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Gentle Touch

by [thebuttonghost](#)

Summary

Dean wakes up in a hospital after being attacked by his abusive father John. Crippled from the attack, Dean can only walk if he uses crutches, and his memory is spotty. His physical therapist Cas is drawn to him, and offers to let Dean live with him and his lawyer husband Sam until he's fully healed. Dean relents and wakes up in a crib after a deep sleep. He becomes their baby, regressing as part of his therapy.

Chapter 1

Dean was somewhat aware of his surroundings. Everything was hazy and he couldn't open his eyes, or really move, but he could feel things.

He could feel something blocking his throat.

He could feel something itchy on his legs.

He could feel something pointy in his arm.

But he could also feel a large, warm, hand running through his hair.

He could feel another hand holding his sometimes.

The hands were different, he could tell. The one that touched his hair was bigger, tougher, and yet gentle. He could feel the bump from callouses on the hand, and the cool metal wrapped around his finger.

He hand that held his was different. It was smaller, and didn't have bumps. It was smoother than the other hand and didn't have the coolness on a finger. It was softer when it touched him, as if this hand was scared it would hurt Dean.

He liked the touches. They were different from when John touched him. John was rough when he touched Dean, he didn't care if he hurt him. These touches seemed hesitant, like they didn't want to hurt him.

Dean had learned a long time ago that not all touching is good.

"I didn't ask for you," John snarled. He pushed Dean down on the ground, off of the motel bed he had been sitting on.

"I didn't ask for much." He kicked Dean's ribcage- a sickening crack audible. "I only asked for a simple life." He kicked him again and took a long drink from the bottle in his hands.

"I just wanted a normal life. I wanted a wife, a son, a family. A normal family. Instead I get this fucked up kid and dead wife." John hiccupped and smashed the bottle on the ground next to Dean. Dean knew better than to cover his face, otherwise John would hold him down and make sure the glass cut him.

Dean couldn't hold back the whimper building in his chest. John turned and gave his son a stare that would kill if it could. "What did I say about back talk?"

"M sorry," Dean mumbled. John knelt down to where Dean was on the ground. "What'd you say brat?"

"M sorry," Dean repeated. John laughed and stared at his son.

"You're gonna pay for that disrespect, boy."

Dean's eyes flashed open. He couldn't breathe. The tube was blocking his air and he began to panic. People began flooding into the room, moving left and right, talking and looking at him.

"His monitor's going crazy."

“He’s panicking.”

“Someone get another IV bag.”

Too many voices were talking at once. Dean still couldn’t breath and his eyes began filling with tears. He was scared. He didn’t know what was going on. Where was John? Where was he?

A soft hand on his arm snapped him out of his thoughts. He slowly turned his head to see a man crouching next to him.

“Hey buddy, it’s alright. You need to calm down. That thing on your throat is helping you breath, it’s all right. You’re in a hospital . My name’s Cas.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

It had been a week since Dean had woken up. The doctor said he was in a coma for two weeks, medically induced for his own safety.

A manager at the motel they were staying at had heard yelling and called the police. They found a bloodied, unconscious Dean and a missing John. Police still hadn't tracked down John, and Dean highly doubted they were trying.

He was diagnosed with four broken ribs, a broken nose, fractured wrist, moderate concussion, multiple contusions, and a dislocated hip. The concussion symptoms had cleared up by now, which was pretty good considering everything else hurt like a bitch.

His nose didn't really bother him, but he couldn't even roll over without severe pain. Even with the pain meds they were giving him, it hurt. The hip wasn't much better. He couldn't even walk, not that they would let him anyway.

He hated this hospital. The nurses weren't hot and the doctors were nowhere near Dr. Sexy territory. Cable is crap, but he liked the background noise, so he left it on most of the time. The only highlight of the day was when Cas dropped by.

Dean couldn't find words to describe Cas. Cas was incredible, simple as that. He was Dean's physical therapist and a pretty awesome dude in general. Cas managed to sneak Dean an extra pudding when the nurses weren't looking, and hooked him up with some magazines. They weren't 'Busty Asian Babes', but they were pretty entertaining. Apparently, two celebrities are expecting twins and someone cheated on someone.

Dean's been trying to remember what he can from that night, but very few things are coming to him other than flashes of pain and yelling. He's so out of it that he doesn't hear the door creak open.

"Dean?" He jumped, only to see Cas standing in front of his bed.

"Oh, didn't see you there."

“You okay?”

“Yeah, just thinking.”

“Don’t think too hard. You know what I’ve told you,” Cas gently admonishes. He rubs Dean’s arm before sitting on the chair next to him. He pulls out his chart and hums softly as he flips through it. Dean glances down and notices the pattern on Cas’ pants. He giggled softly, causing Cas to stop flipping and look up at him.

