

Hunter. Hunted. Hunter.

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by [Nootussy](#)

Summary

When Castiel raised Dean from his perdition; being treated as a scientific play thing by a demonic pack of wolves; the last thing he's expecting is to find his mate in the once-human werewolf, let alone that he is an omega.

Dean has gone from one of the most powerful monster hunters to the very thing he once hunted. The wolves that did this to him abused and tormented him, until one day he's rescued. He has to learn how to be the monster he's become, and everything that comes with it. As he grows, Dean will have to face his brother again and eventually face his captors once more.

---Tags may be added as I go along. Also, canon typical violence, but I put graphic descriptions just to be sure.---

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Castiel shook back his dark fur, stepping from paws onto feet as he shifted. He was coming up to a dead end- the last dead end- in the barracks that spread below Azazel's pack.

So far he and the other pack warriors from his own territory had found eight wolves, each in varying levels of depravity. But from what he could scent, this one was teetering so close to the edge that he wasn't sure if he'd even be able to save him.

He could only hope.

This was the wolf that they had originally come here for. Once a strong, human, hunter of the dangerously supernatural, Dean Winchester had disappeared off the face of the earth, with the odd rumour that he'd been turned and taken by Azazel's pack.

Padding up to the cage on the balls of his feet, Castiel took his first glance at what could once have been a fine wolf.

Light brown fur was darkened with dirt, soot and dried blood. One of his ears had a tear that didn't look to be healing properly and his coat was dull and thin, doing little to warm his seemingly frail body.

A collar was pulled tight around his throat, rubbing off chunks of fur and leaving bald patches of reddened skin. The panting wheeze he let out with each breath had the alpha wolf within Castiel whining.

Letting his footsteps grow ever so louder, so as to not startle Dean with a sudden appearance, Castiel began to move forward, edging closer and closer towards the bars of the cage that was holding the poor wolf prisoner.

He had intended to rouse him gently, but Gabriel's echoing footsteps thumping towards him quickly changed those plans.

The acrid stench of fear filled Castiel's nose when Dean opened his terrified green eyes to the noise.

He barely managed to stumble to his paws, bony sides heaving with even just that small exertion. His hackles rose as he sunk his head down to protect the soft flesh of his neck and underbelly, and he pinned his ears back against his head, lips pulling up into a low growl. Those tired, yet still piercing sage green eyes locked onto Castiel, trying to level him with a stare.

"Did you find him Cassie?" Gabriel asked, half shouting, as he rounded the last corner to trot down the hall to where Castiel and Dean were.

“Gabe, shut up.” Castiel hissed, watching as Dean’s eyes changed targets, now staring, and growling, down Gabriel.

He could probably smell the alpha wolf on both of them, and judging by the state of him, he most likely didn’t have the best track record when it came to other wolves, let alone alphas.

Castiel held up his hands in a symbol of peace, tilting his chin up and to the side to expose his neck- a sign of trust and submission amongst the wolves- and slowly lowered until his knees where one with the harsh stone beneath him. Meanwhile he was sending Gabriel a dirty look telling him to follow suit.

“We’re here to help you Dean.” Castiel spoke, eying the wolf and hoping for some kind of positive reaction from him.

He dipped his head lower but his ears perked forward just a tad. The scent of fear thinned out a little, but not entirely. He was listening but was still sceptical.

Then, as if his battery had finally run dry, Dean’s heaving chest slowed some and he crumpled to the floor, unable to keep himself standing for any longer.

Both Castiel and Gabriel ran forward, putting as much of their respective strengths into breaking the lock on the cage door and together they lifted Dean’s wolf, who was far too light for an adult wolf of his size.

The car ride was long and quiet, which only caused Castiel’s wolf to pace anxiously within him at Dean’s stillness and terrified scent. The same scent that had been hovering around him since Castiel first picked it up.

And while that scent was the biggest of his concerns at the moment, the metallic hint of Gabriel’s blood didn’t do anything to help calm his beast. They, along with many other warriors from their pack had fought their way through the legions of wolves in Azazel’s pack, leaving most of them dead or injured.

Many of their own had been injured, Gabriel one, and a few had died, although Castiel was glad that the number stopped at two.

Uriel and Zach had been good fighters and their efforts would be remembered, but if Castiel were to be honest, he was glad that it was those two whom they had lost. Uriel had betrayed them once in the past, and Zach attempted to gain too much control for his rank as a gamma wolf. They had never seemed truly loyal to their pack.

That aside, Gabriel still had blood matted in his hair at the side of his head, the bite wound at the base of his skull only just beginning to heal over. But he was strong, and well enough to drive them back to the pack house.

“How’s he doing back there Cassie?”

Still in his fur, Dean had stayed sprawled and unconscious in the same spot that the two had rested him in after carrying him out from the barracks. His breaths were still laboured, but they were now lacking the choked wheeze as the collar that had been pulled tight against his throat was now long gone.

“He’s still out.” Castiel took a purposeful huff of the air around him, trying to scent anything on Dean other than fear and pain. “And I still can’t get a proper scent on him yet. I can’t even pick up his designation, other than that it’s just-”

He couldn’t continue. Never before had he come across a wolf so traumatised that their natural scent couldn’t be picked up.

“Yeah Cassie, I know. It’s all dark isn’t it?” Gabriel filled in for him.

“Yeah,” Castiel said, returning his focus to Dean as their vehicle slowed to a stop.

Gabriel tossed himself from the front seat and rounded the car to open the door on the side that Dean was laying.

Hesitantly, Castiel reached out a hand, carting his fingers through the fur at the nape of Dean’s neck. He whined and cracked an eye open to glance at Castiel.

“We’ll make sure you’re safe.” He whispered, causing Dean’s eyes to close once more.

With the help of Gabriel and Hannah, one of their other warriors, Castiel got Dean’s wolf out from the back seat and settled onto a stretcher that had been brought out.

When Hannah and another of the pack’s gammas started to carry Dean off, Castiel followed close behind, but he was stopped when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Gabriel.

“Cassie, brother, we need you here. You know they’ll take care of him.”

“Yeah.” Castiel responded, resigned. Still, his wolf urged him to continue on following them. Shoving that impulse down, he spared one last glance in Dean’s direction before turning back to help the field of returning warriors before him. There were other wolves in need of help.

With numbers taken, and injured wolves assessed, Gabriel finally gave Castiel and his twitchy wolf the okay to head into the infirmary.

“How are they,” Castiel asked as the two walked in.

“They’ve been wolfsbaned.” Anna spoke with her usual cold professionalism, however her eyes did twitch with displeasure at the matter.

“All of them?” Gabriel asked from where he was standing beside Castiel. There was a slight growl to his voice, the bristling need to protect. Not that Castiel could blame him, as he was

holding back an angry rumble of his own.

“Not all of them,” Anna said, *thank god*, as she began to walk past the bed, “But of the nine you guys brought in today, there were four in total. Two of them- Garth and Bess here- only had trace amounts of it in their systems.” She stopped to point the two out.

They were curled up in one another’s arms. One, presumably Garth, had a spindly build with mousy hair and a high bridged nose that was tucked into the blonde hair of Bess. She had a rounder face and had her head resting against Garth’s chest. Guessing from the fact that their scents seemed to twist around one another in a warm harmony, Castiel assumed the two were most likely mates.

“Charlie had enough to get her properly under its influence, but with a few days of rest she should be back on her feet.” Anna continued, stopping by a bed occupied by a young beta female. Her hair was long and fiery red, her face soft as she slept.

“Dean’s the one I’m concerned about here.” She said as she stepped around to the last bed in the line. “Whatever the dose was that he was hit with, I’m honestly surprised that he’s made it as far as he has. We managed to get him to wake up once so far, but he wasn’t exactly lucid. I had Benny in here at the time, and thankfully he managed to get him to shift back into his skin.”

“At least that’s something right?” Gabriel asked.

“I guess you could put it that way.” Anna said as she pulled back the curtain that had been blocking Dean from their view.

Gabriel and Anna walked forward, continuing to talk about the man that lay before them. But Castiel was frozen where he stood. The scent that reached his nose was so many things. It still held that fear and pain from before, but now it had so, so much more. It was deep and woodsy and warm. He smelt of leather and sunlight and something indescribably sweet that had Castiel huffing for another breath. He’d never known those scents to be so amazing until now, and now, it seemed as if it were made for him.

Castiel let his eyes drag across Dean’s form where it peaked out from beneath the blankets covering him. There was a faint dusting of freckles across his forearms and cheeks. His eyelashes were long and thick, resting closed against his cheeks, and his scruffy hair was a pale shade of brown. The wisps of a tattoo could be seen just below his collar bone, however most of it was covered.

With another breath in, Castiel nearly fell over at the scent of him. He was an omega, a damn strong omega, and he was gorgeous.

“Isn’t that right Cassie?”

He felt like he could hear Gabriel, but it didn’t seem like his mind was making the connections.

“Cassie?”

Firm hands took a hold of Castiel's shoulders, giving him a decent shake to capture his attention. He felt his hands shaking.

"Hey, what's going on with you man?" Gabriel asked, cupping his face to force Castiel's gaze towards him. "What's up-wait."

Gabriel was studying Castiel's face closely, looking around as if double checking something. He didn't miss it when Castiel's eyes went back to Dean's form.

"You're not? You haven't?" Gabe was obviously baffled. "He's your mate isn't he?"

Castiel could do little more than nod, his entire body wired and wanting to run from this new feeling, yet also wanting to run towards the injured and drugged omega before him. To comfort and protect him. To help heal him.

To be with his mate.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Dean wakes up

Chapter Notes

Dean thinks back to what happened at Azazel's pack. It isn't graphic but its still not happy.

The fever was the worst part of it all. The heat that grasped onto each nerve ending wanted nothing but to suffocate and destroy and to turn him into something he wasn't. Something he couldn't be.

He was a hunter. A Winchester. He couldn't let himself become this. He couldn't become the very thing he hunted.

Except he'd already let himself become this. He'd done it for Sammy, that's what he had to remember. He'd let this happen so that Sammy wouldn't become this. So that he could live as close to a normal life as possible.

That's what he told himself on loop.

He'd done this for Sammy.

When his brain realised that he was actually awake, Dean could feel the mugginess that softened his senses, like wet cotton wool shoved in his nose and ears. The dull ache that throbbed in his limbs was a welcome change compared to the pain that he'd gotten used to feeling over the past few months.

Had it been months? It felt like forty years, but it could have been days for all Dean knew. He settled on months, a middle ground he supposed.

He was warm, which was nice, and the surface beneath him was plush and had give when he moved. He clearly wasn't on the cold stone he'd grown accustomed to. And he wasn't sure whether or not the change of location was a good thing.

And there was this scent that managed to overpower the fog over his senses.

It was powerful and it filled his nose and the little crevices in his brain. It was a summer night just before the thunderstorm hit. Fresh eucalyptus rubbed straight from the leaf. It was warm and clean and perfect.

Dean groaned when he opened his eyes, the dim light a little too much for his weary eyes.

“Dean?”

It had been so long since he'd heard his actual name be used, let alone in a tone that was so gentle and warm. And concerned?

“Dean, how are you feeling?” The voice the words belonged to was deep and had a silky rumble behind it that just scratched a certain something in his mind. He rolled so he could face the owner of that voice. And if his senses had anything to say about it, the source of that scent.

He sat in a chair close to the side of the bed that Dean was laying in, leaning forward just so, so that he could get the top half of his body ever so closer to where Dean was. Bright, blue eyes were clouded in well meaning concern, dark hair roughly spiked up and out of his face. There were shadows beneath the man's eyes that showed a short term lack of sleep.

There was something there, in that look of discomfort, that had the beast that now prowled constantly within Dean's mind to whine with sadness and worry.

Dean swatted it away.

“Who are you?” He asked, voice rusty with disuse.

“I found you locked away under Azazel's pack, I brought you here.” The blue eyed man said.

The memories of what the last pack of wolves had done to him were still fresh, and they flashed across his mind in a sick screening, making both himself and his beast stand on edge.

The bite that had dragged him to the ground, that had turned him into this. The burning sickness as the wolf took over. The blades that the pack's 'scientist' had used upon him. The cold floors. The drug induced haze that had filled his consciousness at every waking moment.

If that was what they did to him, what could these guys do? What would they want him for?

Pushing himself up from the soft comfort of the bed, Dean put as much distance between himself and the man as he could. The room was long but it still felt like he'd been backed into a corner.

He wasn't going to let himself get trapped and caged again.

The cornered feeling wasn't helped when he saw another were coming towards him. This one was blond, he was shorter but had clear muscle definition across his shoulders. His hazel eyes looked worried, but Dean wasn't about to let that fool him.

Each bone cracked with the shift from skin to fur, and at the speed that Dean pushed it, it wasn't the least painful of movements. But he had no weapons nearby, he hadn't for quite a while now, so the claws and fangs that he had access to would have to do.

Hackles raised, Dean glared down at the two weres before him. The sweet smelling blue eyed one and the blond, shorter one.

They were here to catch him again. Here to hurt and drug him and tie him down to cold, dirty floors.

They probably wanted to experiment on him, like the demons of the last place had. They wanted to see what it was that made him, a human turned monster, tick. He wouldn't let them. Couldn't let them.

Dean snapped his jaws at the blond one when he took another step towards him. He quickly faltered, sending the blue eyed one a pointed look that Dean couldn't quite read.

The blue eyed one held out a hand, silently telling the blond to stay put, before he stepped forward.

Dean tried to pull the same stunt as before, snapping his teeth together and letting out a low growl, but this time, it didn't scare the man off.

If anything, it just encouraged him forward. And with him came the warm thunderstorm scent that had been haunting him since he'd awoken. Dean wanted to hate it. He wanted its owner to turn and leave. Dean wanted to leave. But something in that smell was addictive and wasn't going to let him turn away.

Still, he kept his eyes on the threat before him.

The man shifted with his next step, making it look as simple as breathing. One moment he was a human man, with tan skin and loose track pants, next thing he was a wolf. His fur was glossy black like his hair when he was in his skin. His eyes still the same shade of hypnotising blue.

As the wolf grew closer, Dean was growing more and more on edge, his muscles tensing, heartbeat racing and eyes narrowing. He wasn't going to let a pair of pretty eyes and an intoxicating scent overwhelm him. He wasn't about to roll over.

He was about ready to jump into an attack of teeth and claws when the black wolf stopped before him and dropped to the ground, muzzle resting against his paws, eyes staring hopefully up at Dean. When Dean did nothing more than pull back in shock, the wolf at his feet whined and wiggled forward on his belly until his warm breath was huffing over his paws.

The gesture made Dean's inner beast swoon. That made Dean want to throw up.

Dean glanced up at the hazel eyed one who was still in his human form, and saw that he'd moved back a good few steps and was holding his hands up in a way that actually seemed

non-threatening.

He let his growl quieten down until it had diminished, which earned him a happy huff of air from the other wolf, who upon gaining Dean's attention once again, rolled onto his back, his head thrown back to expose the soft underside of his neck. Dean's beast saw that other wolf's action for what it was.

Trust and submission.

A way of saying 'I won't hurt you.'

So Dean took the risk as believed what his wolf had to say. These men weren't here to hurt him.

It was like he could finally breathe again. Not having to worry about who or what would come for him in the next second. Dean finally let his muscles calm down and loosen. He let his hackles drop and ears perk up from where he had had them pinned back against his skull. And just like that, he was reminded of exactly how exhausted his body was.

The cottony feeling that had been blocking his senses when he woke up came back as his adrenaline peak began to decline. It didn't, however, cover the black wolf's scent.

Slowly, as to not provoke his aching muscles, Dean let himself lean forward, letting his wolf guide his nose into the soft fur of the other wolf's throat.

