The Angel's voice was even more ragged than normal. "We need to remain close."

"We need to go back and get my brother from that psychotic fuck!" Rounding on the other, Dean tried to put on a strong front. Exhaustion prevented that from happening. Instead, he ended up pitching forward and had to reach out to keep his balance.

His hands caught on to the front of Castiel's coat. Dean didn't have the strength to clench his fists in the material, so he slid his arms around the shorter man's shoulders. He tried to stare the Angel directly in the eyes, but his own started to grow heavy. "We have to go back, Cas. There's no way I am leaving him in that...bastard's hands." He pronounced the last two words with extra emphasis.

Swallowing thickly, Castiel reached up to place a hand on Dean's cheek. "There is nothing I can do." His skin was pale and waxen. The dark rings under his eyes made him look lost and scared. "Lucifer has succeeded in breaking the Host's lines. My brothers are in retreat."

"What?" Unable to keep his eyes open, Dean blinked several times. He sagged against the angel. "How the hell did it happen so fast?"

"It has been over a century since the war started in heaven, Dean." His fingers slid over the soft skin, nails catching in the bristles. Castiel stared Dean in the eyes when they were open. "Things are not going well."

With a pained wince, Dean dropped his head forwards. He was so damned tired of it, everything. Sniffing, he tugged Castiel closer so that he could lean on him more. "There has to be something we can do. It can't go like this. Not again."

Wrapping his arms around Dean's back, Castiel slid one up to cup the back of his head. "It is already too late, Lucifer has what he wanted." He forced the taller man to rest against him completely. "Sleep, Dean. I will watch over you and protect you tonight."

That didn't sound so bad. Breathing in the warm smell of Downy and something else, Dean felt the last bit of tension in his body relax. Moaning softly, he pressed his forehead to Castiel's neck. He didn't want to ever let go.

For a moment, he felt something large and soft envelop him from both sides. They rubbed over his body and sheltered him from the world. Feeling comforted, he let his mind drift away in to sleep. Tears ran slowly down his cheeks.

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"Let me love you."

Distant and echoing, there was no substance to the voice. In the shadows were whispers.

"Trust me, please."

A warm breeze brushed against his face, caressing his lips and cheeks. Eye lids fluttering, he opened them to see. All he found was more shadows.

"I will not hurt you."

Strong hands slid up his bare sides. He was standing, but could not feel the ground beneath his feet. Hard thighs pushed his knees apart and slid between his legs.

"You are so beautiful to me."

He could feel the hair on them as they tickled his inner thighs. Hot, solid flesh slid up underneath him. Wrapping his legs around a firm waist, he clenched his eyes shut.

"I promise to make this worthy of you."

Pillow soft lips dragged along his neck. They placed gentle kisses up his jawline.

A strong, tight body pinned him back against a wall. Wrapping his arms around the muscular neck, he felt the body tense under him. He had time to question, then he knew why.

"Oh, Father, please forgive me."

Gasping in pain, he felt the firm erection slide in to him. He grunted as his body slid down, encasing his lover. Fire filled him the moment it could go in no further. It swept through, scorching everything it touched.

Throwing back his head, he opened his mouth to scream. Only, no sound came out. His entire body shuddered from pain and pleasure. Every fiber of his being twinged with the wonder of it. There was nothing that would ever compare again.

Then the man pulled his hips back, almost out of him. Driving them forward again, he pushed his

cock deep within.

"I love you."

Clenching his hands in to fists, he shuddered. Intense pleasure wracked his body as the other continued to drive in to him.

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Dean was pillowed on something soft. A gentle breeze tugged at the ends of his hair, rousing him. He snuffed and rubbed at his nose. Warmth blanketed him and he fought to remain asleep.

In the distance, he could hear the wind rustling the tops of the trees. Sunlight filtered through, soft and gentle against his skin. Taking a breath, Dean smelled the sweet green forest around him.

Something tugged at his mind. It was vague, but some how important that he remember. Yet, it would not come to him.

That didn't matter, he was too comfortable where he was. Rolling over, he pressed his face in to the cool moss. Dark green, he spied it through the slits of his eyes. Tiny white flowers dotted it like snow flakes.

