

## If You Call My Name

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# If You Call My Name

by [Captain Assbut at 221B](#)

## Summary

Half blood Dean Winchester is deadly protective of his little brother. Even though he is a Gryffindor and his brother is a Slytherin, he never even thinks about breaking any ties. Dean Winchester is the dangerous one in the school, the embodiment of Gryffindor, with a background of death and loss, and an abusive father that sends Dean and Sam home from Christmas break with bruises and split lips. And he's the eye candy for every girl in every house. But then there are three transfers from the magic school in America. Castiel Novak, the latest sixth year Hufflepuff, Gabriel Novak, the new sixth year Gryffindor, and their older brother. Luci Novak, the latest seventh year Slytherin. Dean Winchester gets caught up in the annoying new sixth year that has come into his house, the seemingly harmless yet psychotic influence on his brother from the latest cool kid in Slytherin, and Gabriel Novak's handsome twin, with his sapphire blue eyes and gentle speech. As Dean Winchester discovers new feelings, new fears, and new strength in this world of wizardry and magic, things begin to plummet outside his little world, until it's apparent that something must be done. And Dean Winchester is the only one who can do it.

## Notes

I don't own anything! Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling, the goddess of writing, and Supernatural belongs to Eric Kripke, the god of TV!

THIS COULD BE A TRIGGER! there is mentions of physical and mental abuse, rape and molestation. There are also mentions of homophobic bullying, homophobia, and possible forced outings!  
STAY SAFE!

# Chapter 1

The fist connected with jaw with a sickening crunch. Cheers ensued. Davis Martin fell to the ground and moaned. Dean Winchester wiped the blood off of his knuckles on his robe. He smirked a little and daubed at the blood on his split lip. He tossed a smoldering glance at some nearby Ravenclaw girls. They giggled and blushed. Davis rolled around on the ground and reached for his wand. But before he could curse his opponent a tall, long haired, Slytherin fourth year yelled, "IMMOBULUS!" Davis froze, literally. Dean looked down at Davis and laughed. "Gonna curse me?" He looked at the fourth year. "You good Sammy?" Sam nodded. "Yeah, come on Dean; let's get you to the hospital wing." Dean allowed himself to be led off by Sam, who bore a striking resemblance to him, despite Dean's robes being a scarlet red with a lion, and Sam's an emerald green with a snake. "You don't have to hit everyone that calls me a freak, Dean." Sam spoke to him softly now. Dean yanked his arm away. "Like hell I don't. You're my little brother, Sam. I will hit anybody that says anything bad about you." Sam sighed. "I can take care of myself. I stopped you from being cursed, didn't I?" Dean daubed at his split lip again with the hem of his robe. "Lucky catch." Sam rolled his eyes. "Whatever." Then his face took on a more serious tone. "You know end of term is coming up." Dean sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah Sammy, I know." He looked at his brother, who was already taller than him; despite the fact Dean was older. "I'll take care of you." Sam sighed and clapped his brother on the back. "I know."

Exams came and went, and Sam was the top of his class as always. Dean scraped a few O.W.L.s, and they got on the train home. And just like always, when the tall man in the leather jacket, leaning against the 1967 Impala took them, nobody heard a word from Sam or Dean Winchester for the summer. And like always, when they boarded the train again in the fall, Dean had a black eye, and Sam had a split lip. And no matter how much you pried, they would never say why. After a while, Sam curled into a ball in his compartment and cried. Dean just stared at the wall. It had been the same for five years now. And every year, even though Headmaster Singer tried to talk to their father about the apparent bruises and cuts, nothing changed. But this year, Dean's sixth, and Sam's fifth, something did.

Sam and Dean rode the train together, but when they got to the Great Hall together, they had to split. Dean was greeted at the Gryffindor table with cheers and friendly pats on the back. Sam sat down at the Slytherin and some people threw him glances. He just looked at his hands and tried not to respond. The sorting started and Dean welcomed all their new first years with laughter and cheering. Sam just smiled whenever Dean caught his eye and focused on the green of his robes. But at the end of the sorting, Headmaster Singer stood up. He smiled at the students and said, "This year, we have something new." He smiled wider. "Transfers from the magic school in America!" There were mutters and gasps. Headmaster Singer laughed. "Their father was given a position at the Ministry Of Magic, and they will finish their magical education here. We don't usually have sixth and seventh years sorted around here, but as Ilvermorny has different houses, we have the pleasure of sorting them now!" He nodded to the door, and it swung open. And three young men walked into the room. The first was tall and cocky. He was handsome for sure, with his spiky blonde hair, devilish smirk, and first shades of stubble. The next was shorter by a ways, but he too was good looking. He had longer hair, a prominent nose, and there was a candy bar peeking out of his pocket. Then the third walked in. And Dean's heart caught in his throat. The third and

final transfer was by far the gentlest looking. He walked like he was used to being small. He was shorter than Dean for sure. He had thick, black hair, and the most shocking blue eyes Dean had ever seen. Professor Turner picked up the hat and the scroll. And he called out the first name. "Castiel Novak!" The third of the boys stepped forward. His shocking blue eyes searched the hat wildly. And he sat on the stool. The hat took a long time deciding with him. Finally, after some debate, it drew a breath and shouted, "HUFFLEPUFF!" Dean's heart sank. But before he could think about it, Professor Turner called the next name. "Gabriel Novak!" The second of the boys stepped forward. He threw a flirtatious smirk over to Professor Turner and sat down on the stool. The hat barely touched his head before it screamed, "GRYFFINDOR!" Dean groaned. The boy came and sat next to him. He opened his candy bar and the wrapper fluttered to the floor. "Howdy. I'm Gabe." Dean smiled a little forcefully. "Dean." Then he turned his attention to the final one of the brothers. He seemed off. Something about him rubbed Dean the wrong way. Professor Turner read off his name. "Lucy Novak!" Dean's brow furrowed for a minute and then Lucy, as he was called, smiled amiably. "L-U-C-I, Professor." Professor Turner shrugged. "Whatever. Just sit on the stool." Luci took a seat and the hat settled on his head. It debated for a moment and then, the hat smiled. It opened its maw of a mouth and yelled, "SLYTHERIN!" Dean watched intently as Luci walked over to the Slytherin table. And then he sat next to Sam. Dean felt his gut twist. He did not want this transfer around his brother. But Sam was already chatting pleasantly with the eldest Novak brother. Dean made a mental note to remind himself to talk to Sam about this. He tried to eat, but for some reason, he wasn't hungry. So he stared across the table at Castiel, the new Hufflepuff, as Gabe droned on and on beside him.

Dean had a hard time sleeping that night. He always had a tough time with nightmares, but this night was worse. Gabriel was one of his new roommates for the year, so Dean hoped that it would be undetectable if he nightmared, but he had no control over it. Garth and Adam, his other roommates, they had been with him since first year, so they knew about the night terrors, but Gabriel didn't know. It was bad when Dean went to bed on a full stomach and a happy heart, but it was so much worse when he went to sleep uneasy. And Dean was uneasy that night. He finally fell asleep, on his side, his hand curled under his pillow on his knife. His wand was right beside him, twelve inches, supple, holly, and unicorn hair core. It chose him in Ollivanders when he was eleven. But it was his knife that he chose to curl his hand around as he slept. His father hadn't trained him in magic. His mother was the magic one. But she was dead. So his father taught them how to hit harder than you were hit, how to cut deeper than you were cut, and how to shoot straighter than you were shot. He rolled over, and the knife rolled with him. He mumbled a little. In his mind, he saw his mother, trapped in that house, burning on the ceiling. In his mind he saw the fists of his father cutting into him. He heard his father's gruff voice cussing him out. He saw Sam all alone and scared. He tightened his grip and moaned. In his mind, he saw Luci with his hands around Sam's neck. He tried to run toward him, but someone was holding him back. He looked and he saw his father holding onto him. Luci was leading Sam away. And Sam couldn't see the dagger hidden up his sleeve. But Dean could. And he woke with a scream. Gabriel was standing over him and Dean yanked out his knife and brandished it wildly. Gabriel jumped back. "Woah Dean-o! I'm not here to hurt you!" Dean blinked a little and squinted. "Gabriel?" Gabe nodded. Dean tucked his knife back under the pillow. "What do you want?" Gabriel shrugged. "You were crying in your sleep. I wanted to make sure you were okay." Dean bit his lip. "Well I'm fine." He said a bit gruffly. Gabriel looked hurt. "Okay. I'm going to try and get some sleep." Dean nodded and rolled over. Gabriel crawled into bed and was snoring in a few minutes. But Dean didn't fall asleep again. Not for hours and hours.