The fur was silky and warm and Dean could feel the movement of the wolf beneath him as he breathed. He was definitely the source of that scent, and Dean felt as if he could stay here for the next few hours. But he didn't quite see that as possible so, reluctantly, he pulled back and took a small step away before he dropped, wanting to both rest his legs and get that little bit closer to the black furred wolf.

The wolf rolled back onto his front, blue eyes piercing in a way that was only good. He sent a quick glance over his shoulder at the blond behind him, giving a silent command, before turning back to Dean.

Not a moment later, the blond came over with a pair of robes, dropping them down by the two wolves' front paws.

Dean watched as the black one shifted first, catching a quick glance of smooth, muscled skin before it was covered up once more with the soft looking robe.

"My name's Castiel, by the way," He said. Picking up Dean's robe, he held it out to him, an offering, "Can you shift for us? I'd like to get to know you."

Dean stood and stretched through a stiff shift, quickly grabbing for the robe in Castiel's hand.

"Thanks."

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Castiel's perspective of chapter 2 plus some chatting at the end.

“I found you locked away under Azazel’s pack. I brought you here.” Castiel spoke matter-of-factly, hoping that he would answer Dean’s question.

It did not, however, have that effect apparently.

The layered woods like scent that had been lazily rolling around the omega suddenly went harsh, the bitter notes of smoke and burned tobacco stinging at Castiel’s nose. That cloying smokieness reminded him of one of the few scents that had actually made it through the thick cloak of wolfsbane from when he and Gabriel had first picked him up. It was the scent of fear. The scent of prey that had been backed into a corner. And if Dean’s following actions said anything, the tobacco scent indicated something along the lines of anger, or aggression, or simple, sheer panic.

Dean managed to shove himself out from under the covers in one blinking movement, trying valiantly to reach the door at the other end of the room. He was, however, met by a very shocked looking Gabriel on his way there, which only seemed to add to the panic in his eyes and the fear in his scent.

Upon seeing that he was trapped- he wasn’t trapped really, they would let him run if that was what he wanted, but that didn’t matter since he only saw himself as trapped- he took his best option of defence.

In a second flat, Dean had shifted into his fur, golden brown hackles rising along his back and shoulders, ears pinning back, flat against his skull as he growled, low and dangerous, towards both Gabriel and Castiel.

Gabriel moved first. He took a hesitant step towards Dean, but got a harsh snap of the teeth in warning. The message of ‘don’t even think of coming near me,’ as clear as day.

Castiel, upon seeing his brother’s taken aback expression, held out a hand towards him, a silent move telling him to ‘stay behind me.’

Gabriel nodded.

With his first step came the same warning snap from Dean’s wolf, but it only encouraged his beast to move forward.

If his omega, his mate, were this upset, then he simply had to do something to fix it. Or to at least earn his trust. So Castiel kept on moving.

Right as a flicker of conflicted emotion crossed both Dean's eyes and scent, Castiel shifted in one fluid step, landing upon four dark paws.

Dean's growls grew louder, more frantic, telling Castiel to back down. Castiel's wolf heard it as pleading for him to do nothing more than fix it. Castiel listened.

Dean's scent sharpened, prepared to attack, so Castiel took his, potentially insane, chance, and dropped to his belly, nose outstretched to get as close to Dean's front paws as he could without actually touching him.

He huffed a breath of hot air onto Dean's toes.

The angry sharpness and the acrid scent of tobacco softened, but still, Dean jumped back a bit in surprise, clearly not having expected this exact move. Castiel whined low in his throat, staring up into Dean's soft green eyes, and wiggled forward on all fours until he closed the gap that had been made between the two of them. He huffed another breath onto the golden paws before him, watching and waiting for a more positive reaction.

Dean glanced up, most probably at Gabe, and his growl diminished almost entirely, which made Castiel's wolf practically beam with pride and joy.

They were getting somewhere.

Now just to show Dean that they truly meant him no harm.

Not thinking about the fact that Gabriel may beat him for his stupidity later on, Castiel rolled over onto his back and let his head loll back to show off his throat.

Dean may not have been a wolf for very long in his life, but his beast had to have seen Castiel's movement as the clear message that it was intended to be.

Dean hesitated for a moment, his scent growing softer as the seconds rolled on, before Castiel felt Dean's warm breath against his throat, his nose nuzzling at the fur of his neck, gentle like a mother with her pups, before pulling away.

When Castiel rolled over to his belly once more, he saw that Dean had dropped down beside him, their closeness making Castiel want to wag his tail like a love sick puppy. He almost did.

With a quick gesture of his muzzle, he asked Gabriel to bring over some of the gowns that were hung up throughout the infirmary, so that both he and DEan could shift back and not be completely nude.

Castiel mentally slapped his wolf when he seemed excited at the prospect of him and Dean not having to wear their robes when they shifted. It wasn't the time for that. Not yet.

Castiel shifted first, quickly tying the belt of the soft gown around his hips.

He was about to hold out Dean's when he realised that he still hadn't actually introduced himself. His previous answer to who he was was not the one Dean had been looking for.

"My name's Castiel, by the way." He said, finally holding the robe out to him like some sought of peace offering, "Can you shift so we can talk? We'd like to get to know you, and I know you'd want to know who we are."

Dean seemed to consider it for a second before he let his shift take him back into his skin. He grabbed at the offered garment and muttered a quick "Thanks," as he donned the garb.

With Dean somewhat settled back into the bed that he'd awoken in, and Gabriel gone now that he was happy that his brother wasn't about to get his throat torn out by a frightened and angry wolf, it was just Dean and Castiel left in the room.

"Why'd you do it Cas?" Dean asked, his tired voice breaking the comfortable silence that had fallen between the two. He didn't exactly have to specify what 'it' was, not to Castiel.

Taking a moment to mull over the question and come up with a good way of answering it, Castiel paused his thoughts for a moment.

Cas. It'd been a long while since someone had called him that. *Cas.*

He liked it, especially coming from Dean in that low and smooth voice.

"We knew a hunter had been turned, and originally we were just going to let you roam, choose whether you wanted a pack or not. Choose if you wanted to continue living as one of us with your background or if you wanted something... else." Castiel's wolf growled at the unspoken prospect of his newfound mate wanting to no longer be with this world. "But then we heard that you'd been picked up by Azazel's pack."

"I'd hardly call it 'being picked up.'" Dean scoffed, something much more profound than just distaste plastered across his face, his scent gaining a slight sour smokieness. Castiel reminded himself to ask Dean what had really happened, sometime when it wouldn't be as fresh for the man.

"They'd done bad things to wolves before. Many good wolves- strong men and women, alphas through to gammas, had gone missing only to return months, if not years, later with something in them fundamentally broken. I've heard of some who came out rogue, of course not long before they passed on." Even talking about it made the protective side of Castiel's alpha wolf whine with the loss. He'd never personally experienced a rogue wolf, but of the stories he'd heard? He hoped he never had to.

Now, Cas noticed, there was a sadness to Dean's scent and perhaps a worry- guilt maybe?

Castiel kept on talking.

“Gabriel and I only know of one wolf who was bitten being taken by them and they didn’t just break them. They *shattered* them.

“We couldn’t let that happen to you.”

“They didn’t pick me up.” Dean said, keeping his soft green eyes pointed down, lingering on the messy rumples of the bedsheets. “It was for Sammy. They were gonna get him and they were so close ya’ know?”

Cas took the name Sammy and tucked it away, knowing he’d have to ask at some point. That name clearly belonged to someone important if the way Dean had said it meant anything.

“They didn’t pick me up, Cas. They bit me and dragged me to their pack in the name of their science.”

Castiel had to bite back his growl.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dean meets Charlie.

It wasn't long until Dean succumbed to his exhaustion, the foggy feeling that had been hanging over him finally growing strong enough to pull him back under.

His sleep was restless, that he was used to at this point, but it was more comfortable than it had been in quite a while, the pillows beneath him soft, and the warm rain scent of Castiel soothing his wolf that had spent way too long on edge.

He still tossed and turned at the phantom nightmares, but when he woke up, he actually woke up with a fresh, clear mind.

He sat up slowly in the bed, looking around the room that he was situated in. Dim yet warm morning light filtered in through closed off blinds, and although the privacy curtains on either side of him were pulled most of the way closed, he could tell that he was alone. Castiel's scent only lingered softly in the air around him, Cas himself clearly not having been here in hours.

Hopefully he was getting his own sleep somewhere instead of sitting here and watching over Dean like a hawk.

Dean slipped out from beneath the sheets, his feet quietly landing upon the lino floors. Just as he was pulling the gown that he'd slipped into the night before closer to his body, he saw a small folded pile.

The black hoodie, dark jeans and simple grey tee smelt softly of warm sugar. While it wasn't Castiel's scent, it still had a certain aspect to it that made his wolf feel safe. Maybe it came from one of Cas's family members since it had a similar eucalyptus undertone to it. It was subtle but it was there.

Before too long, he was fully dressed in the gifted clothing and was padding out of the infirmary-esque room.

He moved slowly, taking in every aspect of the building that he was walking through. It was definitely sizable, but from what he'd seen so far he thought it didn't seem overly grandiose.

Stained wood columns lined the hallway, the areas at hand height rubbed away to reveal the bright raw oak beneath. There was carpet here, which despite its obvious age, felt soft beneath his bare feet. There were large windows along one wall, broken up by small sections

of wall and stained oak. They let in an extraordinary amount of sun, which warmed the areas of carpet that it touched.

The scent in here was strange. There were clearly a large number of wolves who walked down this hall daily and all the scents had melded together. It wasn't bad, it was just so different from what Dean had known before. It smelt like a happy pack, his beast provided.

There were a couple of scents, however, that stood out from the melded pack scent. The fresh yet sweet scent that had been on his clothes and Castiel's thunder and rain scent. The latter of which seeming to sing out to Dean and his hungry wolf.

He shoved his wolf down. He couldn't let a simple scent take so much control over him, not this easily. He ignored the yipping wolf in the back of his mind, much to its displeasure, and kept on walking, eager to explore, eager to see if they really were telling the truth when they said that they didn't want to hurt him.

The next door Dean came across was on the windowed side of the corridor. It was glass, like the windows on either side of it, with a fine brass handle. It led out onto a small balcony that overlooked the surrounding lands. With a quick jiggle to test it, Dean found that it was unlocked, and he slipped from the warm hall and out into the cool morning breeze of the balcony.

Judging by the new leaves starting to grow on the nearby trees, and the chilly bite that was still hanging in the air, it must have been early spring. After so long in the dungeons of Azazel's pack, the feel of fresh air on his face and in his hair was indescribable.

The fact that when he took a sniff of his surroundings, all he got was clean water and bark and new growth, made both him and his inner wolf want to climb down from this balcony and roll around in the grass in the sun.

He wanted to taste that freedom again. He wanted to feel the earth beneath his feet as he ran and hunted.

But when he swung his legs over the bannister, he couldn't help but pause. It felt like he was running away. Like he was leaving the first thing in years that seemed to actually care about him. Even his wolf whined at the prospect of leaving *Castiel*, the wolf that was somehow so alluring to Dean's beast, whose scent drove them both mad, who Dean had only known for a few hours now and somehow, he was already starting to grow attached to.

Starting to fall for.

Dean shook his head, pushing the thoughts back for what felt like the fiftieth time this morning. He promised his wolf that he was going to come back, that this was just a little excursion and he was going to return soon.

So, with a quick strip of his borrowed clothing, and a kick off of the not-so-high balcony edge, Dean let his wolf come forward in a soaring shift before he landed in the soft grass below, paws cushioning his impact.

God it felt so good to run. To feel the dirt and grass beneath his feet, to feel the wind in his fur. Even though he ran, he made sure to keep the pack house in his view the entire time. Dean's beast trusted that these wolves weren't going to force him here, but he still wanted to make them proud.

He wanted to show them that he wasn't going to bolt at the first given chance.

So, sticking close to the pack house, Dean let himself run.

The house was actually larger than he had thought it was going to be on the inside. It was a solid combination of logs and warm red brick and it spread across two levels. The balcony that Dean had leapt from before was surprisingly on the first level, held up above the slope of the hill beneath it with thick wooden beams.

There were a few chimneys along the pitched roof of the buildings, a couple of them sending soft plumes of smoke into the otherwise clear sky.

At the bottom of the slope beneath the balcony side of the house, was the shore of a decently sized lake that spread back and disappeared off into the trees. There was a little outcropping of land a good distance out in the water which was bathed in sunlight, a few trees scattered across it.

Trotting over to the grass by the waters edge, Dean let himself roll over in the sun, letting the heat warm his fur.

He was only there for a few minutes when a lively citrus scent reached his nose and approaching footsteps called his attention.

He wasn't sure if it was him, or his wolf that reacted with the initial panic, but it didn't really matter, not when he was already on his feet with his hackles raised.

Keeping his eyes glued on the woman before him, he studied every inch of her.

Her skin was pale and lightly freckled, and her hair was a crisp shade of red, which she had tucked neatly behind her ears.

When Dean took another quick sniff of the air, he couldn't help but let out a low growl. Her scent was familiar. He knew it from when *they* had him.

"Hey, hey, I don't wanna hurt you." She said, raising her hands a little. In one hand she held a robe similar to the one that he was given the night before. "I know your scent too. They had you locked down as well, yeah?"

As well?

Did she mean that she was also there? That she wasn't one of them?

Her body language softened, calming down a bit, probably because Dean no longer had his hackles raised and his teeth bared. And if he had his head tilted to the side a little, he was going to deny it if it was ever brought up to him.

“My name’s Charlie.” Both her voice and scent was happy as she sat down in the long grass a couple of metres away from Dean. She set the robe down between them. “I brought this incense you wanted to shift, but you look pretty happy as is, so you don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

Dean’s wolf preened at the offer, at the choices he was given. It felt nice having a genuine choice. So while he knew that he wanted to get to know Charlie eventually, he was happy to stay in his fur right now. He moved a tad closer to her before dropping into the grass once more.

When her hand first touched the fur between his ears, he jumped a little, startled at the touch. Charlie tugged her hand back with a softly spoken apology. Her fresh citrus scent dulled a bit with guilt or panic or something similar. And when she kept her hand to herself, Dean’s big paw of a wolf reached his muzzle over to nudge her legs, reassuring her that she could seek out comfort and that he wasn’t going to bite her fingers off.

Dean let his guard down- just a bit- as his new friend carted her fingers through his fur.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Is it a breakfast date or is Cas just thinking too hard about it??

Castiel headed straight to the infirmary when he awoke that morning, both him and his wolf wanting to see his mate.

But he wasn't there. The sheets were roughly strewn across the bed, but Dean was not beneath them. His scent hadn't exactly gone stale yet, but Cas could tell that he'd been gone for at least a half an hour.

Had he run?

Cas didn't want to keep Dean here against his will, but he was hoping that Dean's wolf would at least recognise something in the scent bond already forming between them, even if Dean himself didn't.

"Dean?" Cas' wolf was pacing at his omega's absence, stressing over where he may have gone, and if he was safe wherever that was.

He doesn't need me. Cas had to keep that memo going in his head. He had to remind his beast that omegas were strong, that *Dean* was strong. He wouldn't let something catch him again, would he?

Shaking himself off, Cas started to make his way out of the infirmary room, and into the sunlit hallway, following the soft trail of Dean's scent along the carpet and out onto one of the small balconies that was jutting out to look over the lake on their lands.

Cas could still smell Dean, he was still clearly nearby, but the gentle breeze had carried away the direct trail that he'd just been following. And even though he didn't know exactly where Dean was, Castiel's wolf still preened at the fact that Dean hadn't run. Hadn't abandoned him.