Seeing them sway gently under another breeze made him smile. The wind knocked flower petals loose from the trees above. Raising a hand, he caught some as they drifted down around him. Their colors were vibrant in the morning light.

He reached up to tug some free from his hair and smiled. Their fleshy caress pleased him and he dragged a handful over his face. Sweet scents filled his nose. Dean moaned with pleasure.

Slowly, he sat up between the large roots of an ancient tree. A tiny pain in his gut made him gasp. His lower body felt too heavy to move, so he leaned back against the tree.

Bird calls in the tree tops distracted him. Their songs sounded happy and hardy. Looking up, he smiled at them.

Dean could feel the still of the trees, the moment of the Earth under him. He was at peace.

All was right in the world.

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Snorting awake, Dean blinked bleary eyes. Drool had dried against his cheek and he wiped away. He saw that he was back in the motel room. It was the same one he and Sam had been in two days ago. Dean froze.

Sam. They had left him behind.

Pain clenched his chest, making it hard to breathe. Panicked, Dean glanced around for something, anything that could help. That was how he found Cas.

Naked, under the blankets beside Dean, Castiel's eyes were closed. The cheap material was bunched around his waist. A light trail of dark hair slid down his lower back and disappeared under them.

Dean looked down at his own body and found himself bare. Heart pounding, he fought to ignore what this implied. There were things more important. Reaching out, he hit Castiel on the

shoulder. "Hey, Cas, wake up." His voice was rough from having just woken.

Groaning, the man turned on his side away from Dean. He groaned when Dean shook him again. "Leave me alone." Smacking at Dean's hand, he tugged the blankets up over his head.

Anger made Dean bolder. "Hey, you dick! Wake up!" Smacking the other man on the ass, he winced at the loud slap.

"Shit!" Coming up out of the bed, he spun around to face Dean. His hands clutched at the big red welt across his ass. Bright blue eyes glared at Dean. "What the hell did you do that for?"

Now that he had confirmation, Dean stared in open shock at Cas' naked body. The half-hard cock jutting from dark curls quickly drew his attention before he forced himself to look away. "Cas, what the hell, man?"

"Cas?" Eyes narrowing, the man glared at Dean. "Who the hell is..." Trailing off, he stood up straight. He looked around the motel room and went pale. "Where am I?"

A lead weight settled in Dean's stomach. Meeting the other man's gaze, he saw something familiar. He took a quick breath. "Jimmy?"

The man's attention was instantly on Dean. Eyes narrowing, he cocked his head slightly. "I know you." The difference in his voice was quite noticeable.

"Oh, god." The weight in Dean's stomach started to migrate north fast. Face starting to grow hot, he put a hand to his mouth. He was off the bed and heading for the bathroom in an instant.

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Keeping his eyes closed, Dean focused on his hands. They were currently tightly holding on to Jimmy's arm in an attempt to keep himself grounded. He wasn't doing so well. Moaning softly, he swallowed back the urge to throw up.

"Do not puke on me." Despite the harsh whisper, Jimmy's voice held a hint of sympathy.

Dean slowly shook his head. He wouldn't if he could help it. The bumping of the taxi over the old road wasn't helping much. "How much further," he grit out through clenched teeth?

"We are almost to the graveyard." Jimmy placed a comforting hand on Dean's, giving them a squeeze. "Don't worry, I'm sure we'll find everything as you left it."

"I'm not worried about the damned car!" Gritting his teeth harder, Dean fought down a wave of anger on top of the nausea. There was no need to bite the man's head off. Of course it wasn't Jimmy's fault. "Sorry, I'm just worried about Sam."

The breaks on the car squealed as the taxi slowed to a stop.

"Uh, Dean." His voice dropping to near Castiel level, Jimmy squeezed Dean's hand. "Open your eyes, you're going to want to see this."

Swallowing thickly, Dean took a hesitant breath. Then, he opened his eyes. He was nearly floored by what he saw.

Standing healthy and untouched, the old growth forest waved in a stiff breeze. Sunlight filtered through the trees, chasing shadows where the branches opened up. Where the gravel road cleared a path through them was the only scar in the land.

They were stopped at the entrance to an old cemetery. Wrought Iron fencing surrounded ancient tombstones and mausoleums, older than some of the trees. The Latin words over the gate were missing a few letters.