“What’s so funny?”

“Your pants.”

Cas grinned. “My husband bought them for me as a gag gift for Christmas one year. Our washing machine is broken and these were my only scrubs that were clean.”

“Husband?” Dean cocked his eyebrow.

“Dean,” Cas paused momentarily, “I’m gay. I thought you knew-” he began.

“It’s not that you’re gay, Cas. I’m just surprised that you’re married.”

Cas gave him a look.

“I’ve never seen you wear a ring, so I just assumed you were either single or dating.”

“Hospital policy says we can’t wear jewelry, including wedding bands,” Cas informed him. He continued flipping through Dean’s chart. Dean’s eyes couldn’t stop staring at the pants, but Cas seemed to ignore it.

The pants were green with tiny moose dotting the legs, and trees lining seams. Dean wondered

why Cas' husband picked moose of all things, but they were pretty spectacular. Cas cleared his throat, snapping Dean out of his thoughts.

"How are you feeling?"

"Good," Dean quickly responded.

"Dean." Cas sounded sterner this time.

"I'm fine, Cas."

"I don't mean 'fine', Dean. I want to know if you're hurting, and if you are, where. There's nothing wrong with needing a little help."

"My hip is pretty sore," Dean admitted.

"More so than usual, or the same?"

Dean shrugged.

"Dean." Cas' voice was full of command.

"A little bit more than usual, but I wouldn't say it's anything major."

"Dean, if you're hurting, you need to tell me. It's my job to make sure you're healing properly." Cas sighed, scribbling something down on his chart. "Do you want to try the exercise, or is it too bad? I can give you some meds and come back later."

"No, I can do it. Just give me a second." Dean shifted his weight and grimaced at the pain.

"No, you're not. I'm going to give you something to control the pain and we're going to do

something else.” Dean gave Cas a look. “Something doesn’t involve moving your hip, Dean. The last thing we need to do is injure any of muscle surrounding the joint. It could call for surgery if we aren’t careful.” Cas stood up from the blue chair and pressed the ‘Nurse’ button by Dean’s bed.

Soon enough, a nurse came rushing into the room with the painkillers Cas had requested the first time she’d come around. The medicine was in a vial, meaning it was liquid. Cas pulled out the IV pole that had been sitting in the corner of the room and Dean groaned.

“It’ll get into your system faster if we do it this way. There’s also no chance of you throwing it up like you did last time.” Cas poured the vial’s contents into the saline bag and opened up an antibacterial wipe to clean Dean’s arm.

He begrudgingly held it out for Cas, and looked away, not wanting to watch the needle enter his arm. Dean was tough. He was a man. He had stitched up his own wounds for God’s sake, but he couldn’t watch a fucking needle go into his arm.

His stomach had been reacting pretty badly to the meds they’d been giving him. The past few times he’d taken the meds orally, he ended up hunched over some toilet or bowl puking his guts out.

Dean felt the slight pinch and his mouth twitched. Cas finished the job and moved back to where he had been sitting. Dean could see the look Cas had on his face, and right now, Dean didn’t want to face him. He knew that look. He kept staring forward hoping Cas would drop it.

“Dean,” Cas’ voice was soft. “Do you want to talk about what happened that night?”

Dean froze. “I’ve told you all I remember, Cas.”

“Dean, are you sure? I know you are still recovering your memory, but-”

“What are you saying, Cas? Do you think I’m lying to you about what I remember?”

Cas looked startled at the interruption, but remained his calm tone. “Dean, I would never. We need to work on getting your memory back, and sometimes there are details you think you’ve said that you might not have. The human mind is a fickle thing, Dean. In order to track down your father-”

“John. That bastard’s not my father.”

“John, excuse me. In order to track down John, we need all the details we can get.”

“I thought you said we were going to do a different exercise, Cas, not talk about what happened.”

“I didn’t mean physical. This is a mental stimulation exercise.”

“I thought you were a physical therapist, not an emotional one,” Dean grumbled.

“The brain is muscle,” Cas grinned, pleased with his response.

“Whatever.”

“Do you?”

“Do I what?”

“Want to talk about it?”

“My answer hasn’t changed, Cas.”

“You’re going to have to talk about it at some point. Why not now?”

“I don’t feel like pouring my feelings out to guy in moose pants, that’s why!” Cas had noted that Dean would get defensive after being prodded about something, a common symptom in abuse victims. Cas just sighed and put his hand on Dean’s, turning his focus to the television.

“What are you watching?”

“I think the news? Not really sure. The channel keeps flickering.”

“You want me to bring you some DVDs? I bet Sam has some you’ll like.”