He moved forward on the balcony, coming to rest with his arms slung over the railing. He paid little notice to the rolled up hoodie and pair of jeans that were tucked into the corner where the bannister met the wall, before looking out over his lands.

The grass was long and the air still held a bit of the winter's chill, but his pack lands still looked perfect to Castiel. The lake's surface was almost dead flat, but there was the odd ripple of water here and there, from falling twigs and leaves hitting it.

And then, a good few metres away from the waters edge, Cas saw Dean's brilliant golden wolf stretched out in the grass, absorbing the mid-morning sun. The red headed woman they had rescued the same day as Dean, Charlie, her name was, was sitting in her skin beside him, her fingers occasionally playing with the fur between her ears.

They both looked more than content dozing in the sun, and Cas knew that Charlie meant Dean no harm, but he couldn't help but feel a sudden pang of jealousy at their proximity. His wolf nagged at him, telling Cas to go and show Charlie who Dean was to him, who the alpha was in this situation, but, thankfully, Cas was able to successfully shove that urge down, telling himself to turn back into the pack house.

The alpha wolf in him was happy that two of the newest wolves to the pack were happy and making friends with each other, that they had both healed since they were first brought in.

The fact that they had to heal in the first place still made Castiel's wolf rumble. Dean had said that they essentially *played* with them, used them and cut them and tortured them only to turn around in the end and call it science.

He knew that when he got his hands on whoever the unfortunate wolf that had done that to them, done it to Dean, they were going to suffer for a long, long time before they would be allowed to die.

Cas couldn't help but smile at the mere thought, and his wolf licked its chops in his mind.

Taking the long way through the pack house, Cas let both himself and his wolf cool off from those violent (yet oh so appealing) thoughts of ripping out the throats of Dean's tormentors, as well as soothe the panic that he'd felt earlier when he realised that Dean wasn't in his room.

As he walked past the dining hall, he saw that there were still a good handful of his pack seated around the large tables, digging into assorted breakfasts and lunches, from fresh fruits, to hot meals, to cereal and sandwiches. He couldn't help but wonder what Dean would prefer. Had he had breakfast this morning? Did he know where he could find a solid meal?

Sniffing at the air, Cas savoured the mouth watering scent of hot bacon, and he also picked up on the lack of Dean's scent, meaning that he hadn't been here this morning. Cas would have to show him where the dining hall was.

So, determined to make sure his mate was well fed, he kept on walking through the building until he was wandering out of the wide opened front doors and down the steps onto the gravel path before it.

A pair of gammas were seated off the side of the path, backs to the brick façade of the pack house. One had an animal skin in hand, cleaning and preparing it for curing. The other was tugging neat rows of delicate embroidery into a piece of dark fabric. They both looked up at Castiel as he walked past, dipping their heads in greeting.

“Good morning alpha.” They spoke in unison.

While there were a few alpha wolves in the pack, it was only Gabriel and Cas that held the title, as it was their family that was the leading alpha line. And while Gabriel, being the eldest, was the true Alpha of the pack, Cas was of the same blood, and the same strength, so many of the wolves called him alpha as well.

“Good morning Amelia, Cole.”

He nodded to each in turn as he returned their greeting. He continued on, rounding the pack house and greeting his fellow pack mates until he reached the sloping land that ran down to the lake.

He could get a true sense of Dean’s scent here, instead of the vague hint he’d gotten from the breeze when he was up on the balcony. He was happy and content, an almost sweet, apple like scent coming through amongst the otherwise earthy notes that he usually picked up on.

Dean had rolled away from Charlie in the time it had taken for Cas to get here, and when he caught a scent of Cas, Dean’s head perked up from where it was laying in the long grass.

Cas could have sworn he’s seen a wolfy sort of smile cross over him before he stood and stretched, shaking out his golden brown fur.

His wolf looked healthier than it had when he first saw him. While there were still a couple of scars on his muzzle as well as the niche in his ear and patchy fur in some spots, he stood more sure of himself, weight easily distributed among all four paws. His fur had already started to take on a glossier sheen after only a week of being here.

Seeing his mate growing stronger and healthier simply felt good to Cas. His wolf was content that he was doing a good job of taking care of him.

Dean stood and gave Charlie a gentle nudge as he walked past and towards Castiel.

He was quite a large wolf when he stood up to his full height, not quite as big as Cas and Gabe were, but he was definitely larger than the average wolf. His muscles, while not at their full potential yet, were smooth and strong, rippling beneath skin and soft, golden brown fur as he trotted up the small hill. He wagged his tail just a bit before he plonked himself into a sit at Castiel’s side, those soft, sage eyes looking right up into his face.

Cas was cautious when he reached a hand out to touch the fur between Dean’s ears, and when Dean didn’t pull away, or even flinch, and his scent remained happy and content, Cas let himself run his fingers through the velveteen fur, much to his own wolf’s glee.

“I was worried that you’d gone.” Cas confessed, “You weren’t there and I thought that you’d either run or been taken from me.”

Taken from me? Did he really just say that? Hell of a way to sound possessive right there.

“I never want you to feel trapped here,” He added as a precaution, “but I couldn’t help but think of the worst.”

Dean sent him a saddened look, his scent hinting at a slight guilt.

“It’s not your fault, please know that Dean.” Cas didn’t like smelling guilt on his mate, especially when there was nothing for him to be guilty over. He changed the subject, wanting to turn that scent back to its previous soft contentment, “Anyway, I’m glad to see you’re making friends, but I was wondering if you’d accompany me to breakfast?” Cas tried to force down the heat that was blooming across his cheeks and around his ears, but he wasn’t too sure if he was all that successful.

Was he going into this too fast?

He was answered, however, with the thumping of Dean’s tail in the grass, his ears perked up at the mention of food.

Cas took that as a yes.

“Okay, we’ll get you a change of clothes and I’ll show you to the dining hall?”

Another wolfy nod and tail wag was all the encouragement Cas needed before he lead dean to the pack house doors.

It turned out that Dean had jumped from the balcony earlier, and that the rough bundle of clothes that Cas had momentarily noticed up there, was his. Somehow, from the little that he knew of Dean at this point, this fact didn’t really surprise him as much as he thought it should have.

Dean’s pale brown hair was still ruffled from where he’d pulled the hoodie on, but it was a beautiful sight regardless, and Cas had to actively try to not stare.

The two of them were tucked into a corner of the room, away from the few other wolves finishing their morning meals and those beginning their lunches.

Cas had chosen a bowl of granola with some spring fruit, whereas Dean had gone for a grease laden plate consisting of bacon, eggs and toast. Frankly, the runny yolks that he was dipping his toast in made Cas screw his lip up. When he had eggs, they had to be fully cooked, with absolutely no exceptions.

“Cas, this is great,” Dean said, before taking another bite of his bacon. His scent at this point was that of pure, unadulterated joy. And his straight toothed smile only added to that. His happiness made Cas soften from nervous to being simply content.

“We have food here for each meal of the day, so you’re free to come here whenever you want.”

That only made Dean’s face light up even more over his bacon, “Really?”

“Yes, really. Not all of the pack will be here, sometimes the families like to cook their own meals separately, but any wolf is welcome here.”

Dean's scent started to dull again, and he shot his eyes down to his plate, swallowing deeply at the mention of families.

"You've got a family out there don't you Dean?"

He nodded, his scent shuddering along the lines of guilt, sadness and grief, yet his face remained a cool, neutral mask.

"Did you wanna talk about it?" Cas asked softly, his wolf desperately wanting to reach out and sooth the omega.

"Yeah, I guess. But," Dean glanced over Cas's shoulder, eyeing the other pack members in the room, "Not here?" He asked, almost as if he were going to be denied that simple request.

"Of course Dean."

They stood, and Cas led the way, guiding Dean through the pack house to the more private end where he and Gabriel's offices were. There was another balcony here that also reached out to face the lake, but it was more tucked away than any of the others.

He pulled the door open, and let Dean walk out first, before following behind, gently letting the door close behind him.

Dean had his arms leaning against the bannister, his eyes cast down and his scent clouded with sadness, with grief. Castiel joined him there, and the two of them stood there for a long while in companionable silence before Dean finally spoke.

"They were after Sammy. I still don't know why. But I couldn't let them take him, ya know? He was all I had. He's my baby brother." Dean met Castiel's eyes with his own green ones, filled with tears.

"I had to protect him Cas."

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Flashback time baybeee.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update I've been swamped with uni work wheee.

Dean had fallen asleep in the car, head tucked on an awkward angle against the smooth leather seats of his baby. He wasn't exactly sure when exactly he'd drifted off, but it was evening before he fell asleep, and upon waking up, he saw that the moon was hung high in the dark sky, stars glittering in the sections of the sky where the clouds had parted.

He groggily pushed himself up, cracking his neck and wiping the small spit trail from the corner of his mouth. For a moment, he suspected that Sam would be driving next to him, letting have that moment to snooze. But when he properly let himself wake up, he realised the car was dead still, and upon looking outside, was still parked outside of the ratty diner that they'd been at before.

And Sam? He wasn't sitting next to him, nor laying in the back seat.

Cracking the door open, Dean stepped out into the cool autumn night.

"Sammy?" His voice echoed into the night, with little more than a miserably chirping cricket in response. The silence raised the hair on the back of Dean's neck.

Dean reached for the gun he kept in the glovebox and flicked the safety off. Finger poised on the trigger, he approached the cold light that was spilling through the windows of the too quiet diner doors.

Inside was the scene of a mass murder. Blood was splattered along the tiled floors, the once live bodies now cold and stiff in their booths, face down in puddles of their own blood.

The pale hand of one of the waitresses could be seen from behind the counter, like the poster of an old horror film.

Only this horror was much more than just a film.

"Sammy!?" He could only hope that he wasn't going to find Sam among the bodies.

Come on, you can't be dead. You can't be dead.

“Sammy!?”

No answer had come to him even after he'd completed a lap around the small building, and Sam was nowhere to be seen.

Dean fumbled for his phone, hands shaking. In one ring, Bobby picked up.

“Bobby, I need your help. It's Sam.”

The drive itself wasn't all that far, but it felt like the longest Drive that Dean had ever been on. He'd driven these long roads before, and he'd done so alone, but right now he felt so alone. Sammy was supposed to be here. He was supposed to be next to him either being the annoying little brother that he was, or asleep and drooling on the window. But he wasn't and Dean had never felt so alone.

So instead of watching over a sleeping brother, Dean just watched the road disappear under Baby's wheels, rain slicked and shiny. The clock ticked on by, and as the sun was beginning to peak over the horizon, Dean pulled into a familiar, safe driveway.

The ruined cars that were piled either side of him as he drove seemed to him like a barrier against all the beasts of the world, against everything that was wrong. It was rough and dirty but he'd be damned if it wasn't home to him.

He let the purr of Baby's engine quieten to a stop just out the front of the little home that was tucked into the scrap yard. And he sat there, in the silence, for a moment, hyping himself up to stand and walk in to greet his pseudo father. Without Sam.

God, what was he going to do?

If someone hurt his little brother, they were going to suffer damnit.

He stood on tired legs and headed towards the door.

Bobby must have been up already. The front door was opening before Dean managed to even reach up and knock against the paint peeled wood.

“Come on son.” He said, moving to the side to let Dean come in, “Tell me what happened.”

“We'd been following signs of werewolves, and all we did was stop for food Bobby.” Dean threw himself onto the couch, dropping his head into his hands, “God, I should have gone with him, but I stayed and I slept Bobby. He was in there, god knows what happening to him, *people died* . And I was doing nothing.

“I woke up and he was gone, so I went in to check on him and everyone, *everyone*, there was dead and Sammy was gone.

“There were claw marks, so even though I don’t know where he is, I’m pretty damn sure I know what’s got him.”

Dean looked up and met Bobby’s eyes, which had a look of quiet understanding amidst his carefully measured features.

“Wolves.” His voice was gruff. The way he said it made it seem like there was no question to it.

“Yeah, I think.” Dean said, “*Damnit*, they better not hurt him.”

He’d added that last part as a sort of plea to whatever power was out there, to protect his brother when he couldn’t. It was a shame that he knew that there was no keeping anyone unharmed when there were werewolves involved.

Bobby pulled Dean’s attention back to the present with a surprisingly gentle hand on his shoulder. His eyes were soft and sincere when he next spoke.

“We’ll find him Dean.”

“We better,” It wasn’t just a promise to himself. He had to bring Sammy back, and bring him back safe.

God, dad would have put my ass in the dirt if he knew what was happening. I’m not supposed to lose him. I’m not supposed to let him get hurt.

“So, where do we start?” Bobby was already rustling through his drawers for a map or two.

Dean dragged his eyes across one that was quickly unfurled across the desk, tracking along the backroads near the town they’d just been, mentally pin-pointing each attack that they’d been following. The circle they made was rough, but clear to the right eyes. Directly in the centre of the wonky shape was a town name that just stood out in Dean’s head.

“Bobby, what do you know about Cold Oak?”

They’d been searching for so damn long, and finally, *finally*, they found him.

“Sammy!” Dean took off into a sprint, with Bobby close behind.

“Dean,” He sounded exhausted, and he’d certainly seen better days, but Sam was alive. His little brother was here and he was within reach.

He had a cut which ran just beside his right eyebrow, the blood having dried long ago. He walked with a slight limp and was clutching at the wrist that he’d broken a couple of months

before, which he must have strained again. Three days worth of dirt was caked up the sleeves of his flannel.

One of the werewolves that they'd been hunting, one that had taken Sam, stepped out from the rundown building behind Sammy. His clawed hands were hanging by his sides, seemingly relaxed, but really, they were ready to attack at a moment's notice.

He was calm and acted as if the three hunters around him were nothing more than a mere inconvenience. An annoyance. His dark hair was pushed out of his face and his jeans were spattered with red. Most definitely blood.

Sickly yellow eyes skimmed over Dean and Bobby's figures with a mockingly easy smile and then he bolted. Towards Sam. With murder in his eyes.

"SAMMY!" Dean was screaming. He'd lost his mum years ago to one of these beasts. He'd just lost his dad. He couldn't lose his baby brother. Not now. He was supposed to look after him, not watch him get killed.

The yellow eyed beast pounced, knocking his little brother flat to his knees in the mud. When he stood again, he ripped his clawed fingers from where they'd been lodged beneath Sam's ribs.

Abandoning them there, yellow eyes ran off, leading Bobby away from where Dean slid to the ground.

"Lillith." The name that the werewolf called out sounded more like an order than anything else. He disappeared into the abandoned township beyond, Bobby hot at his heels.

Sam was practically limp by the time Dean got his hands on him to hold him up to his chest. The panic in Dean's head asked him the questions that he really didn't want to ask. Was this it? Would this kill his little brother? Would he be able to survive without Sam?

Dean shoved the questions from his mind, and pressed a hand to the wound on Sam's side and held it up for inspection in the dim pre-dawn light. There was blood, a lot of it, but not the bleed out kind of a lot, thank god.

"You're not gonna be happy for the next month Sammy," He said, pulling back just far enough to look his brother in the eye, "And you're going to hate me when I clean and stitch this, but you'll live. You're gonna be okay, alright Sammy?"

He was talking for his own benefit at this point. Trying to reassure himself just as much as he was trying to reassure his barely conscious brother.

"Yeah Sammy, you're going to be fine." A sickeningly cheery female voice pulled Dean's attention behind him, the direction opposite where the yellow eyed one had run. "Isn't that right big brother?"

Her eyes were deathly pale, almost white in their colour. She smiled like the Cheshire cat toying with a mouse right before eating it.

She pounced.