## Chapter 2

The next morning, Dean was designated for the job of showing Gabriel to all his classes. He groaned inwardly at the thought of being stuck with the annoying, mouthy Gabriel all day, but his heart jumped a little when he saw their first class was Defense Against the Dark Arts with Hufflepuff. Hufflepuff sixth years meant Castiel. Besides, Dean was dragging Castiel's annoying twin brother around. Maybe Gabriel could make an introduction. He reached Defense Against the Dark Arts, taught by Professor Jody Mills, head of Gryffindor house. Gabriel followed him, eating Bertie Botts Every Flavor Beans from his pocket. They entered the classroom, and Dean noticed Castiel right away. He was standing with Hanna, the sweet, gentle Hufflepuff that was assigned to showing him around. Dean nudged Gabriel. "Castiel is your twin right?" Gabe nodded. "Yeah. Fraternal though. I look like our mom, Cassie looks like our dad." Gabriel stiffened a little at the mention of his dad. Dean nodded. "Yeah, your dad is working at the Ministry, right?" Gabriel nodded. "Well, actually, it's the brother that is right above Luci that is working there. Michael. He takes care of us now. Dad isn't around much anymore." Dean cringed a little on the inside. 'Great' he thought to himself. 'More daddy issues.' But before Dean could actually say anything Professor Mills clapped her hands together. "Alright sixth years! I know you have covered the curses, the hexes, the jinxes, and every possible spell you can use to cause your mortal enemy to grow tentacles on their face, but you have not studied fear." Professor Mills smiled. "So today, we are going to face a boggart. We aren't going to do this in the usual fashion though. A boggart is an excellent tool not only for spellcasting, but for fear management." She pointed to a trunk that was rattling violently. "Now you all know that boggarts show what you are most afraid of. So today, instead of banishing this boggart, we are going to use it to force you to face your fears." She pulled a beat up old stopwatch from her pocket. "Each and every one of you will stand in front of the boggart for five minutes. It will take the form of your greatest fear. In those five minutes, you have to control your heart rate. The more afraid you are, the stronger the boggart will be. So you have to force yourself to calm down. Once you are calm, or the five minutes are up, you can be done. We will continue this all year, or until all of you can control your fear in under a minute." She clicked her stopwatch. "Now line up, single file." Somehow, through all the jostling and the fear of being in the front, Dean Winchester found himself third from the front. Gabriel was right in front of him, Garth was right behind. And Castiel Novak was in the very front. With a not very comforting smile, Professor Mills pointed her wand at the trunk, and it flew open. And from the black maw that was the opening of that trunk, a man, tall, and dark haired, with shocking blue eyes and a neat, three piece suit stepped out. Castiel couldn't even form words, but Gabriel could. He cocked his head a little to the side and stared confusedly. And he spoke. "Michael?" Castiel's boggart Michael stood stiff and tall. Dean had never met the famed Michael Novak, but he had heard enough to know the man was a ruthless Auror, who had been expelled from the American Auror Force on charges of using the cruciatus curse on a child during a routine interrogation. He was smart, he was fast, and he had no conscience. He tugged on Gabriel's sleeve. "Wait, your Michael is Michael Novak?!" Gabriel's eyes flashed angrily and he yanked away from Dean's grip. Castiel seemed near tears. He still couldn't form words, but boggart Michael was slowly advancing. He was rolling up his sleeves. He reached into his robes and pulled out his wand. And as he opened his mouth to shout a spell, Gabriel

jumped in front of his twin brother. And the boggart changed. For a moment, it hovered between what looked like a person and a group of people. It settled on the group of people. And Gabriel was surrounded by what looked like a large group of Hogwarts students. Dean spotted himself and Sam amongst them. Dean saw a Ravenclaw he didn't know open his mouth. And the first word that he said he spat with utter contempt. "FAG!" Gabriel swallowed hard. Dean noticed his fingers were pressed to his wrist taking his own pulse. The crowd began to jeer at him. The words they said were terrible. Dean heard his own voice among the mockers. "SODOMIZER!" It shocked him to hear such a cruel word fall from his lips. But they weren't his lips. Gabriel bit his lip. But he kept breathing softly. But then Dean saw the boggart change shape again. This time, it was Michael again. He walked toward Gabriel very slowly, and when he got close enough to whisper in Gabriel's ear, Dean saw Gabriel's entire body tense. And though the boggart whispered the word, everyone in the room heard it. Michael's voice was soft like honey, but it was so bitter, Dean almost gagged. And he spoke. "Faggot." Dean couldn't take it anymore. So he shoved his way past Gabriel and stood before the boggart defiantly. Gabriel stumbled into Castiel's arms and looked at Dean confusedly. Dean shrugged and smiled softly. But his face fell the second the boggart spoke. It had yet to take another form, but the voice that came from it was not that of Michael Novak. The voice was the voice of John Winchester. "Dean." Dean slowly turned to face it. And instead of the infamous Auror before him, he saw a man in a beat leather jacket, flannel, and hunting boots. He smelled of whiskey and drunkenness. Dean didn't show he was afraid. He just set his jaw. The boggart in the form of his father shouted his name now. "DEAN!" Dean flinched. "YOU ANSWER ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU BOY!" Dean straightened up a little. But he still did not speak. The boggart John Winchester drew back and his fist sunk into Dean's jaw. Dean crashed to the floor. But he got back up. And he stood again. And he still did not speak. John Winchester beat him. He kicked him, punched him slapped him, cut him, he did anything he could to cause him pain. But Dean, broken, bleeding, and bruised, stood back up every time and kept silent. Professor Mills watched interestedly. When the five minutes were up, she stood between Dean and the boggart, and it changed to a series of dead people. A brunette in scrubs. A blonde in leather. A black haired one in jeans. Professor Mills quickly changed places with Garth, whose boggart swiftly became a howling werewolf. Professor Mills started her stopwatch and then with one look at Dean's bruised and bleeding face, she sent him to the hospital wing. Twenty minutes later he was good as new, and he returned just in time to see Anna, the last of the class, a Gryffindor, finish her five minutes with a giant snake. Gabriel and Castiel were recovering in the corner. Alfie, a Hufflepuff, was being consoled in the back of the class. Dean walked up to Gabriel. He rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "Hey Gabe, I don't mean to break up the family reunion, but we have divination to get to, and in all honesty, I am only taking that class so I can take a nap." He tapped Gabriel's leg with his shoe. "Come on." Gabriel stood up, ruffled Castiel's hair, and followed him. They turned down an empty hallway and Gabriel started to speak. "Um, about your boggart." Dean cut him off. "No. Look, I'm not talking about it. I don't need to tell you, and you don't need to know. I only cut in front of you because that wasn't something everyone needed to see." Gabe nodded. "But, that man..." Dean pulled up short. "I SAID NO!" He shouted. Gabriel flinched. "Okay, sorry." Dean sighed and rubbed the back of his neck again. "Goddamnit Gabe." He muttered. "Fuck." Finally after some deliberation and some more hushed cuss words he just grabbed onto Gabriel's robe and led him to class without another word.

## Chapter 3

Divination proved its purpose. Dean fell asleep before Professor Mosley could even start lecturing. And he and Gabe went off to lunch. During the school year, at lunch, there were no house banners telling who should sit with whom, so as always, Dean went to eat with Sam at what was usually the Slytherin table. But this time, Luci and Castiel were there too. Gabriel wiggled his way in between Sam and Luci, and Dean slid in between Sam and Castiel. The food appeared before them, and Dean, as usual began to eat like there was nothing else in the world. Sam poked him. "Did you have boggarts in D.A.D.A today?" Dean mumbled a yes through a mouthful of burger. Sam nodded. "I couldn't face mine." Dean swallowed his enormous bite and sighed. "Was it what I think it is?" Sam rubbed the back of his neck and shrugged. Dean sighed. "So yes." Sam poked at his salad. Dean sighed a third time, softly, and ruffled his brother's longish hair. Then he whispered so only Sam could hear. "I saw him too." Then he turned, and returned to his burger. But his whisper wasn't as silent as he thought. And Luci's and Castiel's ears perked up. But neither of them said anything. The rest of Dean's classes went as usual. Gabriel was oddly subdued, ever since Dean's explosion in the hallway over the boggart, he only talked when necessary. Dean felt a little bad, but it was Gabriel's fault for prying. Sam told him all about Luci, who despite being a seventh year, was assigned Sam as a roommate. Professor Crowley, head of Slytherin, teacher of Potions, said he roomed them up because Sam was the only one who connected with Luci. Luci was friendly, sure, but there was something odd about him. Like he was one of the cruel cool kids. Dean didn't like the arrangement, but Sam seemed to like him, and Dean had to forcefully remind himself that he was probably just being overprotective. Luci was smart, handsome, and before the school year was out, Dean was sure that he would be the most popular Slytherin in school. And besides, Sam was a Prefect. Maybe he could rub off some of his good characteristics on Luci. That night, at dinner, Headmaster Singer made an announcement. Usually all the announcements were made at the start of term, but this was a new one. After he had tapped his glass musically, the hall fell silent. Headmaster singer smiled at them and then his face sobered. "I should not have to make this a reminder, but I feel in light of what may come, we must say this." He paused. "Hogwarts is a place of acceptance. It is here that we will create a safe space for anyone and everyone to grow. That is regardless of gender, color, race, sexual orientation, or gender identity." He swallowed. "I do not want any bullying, discrimination, or any kind of mean act on any of these factors." His steely eyes raked the room. "That applies to everyone in this room." Dean felt Gabriel hunch down beside him. Dean had a feeling this had something to do with Gabriel's boggart this morning. He could almost feel Gabriel's blush through his robes. Dean inwardly groaned. Sure, Headmaster Singer meant well, but now, all the closeted kids felt outed, and all the out kids felt closeted. It was a weird moment. His mind wandered as he went up to bed. He liked girls. He knew he did. But the way that Castiel's shocking blue eyes caused him to get all trembly, and the way his strong, bony hands caused him to get all, well, excited; made him wonder. 'Maybe I'm gay?' he thought to himself. It wasn't like he wished Castiel had boobs and girl parts. Dean actually thought it was kinda hot he had a dick. But he didn't know. So he tried hard to shove those thoughts from his mind. As usual dreams tormented him all night. He subconsciously tried to keep it under control. But that night still ended with Garth waking him up to stop him from screaming. And after