Parked on the road's shoulder was the Impala. She was just as they had left her, right before... Dean wasn't aware he was crying until he felt something wet drop from his cheeks. Reaching up, he quickly brushed them away. "Come on, the keys should still be in it." He climbed out without a look back.

Having been ignored until now, Jimmy sighed. He reached in to his coat pocket and pulled out a couple twenties. Pass it to the driver, he followed Dean out of the cab.

Walking towards the cemetery, Dean stared in shock. "This is all wrong."

Coming up to stand behind Dean, Jimmy put his hands in the pockets of his coat. He watched the other man for his reactions. "What is it?"

"Those trees, they shouldn't be there." Dean raised a shaky hand to point at the forest surrounding the cemetery. "The demons, all of Lucifer's new army, cut it down. They burned the trees for a ceremony and covered the ground with the ashes."

A tremor ran through Dean, but he ignored it. "There was a chapel on a hill." He pointed towards the back of the cemetery. "It's gone. Everything's as it was before." Dean nearly jumped out of his skin when a hand settled on his shoulder.

Jimmy gave the shoulder a strong squeeze.

Closing his eyes, Dean lowered his head. "Cas said Lucifer has what he wanted." It was hard to believe that was his voice. The man who spoke sounded so defeated and lost that it hurt. "He's got Sammy."

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Staring at the thick steak as Jimmy cut it in to slices, Dean felt his stomach roil. He shuddered with the urge to throw up his morning orange juice. "Sam found the sigil in a news article online. It was burned in to the center of a stump."

Sucking down a mouth full of tea, Jimmy sighed with pleasure. "Let me guess, you two decided it was a good idea to investigate the site on your own." He didn't bother to look up to confirm his muttered statement.

Despite his nausea, Dean found the strength to glare at the other man. "We're not that stupid." The smell of the steak hit him and he had to cover his nose before he gagged. "We had you...I mean Cas, investigate it for us first."

That got Jimmy to stop focusing on his food long enough to look at Dean. "What did he find?" He wasn't really interested, it just seemed important to ask.

"Nothing. Something. I don't know. It was a hippy commune." It was becoming harder to avoid smelling the stink of beef, but Dean managed to keep his reaction to himself. So the guy wanted to eat rancid meat, who was he to complain? "A bunch of new age so-called Pegans who were worshiping in an old, abandoned chapel. They said it was a mystical place of power." He added an eyeroll for effect.

"They couldn't have been that far off. Lucifer was there, after all." Jimmy used his roll to sop up

some of the beef juice from his plate. Stuffing it in his mouth, he moaned with pleasure.

Burping, Dean felt his face get hot. "Lucifer showed up because one of those idiots summoned him, not because the spot was important." He all but snatched the Tums from beside his plate and stuffed it in his mouth. "That's why the sigil was important enough to investigate."

"So, you got there and it was a trap?" Glancing up long enough to confirm his hunch, Jimmy stuffed a strip of the steak in his mouth. He chewed it slowly, staring at Dean with narrowed eyes. "What?"

Dean knew he must have gone pale. He was getting sicker by the moment and nothing he could do would make it stop. If he opened his mouth, he knew he would lose it all over the table. So, he pointed at the steak and kept his jaw shut.

Jimmy looked to his meat. He raised an eyebrow in question. "What about it?" Using his fork, he checked it over for any marks or contaminants. "There's nothing wrong with it." To prove it, Jimmy put another piece in his mouth.

That was it. Grabbing the table, Dean used it to help jerk himself up. He was off like a shot for the bathroom.

Shrugging, Jimmy savored the flavor of the steak.

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Rubbing at his temple, Dean put the cellphone to his ear. Listening to it ring made his already throbbing headache worse. Thankfully, it was picked up on the third ring.

"What?"

"Bobby!" Dean sighed with relief. "Thank god I got you." Shadows passed overhead as he turned to look through the cafe window.

"What's wrong, boy?" Bobby's voice echoed loud and clear from the tiny speaker. "Which one of you is hurt this time?"

Swallowing past a thickness in his throat left Dean short of breath. "It's Sam. He's gone." He barely see Jimmy watching him through the reflection in the glass. Waving the man's attention off, Dean turned out to face the street. "Lucifer got him."

"Damn it. I knew something like this would happen!"