Practically tearing through her human form, the woman, Lilith, Dean assumed, landed as a ratty, yet strong looking, pale wolf with dripping fangs and raised hackles. The beast was sprinting before Dean could even think about protecting himself.

He did, however, think about his brother, who the wolf seemed to be after in the first place.

He threw himself between Lillith and Sam, standing his ground, gun in hand and raised. Poised to shoot.

“You don’t get to touch him.” Dean spoke lowly and pulled the trigger.

The pale wolf ducked out of the bullet’s path and shrugged her shoulders as if in response to what Dean had said. Like she was simply saying ‘Okay.’

So the wolf grabbed him instead, claws ripping into the flesh of his shoulders and then, to drag him off into the woods, she delivered the killing blow for a hunter like him.

The bite she had on his thigh was some of the worst pain that Dean had felt in his life up to that point. He could feel tooth on bone, grinding divots there for the extra grip. The tearing of skin and muscle was screaming with each movement he tried to make to claw his way back to his brother and Bobby who had reemerged just in time to see what had happened. The saliva that leeches in through the bite felt like acid, burning away at every cell it touched.

But Dean knew that if this didn’t kill him, he was going to become one of these beasts.

As good as dead.

He looked up once more to see Sammy pushing himself up to his feet and trying to come running after him. It settled something in him when he saw Bobby wrap his brawny arms around Sam’s torso, holding him in place, his faint words echoing between trees until Dean succumbed to the burning pain.

“He’s gone, Sam. He’s gone.”

He’s gone, Sam.

He’s gone.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

This is a short chapter sorry, but the next one will be out soon

Dean's breath was shaking by the time he'd finished speaking. He had his head in his hands and was curled over himself on the seat that Cas had guided them towards around fifteen minutes prior.

His scent was purely grief stricken and lost, almost scared. Cas reached a hand out, resting it delicately between Dean's shoulder blades. He looked up, his tear stricken face looking almost relieved at the touch, and before Cas could do much about it, Dean leaned entirely into his touch, his head coming to rest in the crook of his shoulder.

And while the action was probably just to bring Dean physical comfort, Cas couldn't help but wonder if it was his wolf subconsciously looking for his scent. Either way, Cas let himself breath out soft and calm, wanting his scent to comfort Dean, to let him breathe easy.

The two of them sat there for a while, Dean in Cas's arms quietly sobbing and Cas doing his best to provide Dean his much needed comfort while taking everything he'd just learned in.

Cas felt Dean's shoulders move in a long sigh, breathing in, then out, a long shaky breath. And then he froze.

The sudden stop in movement had Cas flicking his attention over to Dean, who then quickly shifted up from his hunch and a few inches away from where Cas was seated.

When he looked close enough, he could see a hint of pink blush heating the back of Dean's ears.

"You okay?" Cas asked, stopping himself from stretching his hand back out.

"Yeah, uh." Dean swallowed, staring at the ground, "I uh. I'm fine."

"Okay." Cas agreed even though the scent surrounding Dean had barely changed apart from the hint of embarrassment that seemed to be edging into the smokey mix. If Dean didn't want to share, he wasn't going to push him. Not now at least.

Gabriel's soft sweet scent reached Cas before anything else did, so he already knew who it was when the door to the secluded balcony opened.

“Hey Cassie, Dean.” He’d picked up on the mood almost immediately, and he kept his voice soft, considering he was usually as loud as a toddler who’d been given caffeine. “I was checking in on Charlie and she told me that Dean had gone off with you. Can I get you two anything?”

By now, Dean had lifted his head to look towards Gabriel as he spoke, he kept silent however, content to watch.

“I’m all good brother, but thank you. Dean?” Cas asked, turning to the omega beside him.

Dean just shook his head and whispered a short “No thankyou.”

Gabriel left the two in peaceful silence, a slight, knowing smile crossing his face as he turned to leave. Castiel could almost hear the big brother teasing through just that look alone.

The day had been long but, much to Dean’s excitement, the evening meal had just been freshly cooked when he and Cas wandered into the dinner hall. Dean’s scent was soft and woody, a smile nudging at the corners of his mouth.

The fact that he was happy made Cas’ wolf purr in his mind, more than content that his mate was content.

“Hey!” a cheerful voice called across the room towards Dean, gaining both his and Cas’s attention. The red-headed wolf from earlier, Charlie, was standing from her spot and trotting over to them.

“Hey Charlie,” Dean’s voice wasn’t loud but it wasn’t necessarily quiet, he held out a hand, “Dean, by the way.”

“Hi Dean.” Charlie nudged past his outheld hand to draw in close and nudge a cheek against his.

Cas just sat back and watched the interaction, trying to suppress a chuckle when Dean stiffened up and took a quick, surprised step backwards. Charlie just tilted her head, slightly confused, before turning to Cas.

“Alpha,” She gave a slight bow of her head before holding out a cheek. Castiel leant in and nudged his own against hers, it was a sign of comfort between wolves, a friendly and usually informal greeting. Both Cas and his wolf were happy with the fact that they were seen as a fellow wolf by this new pack member, rather than just an authority figure. He could imagine that the higher wolves in Azazel’s pack were less than welcoming.

“Good evening Charlie. You’re enjoying yourself here?” He and Dean started to walk with Charlie towards the table that she had just been seated at.

“Yeah,” She said, seating herself so Dean was in between them, “Before, well...that, my last pack wasn’t as nice as it is there. My Alpha was Roman there, you know him?”

Cas nodded. Richard Roman was cold and ran his pack with strict precision, not wanting a single member out of line. Personally, he thought the nickname ‘Dick,’ was absolutely perfect for that alpha.

“What about you Dean? Where you from?” Charlie asked.

“I was a hunter, and then I was bitten. And now I’m this.”

“Bitten? But you’re-”

Castiel gave Charlie a stern look. Dean was experimented on for fun, and it was most probably due to his omega status. It was all too fresh, and Cas didn’t want Dean to think about too much from before when he’d just been so happy.

“You’re strong.” Charlie corrected mid sentence, “I’ve only met one wolf who’s been bitten and they weren’t strong, and I’ve heard of plenty who hadn’t even survived that first shift. You smell powerful though, you’re gonna make a solid wolf when you’ve trained up a bit.”

Dean’s scent grew stronger again, pride warming through. Cas could nearly feel Dean’s wolf puff out his chest at the compliment.

Dean however, hid his gaze a little and muttered a quiet, but genuine, “Thanks.”

“Let’s get something to eat shall we?” Cas spoke, wanting to change the topic, and bring back that contentedness in Dean’s scent.

“Cas man, you’re gonna have to roll me out of here.” Dean said with a chuckle and a satisfied groan.

Cas looked on with a raised eyebrow and soft laugh of his own, watching as the omega dramatically flopped his legs over the bench seat so he could stand up.

He looked back over his shoulder to check whether Cas had been watching, and grinned when his eyes met Cas’.

“C’mon Cas, I wanna go and look at the lake again.” Dean pulled him forward with a hand on the forearm. Cas followed along obligingly, not wanting to upset Dean nor his wolf that would commit murder if Dean so mentioned it.

They left the emptying dinner hall behind.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

teaching Dean some wolfy things

Chapter Notes

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

“She said I was going to be strong, but I don’t even know how any of this works, Cas.” Dean was staring out at the dark surface of the lake, his green eyes looking entirely lost when he looked up at Castiel.

They’d made their way back to the secluded balcony after the day’s events, mostly Cas showing Dean the corners of the pack’s territory. But now, the two of them wanted to retreat to the quiet view of the lake.

“Look, I was bit and dragged into this, but I was never actually taught how any of this works. They wouldn’t have taught me- not with how they ran things, even though they were the ones responsible for all this,” Dean waved his hands over himself, a vague indication towards his entire being. “There are so many things that I don’t get.”

“I only wish I could understand Dean.” Castiel’s words were sincere.

“Yeah,” Dean barked out a laugh, looking into Cas’s shining blue eyes, “Do you know how weird it is to suddenly be sharing your brain with what feels like an entire other consciousness, that doesn’t stop moving around and whining in your ear?”

“I know he’s my wolf and that he’s there to protect me and look out for me, but it doesn’t make it any less strange, ya’know?”

“I’ve never really thought of it that way. To me, my wolf and I are practically one. I know whose thoughts are whose at all times, and sometimes he’s more like the gut instinct rather than a separate voice, but I guess I’m just used to him being there all the time.” Cas, upon saying that, felt his wolf rumble, letting himself be known in the back of his mind.

Dean made a soft sound of intrigue at that, before changing the topic.

“They said things, in Azazel’s pack, about me being something they wanted to use. They said I was special, but they still did all that to me. Alistair said that he had to figure out how I worked, because I was too strong for a wolf that had been human before.” Dean shivered at the memory.

“What did they say you were?” Castiel asked, he had an idea of where this was going to go. Being so secluded for so long on top of not having grown up in this life, Dean probably had now idea what the designations were, and what he was capable of as an omega.

“He said that I was omega, that I was rare amongst you guys.” Dean said.

“They weren’t wrong about either of those,” Cas started. Dean turned his attention to him, readying himself for a whole explanation. “Us wolves have different strengths among a pack, they usually run in bloodlines. Alphas, like myself and my brother Gabe, are essentially at the top of the chain, so to speak; our wolves are built strong and instinctively we are driven towards leadership roles. Our parents were both alpha wolves, and our grandparents before them, so our bloodline is pretty damn strong compared to some.

“Betas are a bit more common than us, and most of the time they act as an Alpha’s right hand. They’re also damn strong wolves and their minds are sharp in a way that I simply cannot put into words. I guess they’re like the brains to an alpha’s brawn. Charlie is a beta.

“Gammas make up probably seventy to eighty percent of our kind, maybe even more. You can think of them as a regular civilian, I guess. They keep a pack running from the inside, even if their wolves aren’t built as strong as us. With the right training, they can become strong soldiers and they can do incredible things if they strive for it. But not all gammas want that, and they’re happy to work around the pack, caring, crafting and hunting.”

“And me?” Dean asked, voice quiet.

“Omegas usually come from long lines of alphas, which is why you’re so fascinating. Bitten wolves are usually low ranking gammas at best, whereas your wolf, with practice, will have the strength to rival that of an alpha’s.

“Omega’s have a few unique abilities compared to an alpha. The pack bonds they form are stronger. They’re born intersex, and can have children regardless of the gender of their mate.”

“Hold up, what?” Dean was very much taken aback, his scent twisting, “There’s nothing *female* down there Cas.”

“I would have assumed so,” Cas said, “Apart from some hormone changes and the ability to shift, bitten wolves’ human forms don’t physiologically change, so it would have been, well, unexpected if it had for you.”

“Good.” Dean said with finality. Cas moved away from genitalia speak as quickly as he could.

“Omegas are most sought after though, due to their mating bonds. When an alpha mates with an omega, they both grow exponentially stronger. They become the epitome of a power couple. It doesn’t happen often, as there are very few omegas, but when it does, the pack sees it as a blessing. They know they have the protection of two of the strongest wolves out there.”

“So that’s what they wanted me for? To grow their strength? To see if I could breed?” Dean was starting to smell pissed, his scent growing sharp and his blood crackling dangerously. He looked about ready to punch someone in the face. “They wanted to use me?”

“That about sums it up, yes.” Cas said wearily, in case Dean was ready to go off on whoever was closest.

“I am going to skin those sons of bitches and wear their fur as a coat.” Dean's tone, while still deadly serious in its threat, warmed up just a touch as he said that.

He leant back onto the railing, letting the soft breeze flutter through his hair and carry his intoxicating scent over to Cas, who couldn't help but stare at the beautiful omega.

It was while looking at that side profile, with his strong chin, soft lips and nose that had just a tiny crook in it, from a previous break Cas guessed, that Castiel knew, with complete certainty, that his wolf was never going to be dragged away from Dean.

It all the more made Cas want to go out and fight someone- namely anyone from Azazel's pack. The thought that one of them could have tried to lay their claim on Dean, only for the purpose of using him, made him feel physically sick.

But he pushed it down. Dean was here, his neck clean of the enemy's mark, and he was growing healthier as the days went on.

Letting his eyes linger for just a moment longer on Dean's soft lashes and pale freckles, Castiel let himself settle his arms against the railing next to Dean's, joining him in staring out across the calm water.

I think the weirdest thing, though, is my sense of smell.” Dean broke the silence, “They don't lie about dogs and their damn powerful no-” He was cut off.

“Dean, we're wolves, weres, lycans. Whatever you wish to call us. Not dogs. We may seem tame to some but we are not domesticated.”

“Sorry,” Dean corrected, sounding a little mocking as he did so, “They don't lie about *wolves* and their damn powerful noses- happy?” As Cas's barely contained grin, he continued, “Everything that I thought I could smell before is so much stronger. I knew that soil had a scent but now I know how long it's been since a rabbit hopped across it.

“Dude, I can smell people now. And not in the B.O way. Like people actually have full and proper smells, like personalised perfume or something. It's weird as. Your brother literally smells like candy.”

Cas chuckled at Dean's wording.

“Not like that, you ass.” Dean thwacked Castiel’s shoulder with his empty jacket sleeve. “He smells like sugar and fruit and all that. Like sweets.”

“Yeah, he’s always smelt like that to me as well. It’s odd, seeing as he’s an alpha, they usually have muskier scents so it throws some people off. But it’s always interesting when people realise his status as pack Alpha.”

“And don’t get me started,” Dean went on, still excitedly rambling, “On whatever it is I smell when you’re nearby. It makes my wolf do fucking loops in my head.”

Castiel felt himself freeze, and soon after felt Dean stiffen beside him. When he looked over at him, he saw a blush spreading across his cheeks beneath the spattering of freckles.

“I.. I.. I shouldn’t have said that, should I?” He asked, keeping his eyes low.

“Dean.” Cas’s voice was low, and almost yearning. When he went to reach out for Dean, he twisted away, a distraught look upon his face. Regret, embarrassment and even a hint of fear rising up in his scent. He must have known enough about what kinds of bonds could be formed through scent. And if his reaction meant anything, he hadn’t been told it was a good thing, or he thought we shouldn’t trust it. Either way, Cas was determined to set that right.

“Dean?”

“Sorry Cas. I should go.” He said, his voice quiet as he turned and walked off.

Castiel’s wolf howled at his mate’s retreat and for a moment, he just stood there watching over the lake. But when he heard Dean opening the door he spoke without thinking. Later on, he’d probably blame his wolf’s rash thinking.

“I get it too.”

The door didn’t close and Cas could sense that Dean had stopped in his tracks, the world around them coming to a quick standstill.

It remained still and silent for a few shuddering breaths when Dean finally spoke.

“My wolf tries to tell me it’s a good thing, but...” His voice faltered, fading off.

“But it is a good thing Dean. There’s a reason why your wolf gets so excited, and it’s not a bad thing.”

Cas looked over to see that Dean was edging closer once more. He continued.

“Did you ever hear anything about mates while Azazel had you?”

“No, not really. I heard the term. I knew it had something to do with a scent, but that’s about it. They told me that when they mated me, I’d be theirs.”

It was that moment that Cas realised he was about to give his own mate ‘the talk.’ He tried to hide his blush by looking back out over the water.

“It’s when you essentially find your soul mate, two wolves who were made for one another. You make each other stronger, and once the bond between mates is solidified, it lets you feel their emotions, their pain.

“You know when the other is in danger, and when they’re struggling. But you also know when they’re thriving, when they’re at their happiest. They say that when you get their scent the first time, it feels like it’s all you can feel, all that there is.”

“So that’s?” Dean started to ask.