one of Garth's mandatory hugs, he tried to go back to sleep. But as usual he couldn't rest. When he finally did drift off, he saw Luci in his dreams again. This time, with his lips caressing Sam's neck. This time, with his hands slipped down Sam's pants. This time, with his cock in Sam's mouth. And the whole time, Sammy was crying. But Dean couldn't stop him. And when Dean finally woke up, he went into the bathroom and vomited. He tried to forget it, but he couldn't. The day passed the same. And so did the next. And the next, and the next. An entire month passed. They reviewed boggarts again and again in Defense Against the Dark Arts, and always, Alfie had to be consoled in the back row. And like always, before Castiel's boggart could cast a spell on him, Gabriel stepped in front. And like always, before Gabriel's boggart could call him a fag one more time, Dean stepped in front. And like always, Dean took his beating like a man. He always missed the rest because he was out cold in the hospital wing for about a half an hour. He napped in divination, he levitated pillows across the room in Charms, and got bit on the finger by a niffler in Care of Magical Creatures. For most of the day, Gabriel didn't really talk. When they got to lunch however, he was his usual chatty self. Sam was always still a little shook up from D.A.D.A, so Dean sat across from him and quizzed him on his Transfiguration notes until he perked up. Every time he looked at Luci however, he saw his dream again. So he tried to avoid his gaze. Castiel chose to sit next to Dean more and more often, and after a while, he joined in on quizzing Sam on his notes. And one, fall night, Dean invited him for a walk across the courtyard, to review D.A.D.A notes. And to his never ending joy, Cass, as he was beginning to call him, said yes.

## Chapter 4

When the time actually came—Dean had just run to his dorm to get his Gryffindor scarf and canvas jacket—they didn't do a lot of talking about D.A.D.A. Dean met Cass at the bottom of the stairs leading to the Great Hall. Cass was wrapped in a khaki trench coat and his yellow and black striped Hufflepuff scarf. For a moment, it vaguely reminded Dean of a giant, woolly bee. He smiled a little to himself. Cass was so cute. Castiel smiled at him. "Hello Dean." Dean punched him lightly in the shoulder. "Hey Cass." Then he stuffed his hands in his pockets, and they walked out into the crisp night. Dean's breath made small puffs in the twilight. There was a seventh year couple making out over by the quidditch pitch, and the first stars were trying to peek out. Cass rustled in his coat for his notes, but he came up empty. "I must have left them in my dorm." He looked at Dean apologetically, and he looked not unlike a sad dog. Dean laughed. "It's okay." He patted his pockets. "I forgot mine too in my rush not to be late." Cass chuckled. "Well, what do we do?" He looked up at the first few stars. "It's too nice of a night to waste." Dean bit his lip for a moment, and it was at that moment that Cass realized how plush Dean's lips really were. Dean shrugged and released his lip. "We could skip rocks." Cass cocked his head a little. "I don't know how." Dean looked taken aback. "You can't skip a rock? Come on, you are learning right now!" Cass chuckled to himself a little at Dean's drive to teach him how to skip a rock. They walked to the edge of the lake, and Dean picked up two smooth stones. He handed one to Cass and walked right up to the water. "Here, you hold it in your hand like this, and then..." He chuckled the rock and it skipped across the water. "You just flick your wrist, and it hops right along." Cass watched him intently and tried to copy Dean's stance. Then with a hard chuck he lobbed his rock into the water. It made a small splash and nothing more. Cass looked at it confusedly. Dean chuckled. "No, not like that." He stooped down and grabbed another good rock. "Let me help you." He pressed himself up against Cass and ran his hand down his arm. "Lock your elbow." He cupped his hand around Cass's. Cass's hands were smaller than Dean's, and they fit perfectly into Dean's palm. Dean curled his fingers around Cass's, and then helped him pull back and flick his wrist. The rock skipped across the water with a spray. Dean pulled away. "Like that." Cass didn't realize he was blushing until Dean pulled away. To hide it he bent down and grabbed a few more rocks. He did it exactly as Dean had showed him, and each rock hopped across the water like it had wings. Dean scooped up an armful of rocks and shot them rapid fire across the water. Cass took it slower, savoring each rock as it practically danced across the water. And they skipped rocks until the curfew bell rang. They walked up together, their scarves tucked around their faces, their hands in their pockets, but they walked a little closer. Not so much their shoulders could brush, but enough to make Cass think about reaching into Dean's pocket and holding his long fingers again. They reached the place where they had met, and Dean smiled at him. "Thanks for walking with me." Cass smiled back, and Dean realized he had tiny dimples. "Thanks for teaching me how to skip a rock." Dean pulled one hand out and shook one of Cass's. He wasn't sure what else to do, but just the feeling of Cass's skin under his was enough to make him tingle. "Goodnight." Cass grinned. "Goodnight Dean." And when Dean pulled away, Cass ran his index finger down Dean's palm. It was such a light, yet deliberate touch; it would have been enough to make him sigh contentedly under other conditions. He bit his plush lip again, and with one final smile, turned back up the stairs. And though he didn't see it, Cass looked over his shoulder to

see him look away. Cass almost skipped down to the Hufflepuff dorm. He wiggled into his bed, and Alfie, his roommate was waiting up for him. "How was your walk Castiel?" Cass blushed a little. "Fun. He taught me how to skip a rock." Alfie laughed. "Skipping rocks? I thought you fussed over your hair for twenty minutes to compare D.A.D.A notes with the boy." Cass glared at him softly. "He forgot his notes." Alfie laughed again. "How convenient." Cass chuckled a sock at him. "Shut up." Alfie grinned self contentedly and lay down. Cass did the same and then after a moment he sighed. "Alf, have you ever noticed how green Dean's eyes are? They're probably the greenest I have ever seen. And, if you get close enough, he has freckles." Alfie chuckled the sock back over and it landed on Cass's face. "Go to sleep Castiel." Cass sighed and nodded. And then with an ear to ear grin pasted to his face, he fell asleep.

Dean nightmared that night as always, but between the times when Garth woke him up to stop him from scream cussing, to the time he woke up in the morning, he dreamt of Castiel. He dreamt of his shocking blue eyes, and his soft, bony hands. He dreamt of his thick, black hair, of his long, khaki trench coat, and of his woolly bee scarf. He replayed that one, deliberate touch in his mind. The slow drag of an index finger from his wrist to the pad of his middle finger. And with each replay, the thought of the touch became more erogenous, more gooseflesh inducing than the last. And when Dean woke up, he took a shower first thing. He felt a lot better after he serviced himself. And he was actually in a jaunty mood. The only meal where they weren't assigned house tables was lunch, so he ate with Gabriel and Adam for breakfast, and then when Defense Against the Dark Arts came up, The beating didn't last as long as usual. He didn't end up knocked out, and he actually ended up witnessing a few people's fears. Castiel sat with him and Gabriel while they waited, and this time, Dean sat in-between the twins. He brushed shoulders with Gabriel, and to his ever-loving delight, he brushed thighs with Castiel. And as he walked down the hall to divination, he passed Sam, who was on his way to D.A.D.A. And for a second, everything seemed okay. But as Sam got closer, Dean saw it. He was crying. Dean pulled up short. He grabbed onto Sam's arm and stopped him. "Sammy?" Sam looked at him and quickly wiped his face. "Dean?" Dean shoved his hand into his pocket and pulled out his Gryffindor handkerchief. Then with a confused Gabriel on his heels, he pulled Sam into a nearby abandoned classroom. Sam sniffled. "Why are we in here?" Dean handed Sam his handkerchief. "I didn't think you wanted the whole hall to see you in this state." Sam wiped his face on the handkerchief. "Yeah. I guess." His voice hitched. Dean was shorter than Sam by now, but he still managed to exude the caring big brother charm. "Hey. Talk to me. Did someone treat you bad?" Sam shook his head. "No. I, I just don't want to go to Defense Against the Dark Arts." Dean rumbled his nose. "Why not?" Sam sighed. "I can't keep facing my fear in front of everybody. They, they make fun of me for it." Dean sighed. "Why the hell would a bunch of Slytherins make fun of your fear being your abusive dad?" Sam looked at him confused. "What do you mean?" Dean scoffed a little. "Your fear, its dad right?" Gabriel's ears perked up a little. Sam shook his shaggy head. "Dean, my fear isn't dad." Dean looked at him confused, and for a moment, Gabriel could have sworn it looked afraid. "It isn't?"