"I know, you warned us." Dean tuned out the calls of birds and other morning animals to focus on the call. "We should have listened to you."

"You're damned right!" The harsh rebuke was followed quickly by a pained breath. "All right, what's the game plan now? You got any idea where he might have taken him?"

"No." Shaking his head, Dean realized it was a futile gesture. He just didn't care. It was taking all his effort not to panic now that he was actually thinking about this. "Sammy is gone and that bastard left no sign of being here."

"What about that Angel of yours?"

Dean snorted. "Cas won't be of any help." Glancing over his shoulder, Dean looked at Jimmy again. "He's no longer...I have no idea where he is. The vessel is here with me."

"Damn it, son." Bobby dragged a hand over his beard, making it scratch over the phone. "It sounds like we're all kinds of screwed on this one."

Frustrated, Dean tried not to sniff. He couldn't stand being still any longer and began to stalk up the sidewalk. "What am I going to do?"

"You're going to calm down for starters."

The fluttering of wings made Dean turn from his phone. Seeing that it was just a bunch of gray birds on the sidewalk, he grit his teeth and went back to pacing. "I am calm. You have no idea how crazy panicked I am not being at the moment." Tugging at his hair, he spun to head back up the sidewalk and froze.

Wandering up the cement path, single file, were a row of doves. They made a straight line to Dean's feet. The one at the lead cocked its head to see him with one eye.

The moment it cooed at him, Dean started to feel faint. This one set the entire line to trilling at him.

Dean stared at them open mouthed as more birds around him started in. Soon they were loud enough to drown out even the little bit of traffic on the streets. Raising his head, he saw they were every where. On power lines, the tops of buildings, some even sat on top of parked cars.

They were all looking at him, cooing.

"Dean, what the hell is going on? It sounds like you're in a pet store!"

Feeling weak, Dean stared at his cellphone. "Bobby, I'll...have to call you back." He hung up the phone.

Hearing bells ring, he turned to find the front door to the cafe opening. Dean never felt so happy to see a familiar face in his life. He tried to manage a small smile, but failed miserably.

Jimmy looked from Dean, to the doves, then back. "Uh, what's going on here?"

Dean managed to a soft snort. "I think they like me."

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Keeping his eyes closed, Dean shifted the cold compress higher upon his forehead. The waitress had been right, it was helping the nausea a little bit. That and the ginger ale he had been sipping for the past hour. They were both nice, but rendered slightly moot by the fact he was in a moving car again.

Leaning against the passenger door, he tried to get comfortable. There was no comfortable position on this side of the car for him, though. At least the good thing about the nausea was the fact he had to keep his eyes closed. That meant he didn't have to see someone else driving his baby.

A strong hand settled on his thigh above his knee and squeezed. Jimmy was doing that a lot lately. Not that Dean was complaining. He actually liked it for a change.

Keeping an eye on the road, Jimmy patted Dean's thigh. "It's been a long time."

"What's that?" The response was automatic. Dean was surprised when he could answer without

getting sick. Talking distracted him from thinking about the fact he was sick. Enjoying the relief from his nausea, he finally started to relax.

"Oh, I was just thinking aloud." Releasing Dean's leg, Jimmy put the hand on the wheel. He then leaned against the door with the other.

Peeking open one eye, Dean glanced over Jimmy's way. He was careful not to look out any of the windows. "Did this remind you of something?"

That garnered a snort from the shorter man. "You could say that." Sighing, Jimmy rest his chin on his left hand.

"Care to share it with the rest of the class?" Curiosity piqued, Dean wasn't about to let this slip. From the man's reluctance, he had a feeling he wasn't going to like this.

"Oh, it's just..." Shifting in his seat, Jimmy exhaled slowly. "You being sick like this, the motion sickness. It just reminded me of..." he trailed off with a wave of his hand.

"Who, Jimmy?" Now Dean definitely knew he was not going to like this one.

"Amelia!" Exasperated, Jimmy glanced over at Dean with a shy smile. "You reminded me of the time she was...sick." Blinking, he quickly faced the road again. "I guess I'm just a little homesick."

"Yeah, well that's real funny." Clenching his eyes shut, Dean shuffled back down in to his seat. He knew what the dick was about to say and if he had, he would have laid him out flat. "Keep your mind on driving."