“That’s what I feel, at least,” Cast started, briefly meeting Dean’s shining green eyes before looking back down, “But, if you don’t, than I can keep it to myself, and if you don’t want it-”

He was cut off by Dean letting out an exasperated breath. Had he gone too far? Was Dean sick of him rambling about a fairytale that he probably didn’t even want?

“Shut up you dork.” He said, grabbing a hold of Castiel by the collar of his shirt, tugging him forward until they were face to face, and then even further forward until their lips met in a long awaited kiss.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

A combo of uni work, the mega brain sad, and pcos diagnosis. I shall try to get some writing done for yall. Enjoy.

It was warm and electric. Dean's lips were soft and supple, and his stubble scratched just *so* along Castiel's jaw. His scent had lost its distressed edge and now smelt of bliss and comfort.

Cas imagined his probably did too.

His own wolf was running excited circles in his mind, beyond happy that his mate actually recognised him.

God, it was perfect.

And then, all too soon, Dean pulled away. They were both panting for air, noses still touching. Cas could still taste Dean upon his lips, feel phantom whiskers brushing against his chin, all the while Dean had his warm hands running soft patterns up and down his back.

"Heya Cas." He said, voice low and husky, those beautifully green eyes staring into his own.

"Hello Dean." Cas couldn't help but stare back in awe.

How did he manage to get so lucky as to get Dean as his mate?

How did he manage to get such a pure soul, all to himself?

He thought that when he did come across Lillith, he'd have to thank her before ripping her throat out. It was the least he could do.

"You smell different when you get murderous." Dean broke Cas from his reverie with his low voice and honey smooth chuckle, "I like it."

Cas felt himself blush a little, the heat warming his ears and across the back of his neck.

"What're you thinking about, hm?"

"Not much," Cas started, tucking a strand of Dean's pale brown hair behind his ear, "Just that whenever I come across Lillith, I'll have to thank her for indirectly bringing you to me before I kill her and give you her heart as a trophy."

“You sure know how to impress a man, Cas.” Dean’s eyes had the beginning flecks of omega gold to them, his scent growing spicier, almost cinnamon like.

“I like to think it’s one of my selling points.”

“Damn right it’s one of your selling points.” Dean pressed his lips against Castiel’s once more. Warm, sweet and perfect.

Twisting his head back, Cas bared his throat for his omega. He knew that Dean’s wolf trusted him, so right now, that was what he was relying on; that instinctual need to scent and bond.

Dean’s warm mouth kissed and sucked its way down Cas’ jaw, slowing hesitantly around the scent glands at the base of Castiel’s neck.

Dean’s own scent was intrigued, but it was clear that he was unsure whether he could continue on. Cas rested a hand in his silky hair, nudging Dean ever so gently closer.

“Listen to your wolf Dean.” He encouraged.

And that was all it took.

Dean pulled Cas in closer, burying his nose in the sweet spot of his throat, drinking in his alpha’s scent.

It surprised Cas when Dean turned his own neck, to rub it against Cas, marking him as his own.

Cas’ own wolf purred with the glee of getting Dean’s scent on him, he let his head fall back to simply soak in his to-be mate.

Gabriel’s fruit and sugar like scent welcomed itself before Cas heard the knock on the door to the balcony.

“I know you two are making out, leave room for Jesus before I walk out there!” Gabriel’s holler made Cas roll his eyes, and Dean snorted a rather amused puff of air from his nose before taking a carefully measured step back.

Gabriel opened the door and joined the two on the balcony, just in time to see Dean smoothing down his hair and Cas straightening up his shirt.

“You disgust me brother.” He joked with a grin, clapping him on the back and coming to step between them.

“And you,” Gabriel turned to face Dean, much to Castiel’s amusement, “You will tell me if Cassie oversteps and I promise I will castrate him myself.”

And although Cas knew Gabriel was joking, he also knew that the Alpha was one hell of a pack protector, so he didn’t doubt for a second that he would definitely be left licking his wounds if Gabriel saw fit.

Dean, however, looked a little put back and Castiel could tell that his wolf took the threat seriously, even though he was trying to laugh it off as an empty and sarcastic threat.

“Gabe...” Castiel spoke lowly, nudging him in such a way as to indicate Dean’s sudden twitchiness.

“Okay, okay,” He backtracked, finally sensing Dean’s pissed off wolf, “Sorry, I won’t de-sack your boyfriend. But please, if you need anything, I can and will help you okay.”

Dean just crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow, his wolf now seemingly content.

“De-sack?” He asked, amusement tinting his voice at Gabriel’s odd phrase.

“Yes, de-sack. Shut up.”

Dean just snorted amusedly once again, turning to stare out at the night dark lake.

“Anyway, I came out here because some of our warriors got word that there are hunters in the area again.”

Cas noticed that Dean perked up at Gabriel’s words.

“It’s probably because of the sheer amount of wolves we killed when we raided Azazel’s pack, but I also wouldn’t doubt it if one of the nearby packs was causing trouble. For now though, we will ensure pack safety first and just keep an eye out. There’s no reason to jump into action if we don’t need to.”

“Sounds good to me.” Cas said, mulling the thought over in his head. What if this was one of Dean’s family? What if this was a hunter who had heard of Dean’s change and wanted him dead? What if it was just a hunter who wanted to hurt his pack?

Cas vowed to himself that he would keep both his pack and his omega safe regardless of the threat.

“We’ll get a few of our alphas and betas together tomorrow to chat things over, yeah?” Gabriel asked, turning for the door.

Cas nodded in agreeance, leading Dean towards the door as well. It was still cool at night here, and his inner alpha wanted to keep the omega warm.

When the door was shut securely behind them and Gabriel had bid his goodnight Dean turned towards him, face cast in the soft moonlight that was spilling in through the windows.

“What if it’s Sammy, Cas?” He asked, voice hopeful, before his expression suddenly dropped, “What if it’s not?”

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

itsa moose yall

Chapter Notes

going for another nano with this, but I have zero planning, lets hope for the best.

It had been just over four months at this point.

Four months of silent car rides.

Four months of digging through lore for just a hope that he could get his brother back.

Four months of turning up absolutely nothing.

Bobby was sitting at his desk, flipping through the pages of a book on ghost possession, half empty beer bottle cradled in his off hand. His face was carefully drawn into a neutral expression. The same expression that had been sitting on his face since the night that Lillith had dragged Dean off to his demise.

The books that were messily triple-stacked on the shelves throughout the room were dust covered- not the thick kind of dust that you find upon objects in a long abandoned room, but instead the dust that is fine and only a pale shade of grey, the stuff a regular family would find on things after a long vacation.

For them though, the dust was a marker of the books that didn't seem to matter at this moment.

Not that much seemed to matter at this moment.

All they cared about was lore on werewolves, and spells to locate the dead. Was there really any point in looking at anything else when there might just be a way to get Dean back?

When there was a chance that maybe, *maybe-*

“Sam, you're staring again.”

Bobby's voice was gruff and to the point, soft enough to show his understanding, but tough enough to snap Sam from his current state of disassociation.

"Sorry." He pushed himself up from the soft grasp of the couch, swinging legs that didn't quite fit across the seat onto the floor.

He wanted to punch something, or shoot something, he wasn't picky. But Sam just desperately wanted to go after one very specific werewolf. One with a shaggy, off-white coat and the name of Lillith.

Azazel would be a satisfying hunt as well, the bastard deserved every shitty thing he had coming for him. He killed his parents, he's the reason Dean is dead and he did some pretty good damage to Sam himself on that night four months back. The flesh that sat beneath the left side of his rib cage still twinged whenever Sam stretched just a bit too far, the skin marbled with a tight scar from the claws that had had him tasting his own blood.

Sam stalked out from the front door, twitching with the need to do something to release the pent up anger at both himself and those damned bloody wolves.

The early spring air was still cool, and the wind was just less than biting. More importantly, it was distracting. It cooled the burning anger in Sam's veins. It carried in the soft scents of damp soil from the morning's rains.

But still it wasn't quite enough.

The rotting wood that partially supported Bobby's old, tin pergola, however, that really helped minimise the boiling in his veins. Especially when it cracked beautifully beneath his fist and cut stinging lines into his skin.

Running his fingers through his hair, Sam turned on his heel, to lean his weight against the very same support beam he had just accosted. He hoped that it wouldn't take its revenge by giving in under his weight.

When it groaned in displeasure, Sam decided that maybe the shed looked to be a more structurally sound building to lean against.

With that decision made, he leaned his weight up against it, before decidedly dropping down to sit upon the cool dirt.

What would be different today, if that night never happened? Dean would still be here, that was for sure. Sam may have come out differently though. Those wolves wanted him.

The yellow eyed one, Azazel, had told him he was special, that to them, he'd be worth something more than what he had now. But that same yellow eyed demon decided that killing him was the only option when he saw that Dean and Bobby had come, almost as if it was a case of *if I can't have him, no one will*. That idea made Sam feel almost sick.

And then there was Dean who had to be all self sacrificial, jumping between himself and Lillith in some stupid attempt at heroism when all that happened was him getting torn into by

the earth's equivalent of a hellhound.

God, if only Sam had managed to get out of that abandoned town before Dean and Bobby had come for him, then Dean would still be here, and Sam would still have his brother with him.

But that was in the past, and he knew that there was no changing that. No spell or demon deal or pleading to the gods would be worth the consequences of going back and fixing it all. Sometimes, he wished he didn't have a hunter's knowledge, he wished he didn't know that there were ways of changing the past, he wished he didn't know how heavy the consequences of doing so were. Maybe then, he could get Dean back and keep a clean conscience all the same.

Damnit!

When Bobby shook him awake, he was confused, cold and stiff. It took a moment of tired blinking and visual scanning, but Sam remembered why he awoke with a chill and ache.

The damp from the ground beneath him had leeches its way into his jeans, dark shadow had fallen over him, and he was hunched against the side of Bobby's shed like some crude interpretation of a gargoyle.

He stood up, trying, and failing, to shake the pins and needles from his butt cheeks, and followed Bobby, who was standing nearby, a look of worry passing briefly across his eyes.

"Come on, boy." He said, reaching out a gentle guiding arm, which Sam promptly swatted away, feigning toughness.

Inside, the fire looked to have been freshly lit, the larger chunks of wood barely charred yet. Bobby immediately wandered over to his armchair, planting himself comfortably in it, and with a certain *look*, he, somewhat unconventionally, got Sam to '*sit the hell down boy.*'

And without so much as a glance at the couch that he had been seated at a while before, Sam threw himself back into its ratty embrace.

"What's up?" He knew just by that look that Bobby had been giving him, that something's up. Was it about Dean? Probably not. A hunt, maybe?

"There's been bodies, seven of 'em up in the same area, all killed the same way." Bobby starts, leaning to pick up a bundle of papers from the floor beside him.

A hunt, definitely.

"They were all found within a five mile radius of cold oak. All of them were thrown to the forest around the town." Bobby pushed a few ratty photos across the coffee table towards Sam.

The bodies were blood spattered, skin of their throats torn as if by feral teeth, claw marks tearing across chests and legs.

“That’s where they…” Sam didn’t want to finish the sentence. He didn’t need to though. Bobby knew. He nodded.

Dean.

“Yep, and it looks like those bloody canines are back at it again. There is no way that a wild wolf would have decimated so many people in one fell swoop, let alone have left them there to rot.”

“We’re taking the hunt, yeah?” Sam asks, hopeful at the prospect that he may just get to punch in Lillith and Azazel’s clocks.

“For sure,” Bobby said, sounding as if he had the same thought that Sam had. Good, that meant they were on the same page. “We go in there together, check for any other victims, see if there are any witnesses and we move from there.”

“Sounds good.” Sam nodded, ready to get started as soon as possible.

“We learned the hard way last time, we are not splitting up, and we will have more protection than what seems necessary. We don’t want another Lillith to happen again.”

While he agrees, Sam still makes the silent promise to himself that if he gets even a sniff of Lillith, that he is going to first make her regret ever being born, and then he is going to put a couple silver bullets in her heart, plus some in her brain, to truly make sure that she’s dead. Hey, if she got Dean, it’s only fair that Sam gets her in return.

“Good thinking Bobby.”

Bobby nods, his gruffest of gruff nods, “I say we leave tomorrow morning, get at least one good night’s sleep in.”

Just as Sam got up to climb the stairs and turn in for the night, Bobby’s hand clasped gently, but with no room for argument, onto his shoulder, turning him slightly so the two would be face to face.

“You do not go at this alone boy, you understand? I know you want to get back at them for Dean, and I know that you are a strong and smart hunter, but those wolves are on a different level. So please,” This was the closest Sam had ever seen Bobby to begging, “Don’t go alone, I’m not losing another one of you boys anytime soon.”

“You’ve got it Bobby.”

Sam continued his way to his makeshift bedroom upstairs, making himself as comfortable as he could in the firm bed and willing sleep to come so he could be just that little bit closer to getting back at those wolves for what they’d done to his brother.

They were not going to enjoy what was coming for them.

Unbeknownst to neither Sam nor Bobby, a hunter had picked up the same article that Bobby had that day.

He'd taken it back to his dingy hotel room in the southwest corner of Colorado, adding it to a pile of notebooks, journals and essays on werewolf lore.

While his main goal of late had been the complete eradication of the vampire race, this hunt was around Cold Oak, South Dakota, which in the scale of a hunter, was actually quite close to where he was staying at the moment. Just a few hours drive and he'd be there and ready to find the wolf, or wolves, that had killed those people.

Stashing his books into a duffle, and double checking his supply of silver bullets and knives, Gordon started up his truck and pulled out of the hotel parking lot, starting his drive towards Cold Oak.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

some brotherly sparring feat. Dean isn't used to wolfy mate instincts

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to note that I'm taking inspiration from Z.W Taylor's 'The Bite,' for the pack structures and dynamics in this story.

Its an awesome original series with great story telling, angst and romance and I do recommend you give it a read. You can find it on Wattpad or as both a paperback and e-book on amazon. Check it out if you can.

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

Cas led Dean through a thicket of trees towards another clearing in the forest the pack lived in. Dean wasn't sure if he liked that aspect of these lands; as a hunter, the forest was never entirely safe, and being so surrounded in it, even if the pack house itself wasn't, did put the hunter in Dean on edge. He'd been safe so far though, so with a huff and straighten of his shoulders, he followed Cas into the clearing.

This area came in touch with a different portion of the lake's shore than he was used to seeing. A little dinghy tapped against the stones where it was tied up at the water's edge.

Off to one edge of the clearing was a set of bars at varying heights. They looked as if they were for pull ups or climbing and the like. In the centre, the ground was clear, apart from a pair of large-ish circles marked out on the ground with a crawling green ground cover. They looked almost like fairy circles, only neater and with less rocks and tiny bones.

There were a good handful of other wolves there, Charlie's familiar face and fiery hair being one of them. She was talking with a spritely looking blonde and a rather twiggy man who kept pressing soft touches and kisses onto the aforementioned blonde. Dean would deny ever thinking they looked cute together if anyone ever asked.

Standing by the climbing bars was a short, brown haired lady Dean could have sworn he'd seen before. Maybe in the infirmary? With her was a tall man with short cropped brown hair and another red headed woman. Neither were familiar.

Cas led him over to a man who was standing with Gabriel, he was tall, but that was next to Gabriel, in fact he was actually just shy of Dean's height. He wore a news boy's cap and had

pale blue eyes and a rough smattering of stubble on his jaw. He too had that same familiarity as the brown haired woman, like he'd seen him while semi conscious or something.

"Dean, this is Benny. Benny, Dean." Cas introduced the man. Dean held out a hand in greeting, which Benny took and shook firmly.

"Good to meet 'ya, brother. Looking much better than the last time I saw ya." His Cajun accent was warm and welcoming.