“Yeah sure,” Dean agreed. Cas stood up, checking the time on the wall clock.

“I’ve got to go. My next patient is a building over, so I’ll need time to walk. I’ll come by in the morning and drop the DVDs off, okay? I don’t want you to be bored until our next session.”

“Thanks Cas.”

Cas walked over to the door and left. Dean just stared at the door, minutes after he left. He was still in shock over how nice this man who he barely knew was. Kindness wasn’t something he was used to. John had been abusive for all Dean could remember, so this was rather odd.

Cas acted rather fatherly toward him, something that confused Dean. He just shrugged it off, like he always did, and tried not to think too hard on it. He turned his attention back to the news, hoping for some distraction

Chapter End Notes

Ghostie here! Thanks so much for all of the lovely people who commented and left kudos on here! It means a lot. I hope that the length wasn't too long and would love to hear some commentary!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

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

“Sam, are you home?” Cas called out. He walked through the door of his and his husband’s home. He put his keys in the bowl by the door and shut it.

“Yeah, I’m in the kitchen,” Sam called. Cas smiled at his husband’s voice and went to the kitchen. The kitchen was the pride of the home, if you asked Cas. The island in the center was a farmhouse table that Sam had made himself. In fact, Sam made most of the wooden furniture.

The large window above the farmhouse sink let in a lot of natural sunlight, illuminating the white cabinets and creamy tiled walls. The countertops were repurposed wood and a similar wood was on the planks in the ceiling. The navy and white rug underneath the island gave the kitchen a simple pop of color.

Sam was by the sink, chopping up what looked to be tomatoes. He was wearing simple navy slacks and button up black shirt. Cas assumed he hadn’t changed from work yet, just took off his suit jacket.

Cas wrapped his arms around his husband’s torso. “What are you making?”

“Cutting up some stuff for salad. Figured we could have something chicken to go along with it. We have some in the fridge. I just need to figure out what to do with it.” Sam stopped cutting and wiped his hands off on the hand towel near the sink. He turned around and hugged his husband back.

“Whatever you make will be wonderful,” Cas assured him. Sam and Cas just stood there for a minute, in each other’s arms. Sam towered over Cas by a few inches, just the perfect height for Cas to lay his head on Sam’s chest.

“I’ll keep cooking dinner. Go shower, you smell like a hospital,” Sam joked. Cas let go of his husband and headed upstairs to their master bedroom. He grabbed a pair of jeans and a tee shirt before going to the adjoining bathroom.

The bathroom was a comfortable size. It was all white tiles, up and down the wall. They were more rustic, than modern, so it didn’t feel like the blinding white of the hospital. The floors were

large, stone grey tiles. There was a large mirror and glass cabinet holding a white sink with a gold faucet. Underneath there were towels and a potted plant. There were not cabinet doors, making the space feel more open. The shower was built into the wall. It had the same white tile and a matching gold showerhead. The door was glass, not frosted, just plain window glass, but it didn't matter. The only person who could walk in was Sam, but he didn't care.

Black accents were everywhere; around the mirror, on the light switch, around the glass on the shower, to make it feel more modern. Cas started the water and stepped into the shower. As he was washing his body, he couldn't stop thinking about Dean. He was going to approach the subject with Sam tonight. He knew Dean was the one.

He finished his shower, taking his time to carefully clean himself and wash his hair. He shut the water off and stepped out onto the black mat. He dried himself and dressed rather quickly. He spotted the scrubs on the floor and made a mental note to give the washing machine repairman a call.

He headed back to the kitchen to see Sam plating dinner. "Go ahead to the table. I'll bring these out. There's water and tea on the table for you to pick from." Cas grinned. His husband was a true homemaker, just like his mother. Sam's mother was a nice, Southern lady who served tea at every meal and taught her son how to be a true gentleman- something Cas truly appreciated.

Cas sat down at the table in the dining room and poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher. The table was already set, thanks to Sam, and ice in the drinking glasses. Sam had also made this table, a large wooden topped one with white legs and matching white chairs. The walls were a light cream/tan combination and dark stained planks made up the flooring. An iron chandelier hung from ceiling and a shelf holding the good china and knick-knacks was behind was table.

Sam came into the room holding two plates. He set one down in front of Cas and the other at his pot across from him. Cas looked at the plate and placed his napkin in his lap. There was a small side salad, some sort of chicken and some roasted veggies.

Sam had already begun eating while Cas was still admiring the dish. Cas began to eat, trying to find the right time to bring up the subject with his husband. "Do you like the chicken?"

"It's great."

"It's a honey mustard rub that I found in one of the cook books your boss gave us for Christmas. It's honey, Dijon and beer. It seemed fast, so I went with it. I wasn't sure if you'd like it or not."