After a lot of conversing with professors, a little cussing, a lot of yelling, and eventually an audience with Headmaster Singer, Dean found himself, Professor Crowley, Professor Mills, Sam, Headmaster Singer, and one boggart, all in the Headmaster's office. Professor Crowley was sitting in a chair, Professor Mills was leaning against the wall, Dean was standing to the side, Headmaster Singer stood by the wardrobe that held the boggart, and Sam stood in the middle, his face a perfect picture of terror. Dean stepped forward. "Headmaster Singer, I would like to petition that Sam be given private fear management lessons. The other

Slytherins are picking on him for his fear.” Headmaster singer smiled. “Well, why don’t we take a look at his fear, and see what all the fuss is about.” Dean gave Sam an encouraging glance and Headmaster Singer opened the wardrobe. It was dark inside, and then a man stepped out. It wasn’t John Winchester, with his leather jacket and bruised knuckles. It wasn’t Michael Novak, with his three piece suit and unforgivable curses. No, it was a tall, handsome man, with longish hair, soft blue eyes, and a murderous look. It was Sam that emerged from that wardrobe. Not the Sam of this time for certain, but the resemblance between the striking young man and the trembling fifth year was unmistakable. At first Dean was confused, but then boggart Sam opened his mouth and spoke. “Hello Sam.” Sam swallowed hard, and didn’t answer. “You probably already know, but I’m you.” Boggart Sam smiled. “Well, I’m what you are afraid to become.” Boggart Sam stepped closer and drew his wand. He waved it carefully in the air, and thousands of memories, little snippets of the things he had done floated around them. Dean only caught glimpses, but he saw burning houses, weeping mothers, screaming babies, death and destruction. It was something from a horror story. And in the center of it all was Sam. Dressed in all white, with a blood red rose in his lapel, he wreaked havoc and death on the land of magic. With another wave of his wand, boggart Sam made them all disappear. He laid his hand on his younger self’s face and smiled. “I am not just a fear, Sam.” He laughed, and his laugh was hard and cold. “I’m destiny. You were always made to fall apart. You were created to do wrong. And I must say, and take it from the older one of us, you will do it beautifully.” The true Sam was weeping again, and at last, Dean had enough. He ran forward, and with one firm push, he shoved Sam behind him. And the Sam of the future became the man with the bruised knuckles and the leather jacket. There was no reaction time before his fist caught Dean in the chin. But by the time he got up again, Headmaster Singer had banished the boggart. He looked over at Sam, who was shaking head to toe. Dean was rubbing his jaw painfully. Headmaster Singer sighed. “Well, that was new.”

## Chapter 5

In the end, Dean secured private fear management lessons for Sam. After that, things seemed less heavy on him. But his fear continued to haunt Dean's dreams. If he wasn't being beat to death by his father, or being raped by Luci, he saw those snippets all over again. Sam dressed in all white, with a blood red rose in his lapel, causing death and destruction all across the world. And as usual—just before Garth shook him awake and calmed him down—Michael Novak stepped from the maw of the trunk, and tortured him until he couldn't even see anymore. Halloween was quickly approaching, and in Divination, much to Dean's embarrassment, Professor Mosely predicted that he would find a blue eyed lover. Adam and Gabriel teased him about it for hours afterward. There was a hogsmede visit the day before Halloween, and Castiel asked him if he wanted to go with him. Dean quickly said yes, but in order not to make it a topic of too much teasing, he asked if Gabriel and Sam could come along. Castiel quickly consented, and the four of them went out. Gabriel seemed to like Sam, and the two of them chatted amiably the whole way down. Dean and Cass only exchanged small words about Quidditch and the scenery, but there was electricity between the two of them. When they got to hogsmede, Gabriel and Sam wanted to go to Zonkos, but Cass wanted a butterbeer, so he and Dean went to Three Broomsticks, and Gabriel and Sam went to Zonkos. The two of them walked side by side down the leaf strewn street. Dean was wearing his canvas jacket, but Castiel had left his trench coat at home. He shivered under his breath. Dean noticed and pulling up to a stop, he peeled off his canvas jacket. Cass looked at him. "Dean, no, I don't need it." Dean rolled his eyes and draped his jacket over Castiel's shoulders. As he did so, his thumb slipped under the collar of Castiel's sweater and brushed his skin. Cass's breath hitched a little, and then Dean pulled his hand away. Cass slipped his arms into the jacket and breathed in the smell. It smelled like beer and boy and a little like cedar. It smelled so good, Cass wanted to make it into his pillow and sleep on it every night. Dean loosely looped his gold and red scarf around his neck and tucked his hands into his jean pockets. A few blocks down, they came to the Three Broomsticks and Dean opened the door for Cass. The sweet smell of butterbeer and the sharp tang of firewhiskey were in the air. A blast of warmth came from the open door, and Dean and Cass slipped inside. They found a table in the back and Dean went and ordered them each a butterbeer. They sat in the back and Dean unwound his scarf and took a long swallow of his butterbeer. When he pulled back there was a mustache of foam on his upper lip. Cass chuckled a little and pointed. "You got a little something..." Dean licked his bottom lip. Cass smiled. "No, right..." He took his thumb, tucked it into his sleeve, and wiped the foam off of Dean's upper lip. "Here" he finished. Dean smiled a little, and Cass once again became painfully aware of his thick, plush lips, hiding perfect rows of perfect teeth. Cass took a sip of his, careful to avoid the foam. They talked about their classes for a while, and then the door flew open and Gabriel and Sam, loaded down with Zonkos merchandise came stumbling in the door. They ordered two more butterbeers and crammed into the booth with Cass and Dean. After they finished their butterbeer, Sam and Gabriel went ahead of the other two, heading up to the castle to leave a real mouse in Luci's bed. Dean and Cass walked slower, behind. They got to the castle but they went to skip rocks. Dean chucked one across the water. "Cass, can I ask you something?" Cass shrugged. "Sure." Dean picked up a smooth stone and rubbed his thumb over it. "Why is your deepest fear your older brother?" Cass looked out over the water and

sighed. "You know why my brother was expelled from the American Auror Force, right?" Dean nodded. "He used the cruciatus curse on a child." Cass nodded. "But what didn't make the papers was who the child was." He tugged on his sleeve. "Michael didn't just torture some kid. He tortured me." Dean looked at him sadly. "I'm sorry." Cass shrugged. "It's okay." Dean walked forward and grabbed his hand. His index finger slipped up Cass's sleeve and rested on his inner wrist. "No. It's not." Cass bit his lip. Dean slipped his hand up a little higher. Two of his strong fingers rested on Castiel's wrist. Dean noticed how fast his pulse was. And he leaned in. But just as his eyes were closing, he heard his name being called. He jerked away from Cass, letting go of him like he was on fire. Gabriel was standing up by the gate, calling them in for dinner. Dean grinned sheepishly at Castiel and then with a gentle tap on his shoulder, they raced up to the Great Hall, slipping into their seats a little disheveled, but on time. Dean saw Alfie, Cass's Hufflepuff friend poke him and they whispered a bit. He twisted around and waved at Sam, who was sitting next to Luci, like always. Dean smiled at Luci too, but it was strained. Then he returned his attention to dinner, which was roast beef, mashed potatoes, and some delectable pudding. He snarfed it all down, and with a bulging stomach and a warm heart, he went up to bed. He had his usual nightmares, but that night, right before he woke up, he dreamt of Castiel's soft lips, and what it would feel like to taste them.

## Chapter 6

The morning dawned with bad news. All the Novaks were called up to the headmaster's office. Gabriel and Castiel gave Dean confused looks as they followed Luci up the stairs. Dean and Sam waited in the Great Hall for them. They were gone for two hours. And when they returned, Castiel was crying, Gabriel looked like he had been hit by a truck, and Luci's knuckles were bleeding. Dean and Sam looked at them in horror. Gabriel came up to them numbly. "Our older brother, Balthazar, he died last night." Dean swallowed hard. He was bad with grief. But Sam turned on his sympathetic puppy eyes and gave Gabriel a hug. "I'm so sorry, Gabe. If you want to talk about it, I'm here." Gabriel tucked his head into Sam's shoulder and sniffled a little. Luci had already disappeared to god knows where, but Dean saw Castiel disappearing down toward the lake. And Dean ran to catch up to him. He found him under the tree. His face was buried in his scarf, and he was sniffing. Dean approached him slowly, like he was coming up to a wounded animal. He sat next to Cass and though Cass knew he was there, he didn't come out of his scarf. Dean rubbed a rock in between his thumb and forefinger. And finally, he spoke. He was never good with words like Sam, but he tried anyway. "I didn't know you had a brother named Balthazar." He instantly wanted to punch himself in the face for his insensitivity, but Cass edged out of the scarf a little. "You didn't?" Dean shook his head. "I thought it was just you, Gabriel, Luci, and..." He paused. "Michael." Cass shook his head. "No." He peeked out from his scarf a bit more. "Michael is the oldest, but there are four of us between him and Luci." He tucked himself back into his scarf a bit. "Was." Dean reached out his hand looped his fingers with Cass's. It was a bold move, but Cass didn't pull away. "Tell me about them." Cass tucked his chin down and spoke. "Right after Michael is Uriel. He is the bookworm of our family. He graduated top of his class from Ilvermorny. He lives in Chicago, running a bookstore. After Uriel is Raphael. He is kind of a jerk. He works in the American Ministry Of Magic. Muggle affairs. Then after him is Samandriel. But we just call him Drew. He works at a magic creatures shop in California. After Samandriel, is..." His voice hitched. "Was Balthazar. He was such a prankster. He and Luci were very close. He joined the Auror force. That's how he died. A spell caught him, and, and..." A thick sob obscured the rest of his words. Dean felt his heart burn inside him and he wondered how he would feel if Sam were dead. His own breath hitched at the thought. And suddenly, so suddenly he scared himself, he tugged Castiel's scarf down and kissed him. His lips tasted like tears, salty and wet. Halfway through, Dean realized what he was doing. And he started to pull away. But Castiel's hand that wasn't holding his slipped up behind his head and pulled him back in. And as they kissed, two tears rolled down Dean's cheeks as well, mingling with Castiel's between their mouths, falling softly to the ground; where soon, in the spring, flowers would grow.