Snickering, Jimmy shook his head a little.

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The joyful cries of children filled the air like bird calls. Dean snorted, smiling at nothing in particular. He watched them flit about between the swings and slides carefully. One tiny kid with dark hair in particular caught his attention.

He shifted on the park bench, trying to wake his butt up. Whoever had designed them was a sadist. How long he had been sitting there he couldn't remember. Long enough he figured.

Movement on the path drew his attention to the side. It was a very nice distraction. Two women in their late teens were on a morning jog. His eyes naturally sought out their breasts. They were perky and firm, bouncing in time with each step. Raising an eyebrow, he felt his grin get wider.

A shout from the playground drew his attention back to the children. The dark-haired kid was waving at someone across the sand pit. Three more kids came running over to join him on the jungle-gym. Shaking his head, Dean searched out the women again.

They were already on their way passed, leaving only flexing butts for the sight. The buns were firm, just not the right shape or height. He liked them a little higher up.

Someone taller. With more muscles. And body hair.

Smile a mile wide, Dean glanced back at the kids. They were still playing on the jungle-gym.

A small breeze tugged at the ends of his hair. Reaching up to fix it, Dean caught sight of someone off to his right. He turned to check them out.

Though a little taller than the women had been, the teen was definitely younger. He had black rimmed eyes to match his night-streaked hair. Watching Dean, the smirk on his face was unpleasant enough to be considered hostile.

Dean sat up a little straighter, preparing just in case. He felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up when the teen only smirked at him again. "What do you want?"

"How quaint." Looking out over the playground, the teen snorted. "This is a place I never thought I would find you at, Dean." The way he said place made it sound like he thought it a version of hell.

Not that Dean cared. The little prick was nothing in size or shape. He could kick his scrawny ass any day of the week.

"Don't count on it." Puffing up his chest, the teen stared at Dean with undisguised hate. "I'm stronger than I look, despite what form you give me."

Casting a quick look to the kids, Dean made sure the dark-haired one was fine. Then he focused back on the teen. If this dick wanted a beat down, Dean would be happy to accommodate him. "I don't care what you think you're doing here. Leave, now, before I get off this bench."

"Keep your pants on, Dean, I'm not your boyfriend." Face warping in a scowl, the teen sat back on the bench. "I'm only here out of a courtesy to my brother." His voice dropped in his anger. "Big brothers can be such a pain in the ass."

Just like that, Dean knew who sat next to him. The world around him faded beyond a few feet, leaving only a misty white. "I'm dreaming."

"Congratulations, took you long enough." Hair now light brown and wavy, Gabriel smirked at Dean from his usual face. "Let's skip the pleasantries and death threats, I've got more important things I could be doing."

"Where's Sam?" Dean barely managed to keep his voice under control.

"Don't know, don't care." Pursing his lips, Gabriel looked out over the mist. "I'm only here to deliver a message from Michael. Take better care of yourself. You're not just living for yourself anymore." With that said, he stood up and started to leave.

"What? That's it?" Pissed, Dean tried to stand up and follow him. The bulk of his own body made that difficult. "I'm not going to ever say yes to that winged dick!"

"I'm not asking you to." Waving his fingers over his shoulder, Gabriel stepped through the fog and disappeared.

"What are you talking about then?" Getting winded, Dean had to slow down. A spasm in his side made him stop completely. Putting a hand to his lower back, Dean rubbed at the pain. He started to rub at his side when he realized the hand wasn't going over his flat abs. It kept going around further.

Looking down, his eyes went wide.

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Fingers touching his shoulder awakened Dean. He jerked back with a snort. When he saw that it was only Jimmy, he took a calming breath. Feeling the nausea well up in him, Dean grimaced.

"You were mumbling something, it sounded like you were in pain." Splitting his attention between Dean and the road, Jimmy tried to keep an eye on both. "Bad dreams?"

"Yeah, something like that." A cold chill ran down Dean's spine. "Thanks for waking me up."

"No problem." Satisfied Dean was okay, Jimmy put his full attention back to the road.

More shaken than he cared to admit, Dean sat up in the seat. There was no way he was going back to sleep now. Unconsciously, his hands slid down to cover his stomach.

THE END.....

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