"I've gotta apologise, but I don't exactly remember meeting you before."

"That's alright chief. You were pretty out of it," He started, "I helped you shift back to your skin when we first brought you in. Must have been the amount of wolfsbane you had in ya."

That took Dean aback.

"Wait, wait, wait. I thought the wolfsbane thing was a myth. You're telling me that all this time we didn't know?" Dean was quite amazed.

"There's a lot you hunters don't know Dean-o." Gabriel said with a chuckle. Snide bastard.

"Dude, you are so telling me everything you know."

"Name a time and place, and I will."

"Serious?"

"As a heart attack." Gabriel gave a wink before continuing back on the topic of introductions. "Benny is our head of arms, by the way. Our lead pack warrior. If you need to train, or want critique, he's the man you come to."

Dean nodded, the warm and welcoming man suddenly seemed just a bit more intimidating.

As if sensing Dean's new unease, Cas sidled up to him, leaning in to speak lowly in his ear.

"You're pack, Dean, he's not going to hurt you. Besides, he's Gabe and mine's most trusted wolf outside of our family. You'll be fine."

Dean gave him a look of 'well, if you say so.'

"Anyway," Cas continued, "I wanted you two to meet. I thought you'd be keen to train, having come from a life of hunting, and I thought it best for you if you got to know one another before you jumped into it, yeah?"

"Sounds good Cas." Dean says leaning into Cas's form just a little more.

"Okay, Dean, I want you to sit aside and watch." Benny said as he pointed Dean over towards the pull up bars off to the side of the clearing. "Next time though, you ain't skipping."

“Skipping what?” Dean started to ask, but Benny just smiled before turning to call forward the rest of the people hanging around.

“Okay, Charlie, Garth, Bess, Anna you four won’t be sparring today, but we’ll get you started on some strength okay? I’ll get you guys working with Castiel.”

The other red-head, the affectionate couple and Charlie nodded. Cas smiled over at them, giving a small wave.

“Hannah, Gadreel, boys,” Benny had a menacing smile on his face, looking between the remaining four, “We’re showing off today for our newest pack members.”

While the group was moving around, Cas did quick introductions of the other wolves there.

“You’ve met Charlie, we brought her in the same day as you. Garth, Bess and Anna all came in that day together. There were a few others but they’ve gone back to their home packs already.

“Gadreel is Benny’s second in command. Not the chattiest, but he’s good at what he does. You can trust him. And Hannah is our head medic, she’s the one who took care of you when we brought you in.”

Dean nodded along, watching and listening as Cas pointed each person out. It was comforting that he wasn’t the only new one here, however he guessed from how comfortable they looked, he was the only one who'd been turned recently. Cas had said before that a lot of wolves were born, not bitten, so there was a good chance that he was the only one in this group.

Regardless of his introductions, Dean was still pretty damn jumpy when Hannah and Gadreel came over to greet him. He tried to put on his best hunter’s ‘I’m not scared, you are’ face but judging from the fact that Castiel gave his shoulder a reassuring squeeze, he wasn’t doing the best job at getting the feeling across.

Damn their ability to smell every damn thing he was feeling!

“I’m sorry I wasn’t able to see you again sooner Dean. We just had a new pup born in the pack, so I was needed there.” Hannah looked genuinely sorry, but also had a fluttery, bright scent radiating from her. Happiness maybe? She continued “Castiel has been treating you well in my absence, I hope?”

Dean gave Cas a sideways glance and small smile before turning back to Hannah.

“Yeah, he’s been good.” He tried not to think of their little make out session the night before, knowing that the others here would most definitely pick it up on his scent.

“If you have any concerns, don’t hesitate to ask.”

Dean nodded, “Yes ma'am.”

Gadreel kept mostly quiet, just giving Dean a friendly nod of the head before edging over to Benny's side.

"Gabriel, Cas, we're doing some sparring today to show our newest wolves what we're good at. I want them to see our two best of course. So that's why Gadreel and I--"

"Benny, I will kick your ass if you say one more word." Gabriel hollered, cutting Benny off, much to both of their amusement.

"Okay, you got me. Get in the circle, you two." Benny said with a grin, gesturing towards one of the fairy-like circles.

Cas and Gabe both stepped in. Cas cracked his neck and rolled his wrists as he stepped over the stone border. Gabriel shook his legs out and did that little gesture of 'I'm watching you,' in Cas's direction. He was met with a near audible roll of the eyes from Cas.

"Boys, I want no broken bones today, and neither does Hannah." Benny started with a clap of his hands, "A bit of blood won't hurt, except for you two of course, but you're big wolves, you can handle it I'm sure."

"I'm gonna kick your ass little brother." Gabriel had a smile on his face as he spoke.

"Dude, I'm twice your size, I'd like to see you try." Cas's returning jibe was playful, but the glint in his eyes told Dean that there was definitely a bit of weight behind the threat."

"Gadreel, when these two are done, it's time for us to dance." Benny added with a joking wink across the sparring circle at his second in command.

Gadreel rolled his eyes at Benny's mock flirting, shaking his head with a muttered "Great."

"Cas. Gabe." Benny ignored Gadreel's lack of enthusiasm, turning back to the two alphas in the ring, "No shifting unless I say. Let's get this going."

Cas dropped down into a low crouch, hands lifting to float just above his waist, prepared to attack or defend as need be. Gabriel just stood there, a cocky smile upon his face, looking into his brother's eyes with a single raised eyebrow.

Cas ran forward, a smile on his face as he pounced on his brother.

Dean's wolf was not happy watching this. He was barely holding himself back, but there was no doubt that the others could smell his displeasure, all of them sending him the occasional sideways glance in concern.

When Gabriel landed a solid punch to Cas's face, knocking him back, Dean couldn't help but let a low growl slip from between his teeth. He barely noticed the quick exchange between Gadreel and Benny across from him, but when Benny sidled up beside him to rest a hand upon his shoulder, Dean knew for sure he was radiating anger.

His beast wanted to protect Cas, regardless of the fact that this was all for fun.

"They've done this before, chief, it'll be okay." Benny reassured, keeping his voice low

Dean just gave him a dirty side eye. His wolf did not like Cas getting hurt. Not by his brother, not by anyone. Even if it was just a practice spar.

It had to have been that bloody mate thing they had going on.

Gadreel's voice called over the group.

"Shift."

It all slowed down.

Cas shifted first, his dark wolf jumping forward with a snarl, hackles up and brilliant blue eyes staring Gabriel down.

Gabriel's wolf was similarly dark to his brother's, but a warmer brown blended in and around his saddle marks. Even though he was smaller as a human, his wolf matched that of Cas's, maybe even larger. He practically dripped power, like his role of pack leader was a part of his DNA.

Part of Dean was glad that, as a hunter, he'd never come across such a strong wolf.

But the rest of him just saw the massive beast leaping forward to knock Cas to the floor, jaws digging into his shoulder.

"Dean." Benny warned, grip tightening on his shoulder.

Dean's wolf tore forward and he pulled out from Benny's grasp.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is written, so I'll try to have it out soon. <3

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Some Gabriel POV for yall.

A deep snarl broke in between the growling between Cas and Gabriel.

Gabe went from kicking his brother's ass to having his own ass in the dirt in a matter of seconds.

Holy Shit .

His first instinct was to fight back. To get himself above his attacker, get his paws beneath him so he had the advantage in this fight. He pushed forward, knocking the gold and grey furred wolf off him.

Gabriel stalked backwards, growling his warning in Dean's direction, trying to get him to stand down without this escalating any further. He sent a worried look in Cassie's direction, willing him to hold back his pissed off mate.

Why did they think doing this in front of Dean would go down well? Not only were he and Cas potential mates, but Dean, in the grand scheme of things, was still a newborn werewolf.

There was a reason it was always the bitten wolves that got caught by hunters. Many of them didn't have packs to help them learn their way around their wolves, and a were who couldn't control their wolf was never a good thing. It was those wolves who usually attacked humans, it was those wolves who left trails and got caught.

Dean had spent months being held captive by wolves who were sick beasts. There was no question as to why he was so against his mate getting hurt.

On top of that, even a regular wolf would find it hard to not defend a potential mate.

How he managed to hold it back for so long was actually surprising.

Golden eyes looked right into Gabriel's pale brown eyes, the aggression in them telling Gabriel one thing for certain. Dean wasn't there at the moment. It was all his wolf.

His wolf and its near feral need to *protect* and *defend*.

He started stalking forward, snapping his teeth and growling low.

Cas come on.

Gabe sent Cas another frantic look. He didn't want to touch Dean more than he had to, not wanting his brother riled up as well. Even though Cas had brilliant control of both himself and his wolf, he didn't want him pissed at accidentally hurting his mate.

Cas was one protective son of a bitch with usual pack members, Gabe did not want to test the limits of his protection today.

Finally picking himself up and listening to Gabe's unspoken plea, Cas pushed himself between the two. Benny as well, tried to get to Dean from behind, but was met with a loud snap of teeth.

"Dean, stand down." Benny tried, and failed to get through to him, the only response being a low growl as Dean stepped forward once more. He pushed himself up to Cas's side, rubbing his scent against him. And then he stepped in front of him, a position of protection as if Cas was still, if he ever was, in danger.

Cas gave him a warning rumble when he crouched down in preparation to pounce, and finally, it seemed to get through the near feral haze that had fallen over the omega. Dean gave one last snarl before turning his eyes to Cas, the gold of his iris's beginning to fade to just a ring around his pupil.

Thank god that was over.

Gabe let himself stand at ease now that Dean seemed to have calmed down.

When Dean's eyes started to look back over to Gabriel, gone was the golden aggression of his wolf, and instead he was met by a panicked scent and guilty expression.

Gabe remembered the first time he challenged his dad. It was an accident and he was pissed off at something. When he came back to his senses and realised what he'd done, he wanted nothing more than to bow down to his Alpha and apologise before hiding in a hole for a few weeks. And that was with him being next in line for pack Alpha. He kind of felt bad for the expression on the face of Dean's wolf.

He dropped his head down, hunching as if preparing for some kind of retribution. His scent soured when Gabe stepped forward to give him a forgiving rub on the cheek, flinching as he made contact.

It was like he'd done this before and had been attacked by whatever alpha had been above him.

Fuck.

He *had* been attacked.

How did neither Cas nor Gabe piece that together? It was so glaringly obvious.

This poor wolf was left there for months and was abused by the people who were supposed to look out for and protect him. No wonder he was so adverse to Gabe and Cas's spar. No wonder why he had scars across his muzzle and a notch out of one ear. No wonder he was so twitchy near anyone new.

God, Gabriel was going to make sure no one in power would touch him in any harming way again. He was also tempted to storm back to Azazel's pack and tear into the Alpha family themselves. It was probably those sick bastards that did this to Dean

Gabriel quickly shifted back to his skin when Dean lowered himself even further to the ground, whining. He shoved on the outstretched pair of shorts Gadreel had for him before moving slowly towards the terror filled omega.

"Can we get some privacy please?" He spoke low as to not scare Dean more, but he also wanted the rest of the group to leave this between Cas, Dean and himself for now.

They all started to leave almost the second after the request left his mouth, a different type of silence falling over the clearing.

Benny stopped for a moment besides Gabriel.

"I'll stay close. Holler if you need me."

"Thanks Ben."

Gabe was glad he had chosen such a good wolf as the head warrior of the pack. He knew he could count on him at any time.

Turning back to Dean, Gabriel now saw that Cas had sat down beside him, not quite close enough to touch, but about a half an inch to his left. He reached his dark muzzle over to nudge at Dean's side, whining at his mate's fear stricken scent.

The touch, much to Cassie's dismay, caused Dean to flinch back again, pressing himself even more impossibly further into the dirt. The whole scene hurt to watch, Gabriel's wolf crying out for the pair.

"Dean, I'm not going to hurt you, please understand that." Gabe held his hands up in a silent sign of peace. "I'm going to come closer now, and put my hand on your back. I won't touch anywhere else, and I won't move from my position okay?"

Gabriel was expecting the silence that he got in return. But the fear in those golden eyes still made his inner alpha cry.

He stretched forward, letting his palm come to rest in the coarse fur between Dean's shoulder blades.

All werewolves had pheromones that could instill a sense of fear or a sense of comfort in other wolves. Like many things with their species, the stronger the wolf, the stronger the hormones. But that didn't mean that all alpha wolves were good at controlling and honing the pheromones they produced.

It was, however, one of the things Gabriel really succeeded at.

He let his mind still, drawing forward feelings of calm and trust to his scent, wanting it to match the, what were essentially the antidepressant hormones he was putting out.

He just hoped that it would get across to Dean.

Calm.

Soothing.

Trusting.

Calm.

Soothing.

Trusting.

I'm not going to do anything to hurt you Dean. I never will.

Dean's eyes dropped closed and he dropped his head into his paws. The physical contact of them touching helped Gabriel to concentrate his pheromones, but clearly, some of them had reached Cassie as well, his brother's scent going smooth and relaxed, although he wasn't about to conk out like Dean had.

"Thank you for trusting me Dean." Gabe whispered before pulling his hand away and standing to his full height.

It was time he left Dean and Cas to be. Before he left though, he reached down to tap the top of Cas's head, right between his ears.

"When you're ready, and Dean's comfortable, we should have a chat."

He got a wolfy nod in return.

"I'll see you later Cassie."

Cas nudged against his palm, his own way of saying goodbye for the time being.

As Gabriel walked off, he hoped that what he'd done would be enough for now. Dean was hurting, and he was scared. He just wanted to know if he'd done the right thing.

He guessed he'd find out when he saw him next. Whenever that would be.

For now, Gabriel was content to wander back to the packhouse with Benny who, true to his word, was waiting nearby in the thinner trees.

"He alright?"

God I hope so.

“For now, yes.”

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Cas takes Dean hunting. The wolf way.

Chapter Notes

Sorry its been so long y'all. I'll try to get chapters out a bit quicker but as a broke uni student I can only promise so much.

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

“What did you just say to me, boy?” Alistair’s voice was harsh and nasally.

“I said.” Dean started, desperately trying to catch his breath through pained pants, “Get your filthy hands away from me.”

“Oh Dean. You’re forgetting your manners.” His voice got louder, but he wasn’t shouting. He didn’t even sound mad. If anything the pale eyed werewolf sounded like he was enjoying himself, “You need to learn your place in this world.”

One leather booted foot pressed against the still healing wound on Dean’s leg, squeezing a strangled cry from the man as blood started to crack through the fragile new skin. A pale hand wrapped itself in his collar, pulling tight enough to choke.

“Not only were you bitten, you were a hunter. You should be the lowest of the low.” Alistair leaned into Dean’s neck, taking a long sniff and dragging a wet tongue over the area. Dean tried to cringe away, but Alistair responded to his movement by pushing into his wounded thigh even harder.

“I have a feeling that you’re going to develop into something special though Dean. And if that is so, your place will be right here. Beneath me and beneath my brothers. We will control you. And you will submit to your Alphas.”

Dean tried to ignore the words in favour of pushing against the hand that was still pulling his collar too tight around his throat.

“Please.” He was too out of breath to say much more.

A ring of red began to glow around Alistair’s pupils and he snapped down at Dean, who was writhing in pain and in search of enough oxygen to keep fully conscious.

Alistair grazed his jaw against the outer cusp of Dean's ear.

"You will be mine Dean," He whispered, all threat and promise, "And until then, you will be mine to play with."

The scent of alpha was the first thing that reached Dean's nose, followed by a tint of coppery blood. He felt his heart pick up in speed, before the scent deepened around him.

The scent of ozone, right before a storm. Soft and fresh eucalyptus.

Cas.