Luci was in the forbidden forest. He stumped across the fallen leaves, the blood on his knuckles dripping behind him. He had punched a hole in the wall in Headmaster Singer's office. But now, he was all alone in the forest, blood dripping from his hands, tears falling from his eyes. Of all the brothers, Balthazar was his rock. They had shared everything. And under Michael's rule, there was always someone for Luci to conspire with. It was Balthazar that first called him Luci. It was so much better than his actual name. But now he was gone. Now laughing eyed, wide smiling, brave, wise Balthazar was dead. And he wasn't coming back. He stopped and leaned against a nearby tree. He was out of breath. He could see the

quidditch pitch off to one side, and the castle was behind him. But somehow, the woods seemed very isolated. He sank to the ground and wept. He heard a twig snap and his head shot up. Standing before him was Nick, a Hufflepuff seventh year. He was holding two rolls, a bottle of firewhiskey, and there was a package of Kleenex peeking out of his pocket. "Can I sit?" Luci nodded. Nick was kind of a background character as far as Luci knew. He got good grades, didn't go on many dates, spent a lot of time in the greenhouses, and was kind of quiet. He was liked amongst the Hufflepuffs but not super popular. Luci wasn't sure if he had even given him a second glance all year, despite having fear management classes with him. Nick lowered himself to the leaf strewn ground next to Luci and handed him one of the rolls. It was still warm. "The kitchens are right next to Hufflepuff dorms. I pop in there all the time. All the house elves love me." He twisted the top of the firewhiskey and took a few sips. He offered some to Luci who took a long swallow and winced as it burned down his throat. He handed it back to Nick who took another sip and then set it down between them. They looked out at the Quidditch pitch for a while. Then Nick spoke. "I'm sorry about your brother. I didn't even know his name, but I can tell you two were close." Luci swallowed hard. "Thanks." Nick bit his lip. "You don't have to thank me Luci. You don't have to say anything if you don't want to. I know what it's like to lose a brother. The last thing you want is people saying how sorry they are." Luci thought for a while and after a moment, the tears, which had been silent and slow for a while began to flow again. Nick silently handed him Kleenexes and they just looked out over the fog covered land. After a while, when Luci's sobs receded to sniffles, he spoke again. "Jack." Luci looked at him confused. Nick smiled softly. "My brother's name was Jack. He drowned when I was thirteen. He was ten." Luci looked at him with red eyes. "I'm sorry." Then he bit his lip. But after a while, he spoke too. "Balthazar. My brother's name was Balthazar. He was an Auror. He was killed in the line of duty." The tears started afresh and this time, Nick held out his arm, and Luci curled into it. And the two of them sat that way for hours and hours and hours.



## Chapter 7

The funeral was in a week. Dean argued with Professor Mills and Professor Crowley until he got time off for him and Sam as well. So he, Sam, Castiel, Gabriel, Luci, and oddly enough, Nick, were all packed and waiting by the gate for Michael to apparate and take them. There was a small pop, and the tall, handsome, dark haired Michael appeared down the road a ways. Luci, Gabriel and Cass all grabbed their luggage at once and started down the hill. Nick, Sam, and Dean all clumsily followed suit. As Dean got closer and closer, his heart sank further and further. Michael Novak looked just like the pictures in the paper. His sharp, chiseled features, shocking blue eyes, and thick, black hair were the same as every picture of him. He wore a three piece suit, a pressed white shirt, and spotless black shoes. There was a pocket watch on a chain tucked into his vest pocket. He was holding his wand. Thirteen inches long, blackwood, dragon heartstring core. Dean noticed that the grief that only minutes earlier had rested on all of the Novak brother's faces had instantly dissipated, leaving a look of blankness. Someone else would have mistaken it for a bittersweet joy. But Dean knew better. He knew that face. He had seen it on Sam more times than he cared to count. And he had seen it on himself in the mirror as well. It was the face of someone who was afraid, but had been taught to mask their fear. It was the face of the abused seeing their abuser. Dean noticed that Castiel's grip on his suitcase tightened. Michael looked them over, and his eyes stopped and rested on Dean. "Who are they?" His voice was thick and deep, commanding even. Yet there was softness behind it. The kind that was false, but made people like you anyway. Luci spoke up. "That's Dean, the tall one is his brother Sam, and that's Nick. They are our friends from school. They are coming to pay their respects." Michael looked at Luci with a piercing stare. And after a moment, he nodded. "Alright." He held out his arm. "All catch hold." Dean closed his hand around Michael's arm next to Castiel's hand. He put his index finger over Cass's thumb. Just enough to tell him that he was there, but not enough that Michael would notice. And then, Michael turned on the spot, and they were gone.

When they reappeared, it was raining. A soft sprinkle was falling on their black suits. Their luggage had been magicked away to wherever they were staying. Michael straightened his collar, and they all let go of him. Dean swallowed hard. They were in America now, judging by the geography, somewhere in the Midwest. Castiel was crying again. Dean pulled his trench coat around him more and with a nod to Sam, walked forward. They were in a cemetery. The ground was wet, and the grass stuck to his shoes a little. There was a small group of people huddled around a freshly dug grave. Dean recognized a few other people with similar features as the other Novak brothers. He got to the grave, and there was a pine box in the hole. The lid was open, and lying in the box was a young man. It shocked Dean, how like Luci he looked. He was young, handsome, and Dean could tell that he was one of the Novaks. He seemed too young to be dead. Michael stood further back with who Dean assumed were Uriel, Raphael, and Samandriel. But Luci came close to the edge of the hole to look. And when he saw the dead body of the brother he had best loved, he wept afresh. Nick came up to him and wrapped his arm around him, but Luci shrugged him off. He fell to his knees instead, the mud digging into the fabric. Castiel stood next to Dean. He did not wail, like Luci, nor did he simply sniffle like Gabriel, he wept silently. The tears rolled down his cheeks and mingled with the rain. Sam stood with Gabriel, his hand on Gabriel's shoulder.

Dean sidled closer to Castiel. He was afraid to comfort him in any way in front of Michael, who didn't seem like the type to be okay with it. And ever since the kiss, Dean and Cass had been a bit separated. He hung his hand by his side, and his trench coat sleeve covered it. He moved so slowly it wouldn't be noticeable, but he brushed Castiel's pinkie first, and then his ring finger and finally, he interlaced his fingers with his. And they stood that way, their coats covering their hands, clutching to one another, by a grave, in the rain. After a while, with no words, no ceremony at all, Michael waved his wand, and the lid slipped on the casket, and the dirt all levitated in the hole. It settled out, and then the gravestone became visible. It read simply one word. Balthazar. That was all. And after a while, the brothers began to leave, until it was only Dean and Cass left. And they stood there, interlaced, until Sam came back to get them. Only then did they leave.

They were staying in a muggle motel in a nearby town. Uriel had cast an enlarging spell on one of their rooms, and they were all staying there. When Dean and Cass got there with Sam, they found Samandriel making chicken fried steak in the kitchenette, Uriel seated on the couch, reading and drinking muggle whiskey, Raphael and Michael in armchairs by the fire, Luci and Nick playing wizard's chess on the rug, and Gabriel drinking hot chocolate in the kitchen with Samandriel. Sam joined Gabriel, and Cass just went up the stairs to his room. Dean followed. Uriel had done an incredible job with the enlarging spell. There were two stories, an upstairs and a downstairs. Upstairs there were four bedrooms with one bunk bed each. Dean found his luggage in Castiel's room. Cass was sitting on the bottom bunk, staring at the wall. Dean sat next to him and Castiel's fingers automatically laced with his. Dean swallowed. "Cass, does your family know about..." He paused. Were they an us now? Cass looked at him with those beautiful blue eyes. "Us?" Dean nodded. Cass pulled his hand away and laid it on Dean's upper leg. Not quite his thigh, but close enough that the warmth of his hand was almost distracting. Cass swallowed hard, and his Adam's apple bobbed. "No. They don't. Well, I'm sure Gabe knows, and Samandriel is pretty observant. But, I'm thinking, maybe, maybe they shouldn't know." Dean felt his heart catch in his chest. As much as he wanted Castiel to be his and to have everyone know, he understood. There was no way his father could ever know. He understood how Castiel could feel the same way about Michael and his older brothers. He nodded. "It's okay. We can keep it between us for now." He paused. "But I think we should tell Sammy and Gabriel. Cass nodded. "I trust them." He bit his lip. "Even after Headmaster Singer's speech, I feel like things haven't changed in that area. And I know, I know that Michael would never stand for it. The only one who wouldn't rally behind him is—was, Balthazar." Cass's breath hitched a little. Dean took his thumb and lifted Cass's chin up a little so he could look him directly in his shocking blue eyes. "It's okay Cass." And with that, Cass's hand slipped up Dean's leg and their lips met for the second time. Dean could truly appreciate the softness of Castiel's lips this time. They weren't wet with tears, nor were they cracked from the weeping. They were smooth, and soft, and every time he touched them it felt like a jolt of electricity. Besides, Cass was now gently rubbing little circles on the inside of his thigh with his thumb, and he could feel his trousers starting to tent. Cass had thought about Dean's lips for months. From the first moment he saw them, he knew he had to taste them. And somehow, they matched perfectly with his. Those perfectly bowed lips that the cruel seventh years called cock sucking lips, those plush lips fit perfectly with his. And it was bliss.