Dean cracked his eyes open to find himself with his head in the lap of his mate, soft grass at his fingertips. He could hear the gentle, repetitive slap of water hitting the hull of a small boat and then sluicing away over soft pebbles. They were still in the clearing with the sparring circles and training equipment.

God what had he done?

He'd been outwardly aggressive towards not only an alpha, but the Alpha. He'd dived in because he couldn't take the time to hold himself back, and he'd jumped Gabriel.

Shit. What was he going to do?

What was Gabriel going to do to him?

What was Dean supposed to do?

God why did he have to be so damn stupid!?

"Dean."

Why couldn't he keep control of his own mind?

"Dean, nothing's going to happen to you." Castiel's deep voice broke through Dean's thoughts.

"Cas I went after your brother."

"In defence of your mate. Of me. If anything, I think Gabriel is in awe of you at the moment."

"He what?"

"Dean, you put yourself between two warring alphas to protect me. Not even alphas do that. There was a reason no one tried to intervene."

"My wolf, he took over. I didn't choose to jump between you two." Dean was pleading as if he had to prove that he was in the wrong.

“I’ve seen feral wolves run from fights. I’ve seen wolves freeze in fear when their mate got attacked. You, you’re wolf, did something we don’t often do. You broke apart a fight between two alphas. So please know that Gabriel’s not mad at you. He’s just worried you would be scared of him.”

To be honest, Dean was kind of scared of him now. What if he reacted the same way that Alistair did? Or Lillith or Azazel?

“Dean, he's not going to hurt you.” Cas tried to reassure, but Dean just wasn’t sure.

How did he know that?

“But Alistair?” Dean swallowed the bile that was threatening to rise at the back of his throat.

“Dean, look at me.” Castiel’s voice was low and commanding, yet gentle all the same. Dean looked up to meet his gorgeously blue eyes.

“My brother will not hurt you, you hear me? He is not Azazel, or Lillith or Alistair. I don’t know how badly you’ve been treated before, but you are pack, hell, you’re to be my mate and a damn strong wolf. You’re a gift to this pack and no one here will so much as touch you in the wrong way.”

Cas smiled, “I would protect you if they did, but after seeing that little display earlier, I feel like you can handle yourself, ya?”

“Yea Cas.”

They sat in content silence for a moment before Cas perked up.

“How about I take you hunting?”

Cas had his nose glued to the ground beneath him, dark paws working over the ground in sure but silent steps. Dean followed behind him and allowed his lifelong knowledge to come forward.

It had been a long while since Dean had been on a hunt, the last time being when he was dragged into this life, but it had barely been fifteen minutes and the silent, perceptive nature that he had had drilled into him since he was a child had settled back over him comfortably.

It was different now, Dean had noticed. The dark wasn’t as deep as it once was. He could hear every rustle of leaves in the wind and every wing flutter of the birds that watched them from the canopy.

But it was the scents that amazed him the most. Yes, he’d noticed the difference before, how could he not? But now that the hunter in him had come back to the surface, he noticed just

how easy it was to track something down on scent alone. All he had to do now was learn what each scent meant.

And with Cas in front of him, both Dean and his wolf were content to sit back to watch and learn.

Cas slowed to a stop, ears perking up as he stood to his full height. He looked over to Dean with a soft smile and excited glint in his eyes before turning back to peer through the break in the trees. Dean continued until he too could see through to what Cas was looking at, and he'd be lying if he said the sight didn't make his wolf salivate.

A herd of deer, about seven in total, mullied about the clearing, drinking from the babbling stream and chewing on the fresh spring growth beneath the trees. Three of the females looked to be pregnant, with swollen bellies. But there was one who looked much older, her steps faltered with a limp as she ambled from the stream to the grass. It looked like she would be left behind by her herd anytime soon.

She'd be the most humane to take down, and with a glance over at Cas, Dean could tell that he was thinking the same, watching the way his blue eyed gaze followed her across the clearing.

Cas gave Dean a nudge forward with his muzzle, eyes encouraging him forward to start the hunt.

Dean tried desperately to ignore the swooning of his wolf, but his wolf was very adamant that Cas was being quite the gentleman, letting him get the first dibs on their meal. So Dean took his chance and pounced.

It already felt good to run, but there was something much more exciting when Dean was running towards something and hunting. Not *hunting*, hunting, but the act of gaining yourself a meal fresh from the source.

His paws pounded away on the ground below him, pushing him through the now startled herd of deer and towards his target, who was slow to notice him at first.

She tried to gain traction but Dean was too fast for the aged deer, leaping forward before she had the chance to escape him. Not wanting to extend her suffering longer than necessary, Dean clamped his jaws around her throat and dropped her to the ground.

Cas joined him as he took his first bites of the doe's rich meat.

Dean was finished first, both himself and his wolf more than full and content. Leaving Cas to finish his feast, Dean wandered over to the brook that bubbled through the clearing, stepping into the icy water to wash his paws and muzzle of today's kill. He lapped at the water which

tasted fresh and crisp, and he was sure that if he were in his human form, then its temperature would have stung the backs of his teeth, but right here and now it was cool and refreshing.

Thirst and hunger now both quenched, Dean meandered over to a patch of sun that had filtered through the treetops and onto a patch of mossy rocks, where he promptly threw himself to close his eyes and snooze off the meal.

It was strange, he thought, that he found raw, bloody deer to be such a fulfilling meal. He'd eaten rough before, at seedy motels and diners that definitely would have been closed down if properly inspected, but he'd never hunted a meal and then eaten it as is.

Bobby taught him that; how to hunt game, not just monsters. He taught both Sam and Dean how to butcher and prepare and cook their winnings to ensure they didn't end up with some kind of weird parasite. Dean had never been one for raw meat, not even sushi. He preferred his animals sufficiently dead *and* cooked before he ate them. But now, with his wolf here, alongside him, guiding his instincts, and now supposedly his taste, Dean had never had something that tasted so good.

"C'mon boy, let's teach you something that'll keep you going on these hunts your daddy insists on dragging you along to." Bobby clapped his hand on Dean's shoulder, a gruff smile reaching his eyes.

"But dad said I had to practise with the .22." Dean interjected. Dad was off on a solo hunt, and he'd given Bobby strict instructions on what he and Sam were to do while he was gone, and he would be pissed if Dean didn't work on his aim.

Bobby seemed to understand this, he always knew when John was in one of his moods and wanted everything he asked for when he asked for it, and he wasn't about to let Dean suffer for it.

"We're going hunting Dean. Proper hunting. Not for monsters but for deer and birds, It depends on what you can hit. Then we've got dinner as well as the lesson your daddy wanted for you. How's that sound?"

"Sounds good Uncle Bobby." Dean said with a smile.

"Then we'll head off. Sam can come next time, and then you can help teach him as well. I'll let him know where we're going." Bobby said, walking into the next room.

Dean stood and laced his good boots. He shrugged on his jacket and was about to reach for his gun when he heard footsteps that were distinctly not Sam's nor Bobby's. He perked up, listening as they got closer and louder-

Dean woke up with a start, immediately looking for the source of the footsteps that were definitely coming from the forest surrounding himself and Cas, and not his dream.

He only partially noticed the warm weight of Cas's wolf who was sprawled across him, still dozing in the late afternoon sun.

It was only when the footsteps stopped that Dean recognised that he was growling low and threatening.

"Hey Dean-o."

Gabe appeared, in his skin, emerging from the trees behind their little sun patch.

"Didn't mean to scare you there." He had his hands held up before him, and his stance was lowered in an attempt to come across as less intimidating. Dean also didn't miss the smirk that ghosted his lips at the sight of Cas and Dean in a puppy pile.

He was definitely going to use that as blackmail against his brother at some point.

"I know you were never treated well back *there*, and I'm not even going to act like I know what you went through, but I need you to know that I will never let that happen again. Hell, I'll gladly help you tear those mangy dogs' throats out. Sound good?"

There was no malice in Gabriel's scent, Dean had learned what that smelt like and he knew that it was nowhere in the area right now. He could believe him, despite his past with highly ranked Alphas (Cas didn't count, he was different).

Dean nodded, much to Gabriel's apparent glee.

"Wake Cassie up and come back when you're ready ok?" Gabe said before disappearing back into the trees.

Nosing at Cas' face, Dean managed to rouse the dark wolf, who looked wholly unimpressed at the early awakening from his slumber. Dean smiled to himself before wiggling out from beneath Cas, telling him with a wag of the tail and a point of the muzzle that he was ready to head back.

Chapter End Notes

every time i paste my chapter into the lil ao3 box, it gets cranky at me because i spell like an aussie not an american so it underlines all my words saying i did it wrong T-T.
i will not change my ways tho

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

I bring y'all a new chapter, sorry its been so long (and that this one is short). I'll try to post regularly, however I hold no promises because class is on my ass.

I go on break soon though, so hopefully I get you some more chapters during that time.

The sun had dropped lower in the time that it took for Cas and Dean to wander back to the packhouse. It would have been quicker but they had spent half of the trip nipping at each other's ankles and tripping the other up in a wolfy form of play.

Cas sent Dean stumbling with a full body shove as they were trotting up the hill, smirking to himself when Dean gave him a seemingly well practised bitch face.

He then teasingly turned his back on the omega, knowing that it would rile up Dean's wolf.

It didn't take all that long for Dean to be pouncing on top of Cas and knocking him to the ground. They tumbled over each other, gnawing at one another's legs like pups squabbling over a toy.

It made both Castiel and his wolf beam with pride that Dean was actively participating, and if the warmth of his scent said anything, enjoying himself, in the rough and tumble form of play that their wolves rejoiced in. Watching Dean bounce from spot to spot with a grin and wagging tail was like watching a pup when it discovered the joys of play fighting with its siblings, only so much better because it was *Dean* .

Keeping a close watch over the patterns that Dean took as he jumped from side to side, Cas crouched down, inching ever closer each time Dean's line of sight fell away from him. He was patient, waiting until the time was perfectly right to pounce.

Dean made a little yelp in surprise when Cas' weight landed on top of him. Dean tried to get his teeth around one of Cas' front legs, but his massive black paws just held Dean down. Dean squirmed, his eyes glowing with playful determination as he snapped up and batted at Cas, but Cas just grinned down before shoving his nose into Dean's fur and licking a wet line of slobber across Dean's cheek.

That seemed fuel enough for Dean to push up and over Cas, knocking the larger wolf to the grass. It was also that moment that Dean decided to shift, still straddling Castiel's wolf, and Oh Lord, did that have Cas' heat rising.

Dean's chest was heaving, a soft sheen of sweat glistening in the dying light. Various patches of green stained his freckled skin from their roll in the grass, but that only added to the

beautiful sight before Cas.

He wanted to indulge in the sight before him, but a feigned cough from behind him changed those plans.

Dean's eyes went wide before he kicked off Castiel and shifted back into his fur. Cas rolled over to growl at whoever it was who had snuck up on them.

"No, no, don't mind me, love birds." Gabriel snickered with a smile on his face and a raised eyebrow.

Cas rolled his eyes, much to his brother's amusement.

"Thought I'd let you know that your burgers are gonna go cold if you don't hurry your furry asses up and get inside."

Now *that* got Dean's attention. He trotted forward, ears perked up in excitement. It was beginning to come clear that food was a sure fire way to that man's heart, and guessing by the look on Gabriel's face, he had just come across the same conclusion.

"Come on then Dean-o, Cassie, *dinner time* ." He said those last words as if he were talking to a pet dog. Cas gave him a warning nip on the leg as he walked past trying his very best to get his message across. *I'm not your freaking pet.*

Gabe just smiled, looking entirely too content with himself. *Ass.*

Cas and Dean followed Gabriel past the dining hall where they'd previously eaten and through to a more private room, with a set table in the middle. It was less of a dining room and of a room that they set aside for meetings, still, there were plates set around the table.

Gadreel and Benny were already seated, Gadreel was waiting patiently, back straight in his chair. Benny was half draped across the table, nudging a stray pickle around his plate with a French fry.

Hannah was off in a corner having a chat with Mick, one of the pack's stronger warriors. He was a beta and had come from a pack in England about ten years back.

Upon seeing Gabriel, Cas and Dean walk in, Hannah and Mick made their ways over to their seats at the table. Benny perked up, probably excited at the prospect of finally getting to eat.

"You guys didn't have to wait, you know?" Gabriel sighed, "Anyway, let's get down to business shall we?"

Cas led Dean to a seat next to where Benny was already tearing into his burger. Dean seemed nervous to start, but once Castiel had picked up his own burger to take a bite, Dean took that as an okay to go ahead and eat.

“You probably already have heard, but Hunters have been seen nearby recently. They don’t seem to be on to us at this point in time, however it is important we go over protocols once more just to be sure.

“Mick, you were with the patrols who saw them on both occasions, yes?”

“Yeah I was.” Despite being here for a decade now, Mick’s accent was still strong, “Two men, one younger, one older. They were here investigating the bodies left from our raid on Azazel’s pack. They don’t know that, of course. It’s my belief that they think they were humans killed, not other wolves.”

“Good, you’re sure that we’re safe for now?”

“I wouldn’t say one hundred percent, you never quite know with hunters, but our pack seems safe for now. They’re definitely pointed in Azazel’s direction for now.”

Cas noticed Dean gulp down, an almost nervous look dancing across his features. If these hunters were his brother and pseudo-father, Cas could understand Dean’s worry at them being on or near Azazel’s pack lands.

“Dude, y’all sure know how to make a good burger.” Dean tossed himself on top of Cas’ made bed, his eyes half closed in content. His scent was warm and calm and he looked like he was about ready to fall asleep right there. The meeting wasn’t long, but Cas could tell that Dean was distracted the entire time, and it wasn’t just due to his near make-out session with his burger.

“I’m not the one who cooks here Dean.” Cas smiled to himself as he began to pull his shirt off, intending to switch it for his nightshirt. “Gabriel, actually teaches some of the pack his skills, he’s always had a talent with food, I on the other hand would probably set fire to the building if I was in charge.”

Cas tugged the soft shirt over his head and looked over to see Dean staring at him with a slight smile.

“This would be so much hotter if you weren’t talking about your brother.” Dean muttered to himself, earning a bemused rise of the eyebrow from Cas.

The two stared at each other, blue eyes meeting green. Castiel just wanted to continue staring at the beautiful man before him, with his soft green eyes, and warm flush to his cheeks that made Cas’s wolf purr. *He was doing that.* He couldn’t stop the smug smile that came to his face.

He could feel Dean’s beast come forward behind those smiling green eyes.

“Come over here Cas, I wanna kiss you so bad.” Dean whispered low, pushing himself up onto his elbows.

Cas wasn't able to do anything but listen to him. That omega already held so much power over him, and Cas was excited as to what would come.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

I'm back baybee

This chapter has been a beast to write but I don't know why. It's short so sorry about that but its and update for the first time in like half a year sorry yall.

“These ones just came in three days ago.” The coroner pulled open two morgue draws, revealing the pale corpses within, both littered with torn skin and distinct tooth marks. “Like the others, there’s nothing immediately suspicious about their deaths, they just appear to have been mauled by wolves. It’s the sheer number of bodies that’s concerning. One or two people found killed by wildlife is concerning, but it can, of course, happen. It’s when you get bodies number eight and nine, that something’s got to be happening that we don’t know about.

“I’ll leave you two be. If you need me, I’ll be in my office.”

The coroner closed his door on the way out, leaving Sam and Bobby in the stark, frigid room.

“We’re so close to Cold Oak, it’s gotta be them.” Sam spoke, acid in his voice as he walked over to the bodies laid out on the morgue drawers. Bobby followed him over and each of them took a body to investigate.

Like the photos Bobby had found in the report, the cause of death was the same, severe damage to their throats, as if they’d been shaken in the wolves jaws.

They probably had been, the poor bastards.

The one thing with all of this that didn’t quite track was that all of their organs were intact. Looking through the coroner’s reports, the same went for the other victims.

In every other werewolf case Bobby had ever worked, there was at least some part that had been eaten.

“Bobby, we got a GSW here.”

And things just keep getting more interesting . Bobby huffed to himself, turning to where Sam was now leaning over the other body, a long pair of tweezers in the well hidden hole in his skin. He continued to dig around for a moment until his face lit up with smug accomplishment, when he grabbed a hold of something and tugged, dropping a small bullet, covered in a sticky red sheen onto the table beside him.

He stopped, leaning forward and looking at something that Bobby couldn’t see.

“It’s burning them.” Sam picked the bullet up once more, touching it to the man’s skin, where it sizzled, leaving a small blackened mark.

“It’s a silver bullet.” Bobby observed, noting the slight tarnish that was never there when a bullet was cast in lead.

“They’re not human.”

The two met eyes, both tired, kind of mad and each with a singular thought coming to mind.

Well this changes things.

After a day of finding absolutely nothing, apart from the fact that they were dealing with werewolf on werewolf violence, Bobby was more than happy to book into the first motel that they came across.

Cheap and dingey, just what they were used to.

Sam haphazardly chucked his duffle on the ratty carpet of the motel floor, and then followed through by throwing himself on the equally ratty bed. Bobby just stood in the doorway with a raised eyebrow and a tired shake of the head. Anyone looking at him could almost hear the ‘idjit’ that was being spoken inside his head.

The day had been long, the two chasing any lead they could, add that onto the fact that Bobby hadn’t seen Sam have more than two hours of uninterrupted sleep in the last few months, he wasn’t exactly surprised at his sudden lack of energy. Only weeks ago, the boy had fallen asleep leant up against his shed.

Bobby was initially thinking that they would head to a local bar or diner to grab a bite to eat before turning in for the night, but in seeing Sam face down and already snoring, he decided that a packet of chips and a chocolate bar from the vending machine would do him just fine.

He wouldn’t lie, since they’d lost Dean, Bobby hadn’t exactly been the healthiest griever either. A few too many bottles of whiskey had been emptied, a few too many bullets wasted on tree trunks and well meaning field mice, a few too many hours lost thinking about what he could have done differently to have not lost one of his boys.

It was in the past, he knew that, but it couldn’t seem to stop him from wondering about all the ‘what ifs.’

He scrunched the chocolate wrapper up into a tight ball and lobbed it across the room, aiming for the small waste basket near the door. It hit the edge and bounced mockingly onto the floor.

“ *Balls* .” he muttered to himself, but didn’t bother getting up to retrieve it.

Flicking off the bedside light, Bobby laid back and stared up at the water stained roof above him until some semblance of sleep drifted over him.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

You guys get two in one day because this chapter was written before the last one and its been 6 months.

It had been about a week since the whole 'wolfing out at Gabriel' incident, and now Dean was following Castiel back down to the sparring circles in the woods.

When the couple reached the small clearing, Dean saw the same small crowd as before; Gabriel, Benny and Gadreel were huddled together, chatting in hushed tones that Dean couldn't make out over the sound of the water lapping at the edge of the lake. In unison all three looked up and grinned before returning once more to their animated discussion.

Charlie, Anna, Garth, Bess and Hannah were all sitting to one side, looking as if they'd just finished a long workout. Charlie looked up with a smile and sent him a wave.

"Hey Dean-o, Cassie." Gabe trotted over, a plotting look dancing behind his amber coloured eyes. "We've planned a little something for us to enjoy today."

Dean turned to Cas, raising his eyebrow at him. Being a big brother himself, Dean knew that this 'little something' was most definitely code for an ass beating, or something equally as embarrassing. And judging by the look of almost dread on Cas's face, the look that was the exact same one that Sam gave him when he'd threaten 'a little something,' Gabriel definitely had *something* coming for them.

"Benny, do you wish to tell our lover boys here?" Gabriel asked sweetly, his wolf absolutely reveling in their silent reactions.

Benny had an equally plotting smile when he stepped forward.

"We'll be doing team sparring. Gabriel and myself, versus you lads."

"Benny, this isn't a good idea." Cas glanced at Dean, worried. Dean, however, thought this sounded kind of fun. And at least this time he wouldn't be running in to defend Cas from another wolf mid fight. This time they'd be fighting together, side by side. His wolf rumbled his approval.

"You'll be fine brother." Benny smiled over at Dean, "Both of you will be fine."

Dean flashed a grin in return to Benny before directing his attention back to Cas.

"Not that I *want* to fight, but how else am I gonna learn, Cas?"

Cas just looked at him, the little crook of his brow showing how unimpressed he was at the fact that Dean was right. There was no way Cas would let another wolf spar with him one on one, and everyone here knew that. It only made Dean smile more.

This was gonna be fun.

“Okay boys let’s get this going.” Benny announced with a happy clap of his hands. “Gabe, come on bud it’s playtime. Gadreel, you’re reffing.”

Cas growled at Benny’s blatant enthusiasm. Benny and Gabriel stepped into the sparring ring together, exchanging a fist bump and barely concealed looks of excitement.

“Ok,” Gadreel spoke, his voice steely yet his tone soft, “Castiel and Dean versus Alpha Gabriel and Benjamin.”

His use of Gabriel’s honorific didn’t go unnoticed by Benny, who feigned a cough to cover up his muttered “Suck up.”

Choosing to ignore his packmate, Gadreel continued, “On your marks.”

Like he had when he’d sparred with Gabriel, Cas dropped his weight into a crouch, his muscles deceptively loose.

“Begin.”

Dean began to bounce on his toes. He shook his arms out and got a feel of the ground beneath his feet. It was solid, with a layer of loose gravel and dirt on top. Not the ideal surface, but it was nothing he hadn’t fought on before. It shouldn’t be too har-

Gabriel swept a foot out and collected his legs in one fell swoop, knocking him flat on his ass. The gravel bit into the palms of his hands, and he sent Gabe an unamused scowl when he chuckled at Dean’s easy defeat.

“Hey! No fair dude.” He grumped, peeling himself up from the dirt and brushing himself off.

“Perfectly fair Dean.” Benny and Gabe spoke in unison, twin smiles on their faces. Cas, meanwhile, was giving his brother the stink eye .

Dean pointed an accusing finger in Gabriel’s direction, “You, shut your face.” He turned it to Benny, “And you, quit laughing.” He smiled as innocently as he could, the mischievous twinkle in his eye getting brighter as if to spite Dean’s eloquently put ‘request’.

“Dean, are you actually ready for round two?” Gadreel asked.

“Oh, one hundred percent. Cas, we’re gonna kick their asses.”

“I’d like to see you try,” Gabriel muttered under his breath at the same time that Gadreel counted down. “Begin.”

“I heard that Gabriel!” Dean shouted, mid dodge of that same sneaky kick that he had used the first time around.

With a deep breath, Dean focused himself on the task ahead; not embarrassing himself again. He blocked out the soft chatter of the small crowd of onlookers and let his mind sink back into his hunter mindset, the same one that he’d been raised by. He took a step back to let Cas take the lead for the moment.

His eyes traced every one of Castiel’s subtle movements, the way his shoulders moved gently with each breath, the way his feet gripped onto the ground beneath him, ready to pounce. When Cas’ knees bent, his calves tensing and preparing to spring, Dean was beside him, stepping up to stop Benny’s attack from the side at the same time that Gabriel and Cas met in the middle.

Flicking his eyes over to Cas momentarily, he was keeping his own comfortably against his brother, so Dean let himself focus on keeping Benny away from the two.

Dean met Benny hit for hit, not letting him advance on him one bit. At one point, he managed to send the man tumbling into the dirt.

Cas barked out a laugh when he saw Benny hit the ground.

“Shift.”

Cas sent Dean a sly wink before he leapt forward, tearing through his clothes. Dean wouldn’t ever get over the beauty of Cas’s wolf. Dark, shiny fur that rippled with the movement of his muscles, and those bright blue eyes that stared at him with such emotion. It was so entirely different to Alistair with his cold white eyes and frothing snarl.

Dean quickly tore his thoughts away from that. From *him*. Instead he turned all his attention to the other two wolves before him.

Gabriel prowled around the circle, gnashing his teeth at his brother and Dean. Benny stood strong and deadly, his dark grey furred wolf almost smirking

Cas brushed up against Dean’s side, running his entire length along Dean’s thigh. Dean smiled, knowing that Cas was leaving his scent on him. A promise that he would protect his potential mate.

He could have sworn he saw Gabriel’s wolf dry heave. Asshole.

Dean leapt into a shift, tucking himself under Cas’ throat on instinct, nipping at Benny and Gabriel every time they got a bit too close. He’d heard of wild wolves doing this when fighting, a way of protecting their mates’ soft underbelly from an attacker. It must have been another one of those weird instincts that had just seemed to appear after he was bitten.

After realising that there would be no way of getting past Dean and Cas from the front, Benny and Gabe broke apart.

Gabriel stayed within sight, but Benny disappeared quickly. He also reappeared quickly, before they even had the chance to turn and look for him, he had his claws sunk into Cas' flank and tearing him to the ground.

Dean saw red when he heard the yelp that his mate let out. He tried to run forward to pull the attacker off him, but he was herded away by Gabriel.

It's just a spar . He told himself, not wanting his wolf to pull out of his control again, but Cas and Benny's growls in the background made it extremely difficult to keep focused.

He tried to dodge past Gabriel, but the other wolf just snapped at his ankles and continued to move him *away* from Cas.

It was really starting to piss him off.

He tried again to skirt past Gabe, but this time when he nipped at him, Dean snapped back with a low growl. He stalked forward, pushing Gabriel back.

Dean gave credit where it was due. Gabriel was doing all that he could to keep Dean isolated, however it also kept Gabe away from Benny.

Dean pounced.

Gabriel met him in the middle, teeth bared in an excited wolfy grin.

Dean's wolf sat back in his mind, letting Dean go forward without the haze of fear and anger that had knocked him astray last time.

Chapter 17

Cas picked himself up from the dirt and threw himself back at Benny. He tried to fight back, but Cas was done with playing. He pushed Benny down and within seconds had his neck in his jaws. Benny thrust his head back in surrender, defeat.

Cas let Benny pick himself back up and shake himself off. He then turned to tend to Dean's side of the fight, to support his mate, after all, during his tumble with Benny, he'd heard a whole lot of fuss from their side of the ring.

Dean's wolf looked tense, the *wolf* side of him was clearly not running the show. Castiel didn't exactly blame him, he more than understood, considering what happened last time. Having the human side of Dean in control rather than the instinctual wolf was probably a good idea to keep him from trying to tear Gabriel's throat out.

During their time apart, however, Dean seemed to be going well, clearly holding his own against Gabriel. They seemed to be dancing around each other, occasionally jabbing at each other with fangs and claws.

Giving his brother a smug look, Cas sidled up beside Dean, joining him in his crouched circling of Gabe.

After a few rounds of the sparring circle Gabriel stopped, and with a puffed up chest, he sent Castiel a *look*.

It was one of those looks that, as a younger sibling, you learn very quickly will soon be followed by some sought of shenanigan that involved you not having fun, and your elder sibling having the time of their life.

Brilliant.

Gabriel leapt forward, springing past Castiel and instead getting his claws into Dean's side, roughly knocking him to the dirt. He quickly bounced back.

Cas's wolf pushed forward, pissed at the fact that someone would screw with *his* mate.

Other wolves didn't have the right to lay a hand on Dean. Not now, not in Azazel's pack, not *ever*.

Cas snapped forward, getting a good bite in on Gabriel's shoulder and shoving him to the ground, allowing Dean enough time to get himself back to his feet behind him.

Dean prowled forward, rubbing his flank along Cas'. He moved slowly, purposefully. All the while, maintaining fierce eye contact with Gabriel as he stumbled back to his feet.

Cas' brother looked pissed as he shook himself off, his expression nearly making Cas laugh.

Once Dean had finished marking his scent along Cas's side, he dropped his weight down and tucked his head beneath Cas' throat, the same way he had earlier. The action in itself had Cas' wolf swooning, and while he wanted to indulge in that warm, happy feeling, he had the ass of his brother to kick, so that could wait until later.

It had surprised Castiel when Dean had first dropped down to defend his underbelly. He'd been a wolf for under six months now, and yet the instincts that many seemed confused by at first, even to those who were born into this life, Dean had adapted to them with an almost scary ease.

Cas remembered when his wolf started having the urge to put his scent on absolutely everything. It was a matter of years until he had comfortably embraced that, but Dean had hesitated once, and now it seemed as if he did it without even thinking. He'd adapted from a twitchy new-bitten wolf into being a protector within seconds. Twice.

He didn't think that Dean would ever cease to amaze him.

Cas wanted to keep his attention on the strong omega beside him, but he was interrupted by Gabriel, who was beginning to dance from paw to paw after finally picking himself up from the dirt.

He pounced forward, trying and failing to get through the guard that Dean was putting up beneath Castiel's throat. Dean met Gabe's attack with snapping jaws and a swipe of claws.

He just ended up looking mad.

And so it continued.

"Okay, we're calling it here." Gadreel's voice echoed across the clearing.

Cas came to a stop, only straightening up when Gabriel's fighting stance relaxed. Dean stood to his full height from beneath Cas, stretching his neck and shoulders.

When Cas and Dean met each other's eyes, Dean gave Cas a wolfy smile and a wag of the tail.

"I don't think this will be over anytime soon, so I'll call the draw." Gadreel continued, "Alpha Gabriel, Castiel and Dean you may step out and shift back when you please."

Cas gave him a nod and, after giving Dean an encouraging nudge, trotted off to the side lines. Finding the loose track pants that he'd brought with him, Cas leapt into a shift, transforming from fur to skin. He pulled the track pants on quickly, tying them at his waist before turning to face his fellow pack members behind him.

Dean was tugging a flannel over a creased t-shirt with a hunter's efficiency, sweat coating his brow. Meanwhile Gabriel was stumbling around with one leg in his pants.

Sometimes Cas wondered how his brother was such a strong Alpha who was so incredible at leading their pack when he was such a complete dumbass at times.

Dean had sat himself down and was watching Gabriel with a smirk and a slight raise to his eyebrow as he finally got his pants on and swayed over.

All three looked, and felt if Castiel knew anything about Dean and his brother, exhausted. Dean was noticeably dead on his feet, cheeks flushed and sweaty, and breathing hard.

"Dude it's been *months* since I've fought. I kinda missed it." Dean met Gabriel's eyes, his smirk from before growing into a grin, "Give me time to bulk back up and I'll whoop your ass."

Gabriel scowled his mock offence before he reached over and gave Dean a playful shove.

Unable to wrangle back his wolf, who was still on edge from their fight, Cas snapped down at Gabriel with a low growl.

Gabe raised his hands in surrender, "Touchy, touchy."

Cas frowned at his brother, but before he had the chance to respond, Dean leaned into his thigh, his scent tired yet very much content.

"You lovebirds disgust me." Gabriel coughed under his breath. This time, Dean's happy presence didn't stop Cas. He reached out and shoved Gabriel, much in the same way he'd just done to Dean.

If it were a shove with triple the strength put behind it, only Gabriel had to know.

"Quit the spat and take a seat boys!" Benny's voice hollered across the clearing, quickly drawing the brother's attention toward him. With a smile, Benny turned to Gadreel, who was already rolling his eyes.

"It's time Gadreel, you and I have a date with the rings." He cracked his neck and stepped forward.

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