## Chapter 8

The funeral was in a week. Dean argued with Professor Mills and Professor Crowley until he got time off for him and Sam as well. So he, Sam, Castiel, Gabriel, Luci, and oddly enough, Nick, were all packed and waiting by the gate for Michael to apparate and take them. There was a small pop, and the tall, handsome, dark haired Michael appeared down the road a ways. Luci, Gabriel and Cass all grabbed their luggage at once and started down the hill. Nick, Sam, and Dean all clumsily followed suit. As Dean got closer and closer, his heart sank further and further. Michael Novak looked just like the pictures in the paper. His sharp, chiseled features, shocking blue eyes, and thick, black hair were the same as every picture of him. He wore a three piece suit, a pressed white shirt, and spotless black shoes. There was a pocket watch on a chain tucked into his vest pocket. He was holding his wand. Thirteen inches long, blackwood, dragon heartstring core. Dean noticed that the grief that only minutes earlier had rested on all of the Novak brother's faces had instantly dissipated, leaving a look of blankness. Someone else would have mistaken it for a bittersweet joy. But Dean knew better. He knew that face. He had seen it on Sam more times than he cared to count. And he had seen it on himself in the mirror as well. It was the face of someone who was afraid, but had been taught to mask their fear. It was the face of the abused seeing their abuser. Dean noticed that Castiel's grip on his suitcase tightened. Michael looked them over, and his eyes stopped and rested on Dean. "Who are they?" His voice was thick and deep, commanding even. Yet there was softness behind it. The kind that was false, but made people like you anyway. Luci spoke up. "That's Dean, the tall one is his brother Sam, and that's Nick. They are our friends from school. They are coming to pay their respects." Michael looked at Luci with a piercing stare. And after a moment, he nodded. "Alright." He held out his arm. "All catch hold." Dean closed his hand around Michael's arm next to Castiel's hand. He put his index finger over Cass's thumb. Just enough to tell him that he was there, but not enough that Michael would notice. And then, Michael turned on the spot, and they were gone.

When they reappeared, it was raining. A soft sprinkle was falling on their black suits. Their luggage had been magicked away to wherever they were staying. Michael straightened his collar, and they all let go of him. Dean swallowed hard. They were in America now, judging by the geography, somewhere in the Midwest. Castiel was crying again. Dean pulled his trench coat around him more and with a nod to Sam, walked forward. They were in a cemetery. The ground was wet, and the grass stuck to his shoes a little. There was a small group of people huddled around a freshly dug grave. Dean recognized a few other people with similar features as the other Novak brothers. He got to the grave, and there was a pine box in the hole. The lid was open, and lying in the box was a young man. It shocked Dean, how like Luci he looked. He was young, handsome, and Dean could tell that he was one of the Novaks. He seemed too young to be dead. Michael stood further back with who Dean assumed were Uriel, Raphael, and Samandriel. But Luci came close to the edge of the hole to look. And when he saw the dead body of the brother he had best loved, he wept afresh. Nick came up to him and wrapped his arm around him, but Luci shrugged him off. He fell to his knees instead, the mud digging into the fabric. Castiel stood next to Dean. He did not wail, like Luci, nor did he simply sniffle like Gabriel, he wept silently. The tears rolled down his cheeks and mingled with the rain. Sam stood with Gabriel, his hand on Gabriel's shoulder.

Dean sidled closer to Castiel. He was afraid to comfort him in any way in front of Michael, who didn't seem like the type to be okay with it. And ever since the kiss, Dean and Cass had been a bit separated. He hung his hand by his side, and his trench coat sleeve covered it. He moved so slowly it wouldn't be noticeable, but he brushed Castiel's pinkie first, and then his ring finger and finally, he interlaced his fingers with his. And they stood that way, their coats covering their hands, clutching to one another, by a grave, in the rain. After a while, with no words, no ceremony at all, Michael waved his wand, and the lid slipped on the casket, and the dirt all levitated in the hole. It settled out, and then the gravestone became visible. It read simply one word. Balthazar. That was all. And after a while, the brothers began to leave, until it was only Dean and Cass left. And they stood there, interlaced, until Sam came back to get them. Only then did they leave.

They were staying in a muggle motel in a nearby town. Uriel had cast an enlarging spell on one of their rooms, and they were all staying there. When Dean and Cass got there with Sam, they found Samandriel making chicken fried steak in the kitchenette, Uriel seated on the couch, reading and drinking muggle whiskey, Raphael and Michael in armchairs by the fire, Luci and Nick playing wizard's chess on the rug, and Gabriel drinking hot chocolate in the kitchen with Samandriel. Sam joined Gabriel, and Cass just went up the stairs to his room. Dean followed. Uriel had done an incredible job with the enlarging spell. There were two stories, an upstairs and a downstairs. Upstairs there were four bedrooms with one bunk bed each. Dean found his luggage in Castiel's room. Cass was sitting on the bottom bunk, staring at the wall. Dean sat next to him and Castiel's fingers automatically laced with his. Dean swallowed. "Cass, does your family know about..." He paused. Were they an us now? Cass looked at him with those beautiful blue eyes. "Us?" Dean nodded. Cass pulled his hand away and laid it on Dean's upper leg. Not quite his thigh, but close enough that the warmth of his hand was almost distracting. Cass swallowed hard, and his Adam's apple bobbed. "No. They don't. Well, I'm sure Gabe knows, and Samandriel is pretty observant. But, I'm thinking, maybe, maybe they shouldn't know." Dean felt his heart catch in his chest. As much as he wanted Castiel to be his and to have everyone know, he understood. There was no way his father could ever know. He understood how Castiel could feel the same way about Michael and his older brothers. He nodded. "It's okay. We can keep it between us for now." He paused. "But I think we should tell Sammy and Gabriel. Cass nodded. "I trust them." He bit his lip. "Even after Headmaster Singer's speech, I feel like things haven't changed in that area. And I know, I know that Michael would never stand for it. The only one who wouldn't rally behind him is—was, Balthazar." Cass's breath hitched a little. Dean took his thumb and lifted Cass's chin up a little so he could look him directly in his shocking blue eyes. "It's okay Cass." And with that, Cass's hand slipped up Dean's leg and their lips met for the second time. Dean could truly appreciate the softness of Castiel's lips this time. They weren't wet with tears, nor were they cracked from the weeping. They were smooth, and soft, and every time he touched them it felt like a jolt of electricity. Besides, Cass was now gently rubbing little circles on the inside of his thigh with his thumb, and he could feel his trousers starting to tent. Cass had thought about Dean's lips for months. From the first moment he saw them, he knew he had to taste them. And somehow, they matched perfectly with his. Those perfectly bowed lips that the cruel seventh years called cock sucking lips, those plush lips fit perfectly with his. And it was bliss.

## Chapter 9

Dean didn't sleep that night. He tried, but Cass woke him up when he started screaming. Sam had run from his room, Gabriel hot on his heels, but they arrived just in time to see Cass going to wake him. Sam had shouted at him to stop, but Cass touched him anyway. Dean woke up swinging, and the blade of his knife caught Cass across the palm. And it was with great horror that Dean saw blood well to the surface. He apologized relentlessly, and Samandriel had to be woken up to heal him. Cass said he tripped and caught it on a sharp corner, but Samandriel seemed to know better. Sam talked to Cass while Gabriel showed Dean to the bathroom so he could wash his face and calm down. "He has a lot of nightmares." Cass nodded and rubbed the freshly healed skin on his palm. Sam bit his lip. "He doesn't mean it; it's just his automatic reaction." Cass nodded again, and then he spoke. "I understand." But he remained somewhat reserved. Sam rested his big hand on Cass's shoulder. "What's on your mind?" Cass looked at him with sad eyes. "What made him this way?" Sam thought about it for a moment, and then he sighed. "That's not my story to tell." Cass looked at him and swallowed hard. Then without another word, he went to bed. Gabriel stood in the doorway while Dean splashed cold water on his face. He emerged, dripping and gasping, like he had almost drowned. Gabriel handed him a towel, and Dean took it. He wiped his face and handed it back. And even though he gripped the sink to hide it, Gabriel saw his hands were shaking. He looked in the mirror. Gabriel wasn't going to leave unless he was asked, but he didn't want to see this. He didn't want to see Dean's vulnerable, broken, green eyes staring into themselves like he didn't see anything he recognized. He didn't want to see the corners of Dean's perfectly bowed lips turn down like that. He didn't want to see the remnants of what he knew were tears clinging to Dean's oddly long eyelashes. He didn't want to see Dean like this. Not only did it make him sad, it made him feel like he was intruding. Like all those tiny things—all those small pieces of a much bigger puzzle—were private. He balled up the towel and chucked it aside. "Do you want me to leave?" Dean gripped the sink tighter. "Please." Gabriel nodded and slipped away. He was barely to his room before he heard the musical crash of breaking glass. But nobody went to see what it was. And that night, Dean just lay awake, staring at the ceiling, picking tiny shards of mirror out of his knuckles.

The boys returned to Hogwarts the next morning. Michael was gone when they woke up, and Raphael apparated them. They returned to life as normal. Dean slept restlessly, took long, nighttime walks with Castiel, and tried hard to cut his fear time down. Gabriel hung out with Dean and Sam when he could, and worked on schoolwork. Luci spent a lot of time with Sam, and a lot of time with Nick. And life went on. Christmas break came, and Sam and Dean went home. When they came back, Dean had a broken arm. The attending hospital wing nurse mended it in a second, but when she inquired where it had come from; Dean just mumbled something and didn't answer any questions. Sam came back with a split lip and a black eye, but those were also mended quickly. Dean had a little more sympathy for Luci since the funeral, but his suspicions never went away. He noticed things now. Subtle changes in Sam. Little bits of Luci that had rubbed off on Sam, just like little bits of Sam rubbed off on Luci. Sam seemed to care less about caring for himself. He seemed to laugh at more of the cruel jokes. He withheld his help more often. It was subtle, very subtle, but Dean saw it. And Luci returned in his nightmares.

Time seemed to pass slower now that Dean thought about it. There was only one time when Dean liked the slow passage of time. It was when he sat by the lake with Castiel. It was when Cass threaded his fingers with his, when his lips met Dean's. It was when Dean traced the gentle curvature of Cass's back under his shirt. It was when Cass slipped the tips of his fingers down the back of Dean's slacks, and brushed his skin. Every time they touched, it was like all the air was sucked out of Dean's lungs and Cass was the only oxygen in the world. He just couldn't get enough. They had made a pact not to make their relationship, or whatever those careless touches were, public. When they were around people other than Sam and Gabe, they acted like friends. But they took walks every night, under a new pretense each time. And they went down to the lake, and under the convenient dark canopy of a mighty oak tree, Dean held him as close as he could. And all those careless touches budded into a kiss, and a kiss budded into the unbridled, unashamed touches that Dean dreamt about. Sam and Gabe knew about it, and they didn't seem to mind. Cass wanted to tell Luci, but Dean asked him not too. And though they thought they were undiscovered, someone else knew. And it was with a warm heart that Headmaster Singer watched their romance bud. So it was with a sinking heart that he received two letters. One from the infamous Michael Novak and one from the burly, angry drunk. Sitting on his desk, was a letter from John Winchester.

## Chapter 10

Dean hadn't even thought about the repercussions of his time with Cass. Somehow, this school year, he had managed to shove the thought of his father from his mind. His boggart had even changed. Ever since Balthazar's death it had gone from the tall, whiskey smelling man to a dead body on the floor. It was Sam. And his father had killed him. Dean tried hard to keep himself stable. He actually worked on schoolwork, enough that his grades went up enough to make the quidditch team. He was given the position of beater, which he had been on the wait list for forever. Cass and Sam came to all of his games, often with Gabriel and Luci in tow. Luci and Nick had started hanging out a lot too. What had been a duo at the beginning of the year was now a steady quintet, sometimes more. And as the quidditch season came to a peak, Gryffindor was pitted against Ravenclaw for the cup. The day of the game was rainy. Dean had Sam charm his helmet so he could see in the rain, and with a few good hits and an excellent spotting for the Gryffindor seeker, the game was won. Cass, Luci, Sam, and Nick all snuck into Gryffindor tower to join the celebrating. Cass found him and grabbing his hand, he led him outside. The two of them snuck past the custodian, and went out. The curfew bell had long since rung, but as long as they kept out of sight, it was fine. Cass led him down to the same old oak tree by the lake. The spot of their first touch, first kiss, first moments. Dean grinned at him and kissed Cass gently. "What is this?" Cass smiled. "I and some house elves have been working on it ever since we started hanging out." He led Dean to the roots of the tree and then kicking one of them, a hidden door swung open in the ground. Cass smiled a very impish smile and dropped into the hole. Dean gasped in horror, but then Cass's voice called up to him. "Come on down!" Dean gulped and then dropped feet first into the hole. There was a slide and then a pile of something warm and soft. Then Cass spoke and said, "Lumos!" His wand tip ignited and he took a glass jar and charmed some fire into it. Then extinguishing his wand he reached out his hand to Dean and helped him up. They were standing in what looked like a small hobbit hole. There was a bed in the corner, lamps lit the walls, and there were all assortments of little cubbies and hidey holes. There was pie, beer, and most distracting of all, Cass. Cass grinned. "Do you like it?" Dean grinned too. "Yes!" He leaned in and kissed Cass. "Its perfect." Cass set the jar down and kissed him back, his hands roaming his back, dipping down Dean's waistband. Dean ran his fingers through Cass's hair and traced his neck. Dean leaned forward and nibbled on the skin next to Cass's ear. And the two of them walked slowly, never breaking apart, over to the bed. Dean grinned. "Was this your plan all along?" Cass smirked. "Maybe." Dean kissed his neck as he loosened his own tie. "Well, Castiel Novak, I must say, your plan is working." Cass stifled a giggle that quickly turned into a gasp as Dean palmed his crotch. Dean slowly laid him down, kissing him all the way. Dean had already been stripping off his clothes, now it was just his button down and his slacks. He kicked his shoes off and stripped off his socks. Cass undid his own tie and started on Dean's buttons. Dean undid Cass's in record time and then he drank in the sight of Cass's body for the first time. It was just his torso, but he realized how beautiful Cass really was. His body wasn't built, but it was defined, Dean could trace almost every muscle, leading right down to that V, touching the soft, pale beginnings of his treasure trail, right into his... Cass gasped and sat up. Dean looked at him confusedly. "What is it Cass? Did I do something wrong?" Cass shook his head. "No, its just Dean, this is my first time." Dean swallowed. "With a boy?" Cass shook his head. "With anyone." Dean bit his lip. "Its

okay Cass. Its mine too.” Dean’s eyes raked Cass’s body, noticing the tent in his trousers.  
“We don’t have to do this Cass.” Cass shook his head. “I want it if you want it.” Dean smiled.  
“Baby, I want this more than anything.” Cass nodded. “Okay.” Dean slipped his shirt off and unbuttoned his trousers. “Okay.”



# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

HERE IS THE SMUT!!!

Dean dropped his trousers to the floor, and Cass unbuttoned his own and oooched them off of his body. They were only in their underwear now, and Dean could see the bulge in Cass's boxers. He bit his lip. "Top or bottom?" Cass looked at him, and then at the size of Dean's bulge in his boxers. For a moment, he almost said top, but then he thought about how full, how tight, what a wet squeeze it would be to have Dean Winchester inside him. "Bottom." Dean bit his lip harder. "Okay." He waved his wand and conjured up some lube. "Okay." He crawled back onto the bed, gently dragging his own crotch over Cass's thighs. Cass moaned. Dean looked up at him with those vibrant green eyes. "Can I take them off?" He gestured to Cass's boxers. Cass nodded. And Dean took those long, bony fingers, and slipped them into Cass's waistband. He tugged lightly, and Cass's boner happily sprung free. It bobbed, touching his stomach, leaving a little precum on the curls. Dean shivered in anticipation. Then, he removed his own boxers. He bent low over Cass's body, and at first, Cass thought he was going to rut him, but no, he just wanted a kiss. The kiss was rough, wet, and it made Cass's boner twitch a little. Dean spread some lube on his fingers and then carefully, oh so carefully, he pressed the first digit of his index finger against Cass's hole. Cass gasped into his mouth and in his moment of distraction, Dean pushed in a little further. He worked that finger around a little, just the first digit, until he could push it in a little more. When he worked up enough to get the second finger, he started massaging inside Cass. Cass groaned and bit his lip. When Dean could piston three fingers in and out no problem, with Cass whining like an old car engine, he lubed up his cock, and placing a hand on either side of Cass's head, he started to ease himself inside. They made eye contact, and slowly, Dean seated himself in to the hilt. Cass gasped and clawed at the duvet, trying hard not to cry with both pain and pleasure. Dean looked at him concernedly. "Did I hurt you?" Cass bit his lip and shook his head. "No, just—ahh—move!" Dean rocked very slowly and Cass moaned. Then, with a long, agonizing drag, he pulled out, and sank back in. Cass thrust up against him, throwing his head back. Dean took that opportunity to mouth at his throat. Slow out, quick in. Dean moaned with Cass. It felt so good in Cass, wet, tight, like nothing he had ever felt before. Dean wondered through the waves of pleasure if this was what heaven felt like. Then, he found Cass's prostate. Cass went from cupping his face a little to clawing at his hair. "OH GOD! Nuahhh! Dean!" Dean grinned. Then he thrust back in and ran his cock across the prostate again. That was all that Cass could handle. With a few quick tugs between his legs, he came, the warm gush spurting across his and Dean's chests. Dean wasn't far behind. He came as well, just as he pulled out to go back in, and the first few ropes lanced across Cass's torso, and then as he sank himself back in with a cry, he came inside Cass. The rush was so hot, so erogenous, so overwhelming, two tears pooled in his eyes. The waves kept coming as Dean kept thrusting, and as the high began to cease, he pulled all the way out. His

cum dribbled a little on the blanket and he flopped next to Cass, kissing him gently. Cass's final wave of pleasure ended with a soft moan. Then the two of them lay there. After a moment, Cass lazily waved his wand, cleaning up the mess, and Dean pulled the blanket over the two of them. And they slept.

Dean awoke to someone screaming his name. It wasn't a call, or the erotic cries that he had just heard from Cass last night. No, it was a frantic, terrified, earsplitting scream for him. And it was coming from Sam. Dean shot up, waking Cass. He grabbed his clothes, and in his rush, he grabbed Cass's tie instead of his. Cass saw him running out the door. "Dean?" Dean looked at him horrified. Then Cass heard the screaming. And his face turned so white, Dean could have sworn he was dead. Dean threw on his clothes and ran outside. Sam was running down from the castle. He was okay, for a moment, Dean's heart relaxed. But as he got closer, he saw that he was bleeding, and there was a 1967 Chevy Impala parked up on the castle lawn. Dean's heart bottomed out. Sam reached Dean and the look of panic in his eyes was apparent. "DEAN!" Dean caught him. "Sam, what is it?!" Sam pointed to the car. "Dad is here, and he is pissed as hell. Michael Novak and him are both in the headmaster's office now." He looked at Dean. "God you need a shower. You smell like sex." Sam's eyes darted to the Hufflepuff tie looped loosely around Dean's neck. And his face fell. "Oh no." Dean glared. "What do you mean oh no?" Sam shook his head. "You don't understand. I don't care you fucked Cass. Thumbs up, but dad, he isn't just here because he wants to know about your schooling. He's here because of your relationship with Cass." Sam sucked in a breath. "And when he sees you like this, well, if he wasn't going to pull us out before he will now." Dean saw the look of panic in his eyes reflected in Sam's. "Oh no." Sam waved his wand and the tie turned red and gold, Dean's shirt tucked itself in, and his hair combed itself. He suddenly smelled like books and fresh parchment. Then just as Cass emerged clean and clothed from the hole in the ground, Sam grabbed them and started to run. They made it to the great hall, panting and puffing. Professor Mills looked at the boys sadly. And then with a polite nod to Sam, she took Dean and Cass by the arms, and led them to the headmaster's office.

## Chapter 12

Dean hadn't been the headmaster's office since he secured private fear management lessons for Sam. Then it seemed warm and comforting. But now, as he stepped through the door, it seemed like a cold snap had fallen. The first thing he saw was Michael Novak. He was standing prim and proper like in his three piece suit. His wand was out, twirling between his fingers. He gave Dean a look of utter contempt. The next thing he saw was Headmaster Singer. His face was sad, and he couldn't seem to meet Dean's eyes. The third and final thing Dean saw was his father. It was like he had emerged from a dark wardrobe, not unlike the boggart that had haunted Dean for years. He leaned against the headmaster's desk. He carried no wand. He wasn't magic. He was human, he was just a man. Yet he was more terrifying than the greatest wizard of all time. Dean could smell the whiskey from the other side of the room, and his knuckles already sported a little blood. Dean new by the freshness that it was Sam's. He felt his heart jolt. And then John Winchester spoke. "Dean Winchester." He said it softly, but it was so dangerous, like panther stalking its prey. Dean didn't answer. So John said it again. There was no softness this time, he screamed it. "DEAN WINCHESTER!" Dean jumped. His eyes were already burning. "Yes sir?" John Winchester sneered at him. "Who the fuck do you think you are boy!? I send you to this dumbass magic school so you can turn a teacup into a ferret, But when you come here, you don't learn. You don't study. I don't give a damn what you are doing here. I don't care whether you pass your classes, fail them, or turn your brother into a newt. I don't give a fucking shit. But when I hear you are fucking a boy? When I hear you are some fucking faggot, well tell me what you think I was going to do." Dean swallowed hard, but he still didn't speak. In a sudden rush, John ran forward and slammed his fist into Dean's jaw. Dean crumpled to the ground and Headmaster Singer grabbed John by the arms. "HEY! I don't care who you are, nobody assaults a student at my school." John turned around and looked at him with terrible eyes. "He is my son; I will assault him all I want. Now let me go." Headmaster singer only tightened his grip. "I'm sorry, but no." Dean stood up. His lip was bleeding. "No. Let him go." Cass looked at him, horrified. Dean shot him a glance that said it's alright. Headmaster Singer looked at Dean. "Don't do this boy." Dean shook his head. "Let him go." Headmaster Singer sighed. And then with a shove, he released John Winchester. He stumbled forward, and though nobody else saw it, Cass saw Dean tighten his calves and ball up his hands. He was ready. John rolled his shoulders and laughed. "That wasn't wise." Dean bit his bleeding lip and didn't say a word. Then, as John came in for an uppercut, Dean ducked to the side and landed a punch in John's ribs. John gasped a little and smirked. Dean didn't speak, but his face hardened. Michael Novak watched interestedly. John ducked in again, trying to sweep Dean's leg. Dean jumped and landed a hard punch on John's face. John shook his head and roared. "COME ON!" Dean rolled his shoulders and stayed silent. John Winchester pulled back, faked a punch, and swept Dean's leg. Dean dodged the faked punch, but the leg sweep caught him. He landed on his back with a thud. His head cracked against the wood floor. John Winchester stood before him. He knelt on either side of Dean's head and began to beat him. He punched him and punched him, and even though Headmaster Singer tried to step in, Dean only shouted, "NO! LET HIM!" And John Winchester beat Dean until he thought he wouldn't be able to see. When Cass, who was sobbing, thought he was finally dead, John stood. He wiped the blood off of his knuckles and took a sip from a flask. "Faggot." He smiled. "Sodomizer."

He wiped his face. "You know, any other father, he would kick your sorry ass out. Sammy's too. But I'm not any other father. So you're coming home. You and Sammy. And I will make you normal. You like boys? How about I beat it out of you?" Dean stiffened at Sam's name. John nodded. "Yeah, Sammy too. Better to nip it early. I don't like that Gabriel character. Or Lucy or whatever the hell." At the thought of Sam enduring what Dean endured, he stood up. It hurt so badly tears squeezed out of his swollen eyes, but he stood anyway. And with a slurred voice he finally spoke to his father. "Don't you dare touch Sammy." His father looked at him. "It speaks." He grinned. "And you and Sam? You two are my children, and I will raise you in the way I think is right. And you couldn't even stop me when you were in peak form. Now you're beat and bloody, you think you can stop me?" Dean shook his head. "It doesn't matter how beat up I am." He straightened up and tightened his stance. "I will always fight you." His jaw hardened. "Always." John stepped forward, and Dean whispered Sam's name and then with one firm sucker punch to the face, John Winchester crumpled to the ground. Dean was on him in a minute, beating him like there was no tomorrow. Then he felt Cass's hands dragging him off. Cass was hysterical. He was sobbing and hiccupping, screaming what seemed like a combination of Dean's name and the word stop. Dean pulled back and then with one strong kick, John Winchester went out cold.

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Notes

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

Michael Novak had been watching all this unfold interestedly. He flicked his pocket watch open and closed, watching the events unfold with a cold glare. And when Dean kicked his father out cold, Michael finally stepped forward. “That will do.” Headmaster Singer looked at him, annoyed. “Excuse me, Novak, but you don’t have the jurisdiction to make calls around here.” Michael raised an eyebrow at him. Headmaster Singer smiled mockingly. “Yeah, you think you’re cute, but don’t forget boy, I know why you are at the ministry, I know what you did and who you did it to, and I know you better than you think. So why don’t you keep your snide glances to yourself?” Michael didn’t speak, but his face hardened. Headmaster Singer shook his head, irritated, and muttered, “Idjit.” under his breath. Michael flicked his pocket watch again. He looked at Dean for a second, and then his steel gaze shifted to Castiel. Dean could feel Cass shrink beside him. Michael bit his lip and spoke. “Castiel, is what Mr. Winchester was saying true?” Cass was shaking. Dean shot him a look that said, It’s okay to lie. But Cass straightened up. “Yes Michael. It’s all true.” Cass’s hand grabbed onto Dean’s, and he squeezed. “I love him.” Dean sucked in a breath. That was the first time Cass had said he loved him. In the night, when they lay together in the hollow, and Cass was asleep, Dean had whispered it. But Cass hadn’t heard. Dean pulled Cass close to him. “I love him too Mr. Novak.” Michael seemed to be on the verge of a tender moment, but when he opened his mouth; his voice was cold and harsh. “Castiel, let go of his hand.” Cass gripped Dean tighter. “Why?” Michael drew his wand, and Headmaster Singer started forward. Michael looked at him. “This boy is my charge, and I will speak to him.” Headmaster Singer stopped but his hand fingered his own wand. Michael turned back to Cass. “Castiel, let go of his hand.” Cass bit his lip harder, and though Dean held him like a vise, he slipped his fingers away. Dean almost cried out in humiliation and pain at the feeling of Cass slipping though his fingers. But it only came out as a small whimper. Michael looked angry now. “Come here.” Cass was crying now, his face was wet and his voice was cracked. But he went. Dean did cry out now. “CASS NO!” But before Cass could answer, Michael grabbed hold of him, and with a turn, disappeared.

Dean crunched to the floor. His knees slammed into the wood and bruised. “CASS!” Headmaster Singer was cursing. “I should have seen that coming!” Dean suddenly remembered Gabriel and Luci. And scrambling to his feet he ran down the stairs to the Great Hall, where he had last seen Gabe. And there he was the very corner of his robe rounding the corner. Dean sped up and saw him and Luci on the lawn. Dean caught up and his frantic look didn’t need explaining. Gabriel obviously knew. “I’m sorry Dean.” Dean looked at him wild eyed. “What for?” Gabriel started to explain, but Luci shook his head. “Gabe, no. We can’t waste time. We don’t want him to be any angrier than he is.” Gabriel bit his lip and nodded. And then with a rough embrace to Dean, and a whisper in his ear, he jogged over to Luci, caught his hand, and the two of them apparated. And Dean was left alone, standing in the courtyard, bleeding from his wounds, Gabriel’s last words still ringing in his ears. “Say goodbye to Sam for me.”

## Chapter End Notes

THIS IS NOT THE END!!!

The story will be continued in a second book, I Would Follow!!!

I cut here because it's really a two part story, and the titles mash up great. I mean, If You Call My Name, I Would Follow!

YAY

anyway, yell at me if you want, but it is continued!

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