“It’s amazing, as always.” Cas continued eating while Sam began to tell him about his day. Sam had a new client for his law firm and this client was quite difficult. Sam had called it quits today and came home early, which is how he beat Cas home.

“How was your day, Cas?” Cas finished chewing the piece of cauliflower in his mouth before answering.

“It was good. I told Dean I would bring him some DVDs to watch. The cable connection isn’t very good in his room.”

“I’ll find some after I clean up.”

“I can clean. You made dinner. You don’t have to find some. I can manage. You’ve had a long day.”

“Cas,” Sam’s deep voice started. “You know that I love you, but your watching tastes are pretty boring. If I let you pick them out, he’s going to be stuck watching some nature documentary and all of its sequels.”

“They’re interesting!” Cas defended. Sam only laughed, forking a piece of chicken.

“I think I’ve got some movies in the attic he might enjoy. How’s he been doing?”

“Not too good, from what I can tell. He says he’s fine, but his hip isn’t any better than when he was brought in.”

“I can’t believe his father would do that to him, though. Beat him bloody and abandon him. Has he mentioned his mother any?”

“He hasn’t mentioned her. According to John’s file, she died in a house fire when he was young. You know, records say Dean was born in Kansas.”

“Then why is he in Oregon?”

“His father liked to travel, from what I can tell. All of his school records are from different states. It doesn’t look like they stayed anywhere for more than a year.”

“That’s horrible.” Sam put down his fork and took a swig of tea. Cas cleared his throat and Sam looked at him.

“I think Dean’s the one.” Sam nearly choked on his tea.

“Really?”

“Just think about it Sam. He comes from an abusive home. Never had a mother. Never had a real home. He lived out of motels and shacks for most of his life! He’s probably never had someone in his life that loves him, who’s willing to take care of him. This is our chance. He needs someone to love him. To nurture him. To care for him. We can do that, Sam!”

“Cas, are you sure?”

“I haven’t been this sure about anything since I married you. He’s even more beautiful when he’s awake, Sam. He acts all tough but I can see that there’s a scared little boy underneath his exterior. He needs us, Sam.”

“Do you think he’ll agree?”

“I’m not sure. I want him to get comfortable with us first. I think that if we get him to move in, he might change. He needs to get to know us first. If he can trust us, then he might be more open to the idea.”

“I’m opposed to it, but-“

“Sam, you saw him when he was asleep. You saw how perfect he was. We can’t just let him go. He’ll spiral downwards without us. John could come back and hurt him worse than before. This is our chance.”

“If you can get him to stay, then I’ll go for it.”

“Sam.” Cas reached over and grabbed his husband’s hand. “You seem hesitant.”

“I am,” Sam admitted. “I’m just not sure. Can we really help him when he’s this far along? I don’t want to torture him more than his father did.”

“Sam, this isn’t torture.”

“I know it isn’t. Not for consenting adults, like-”

“Sam. You know that Dean needs this as much as I do. You can’t ignore this. Just because things didn’t work out the first time, doesn’t mean it won’t this time.”

“But he was a consenting adult, who backed out at the last second. Dean doesn’t really get a say. I don’t want to hurt him.”

“Sam. We won’t hurt him, I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Ghostie here again! Thanks so much for all of the positive feedback! It means so much to me! I've been really inspired lately, so I've been writing like a maniac. Comments/kudos are always welcomed and very appreciated!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

“This is our house,” Cas said, pulling up to a navy painted two story home. Dean had been surprised when Cas had asked him to move in with them. He could get his physical therapy done there (since Cas was a licensed physical therapist after all) and not be stuck in the crappy hospital anymore.

Cas got out of the car and walked around to the passenger seat. He opened the door for Dean to help him get out. He pulled the crutches out of the back so Dean could support himself. They weren't underarm crutches, but forearm ones instead. The underarm crutches had irritated a cut on the inside of Dean's arm, causing the wound to open multiple times.

Dean was still pretty unstable on the crutches, but it meant it he could move somewhat on his own, which was better than nothing. Dean hobbled up the walkway with Cas by his side. He stopped when they reached the stairs leading to the porch and looked to Cas.

“I've got you. Just do it like we practiced,” he encouraged. He grabbed the twenty-two year old's arm and helped him up the stairs. He reached the top and the door opened to reveal a tall, brown haired man.

“I didn't realize you were here. I'll help with the bags. I'm Sam,” he greeted. Before Dean could get a word in, Sam was already halfway down the stairs to go get his bag. Cas was still right behind him, walking him through the doorway.

“Straight ahead is the living room. Make yourself comfortable. I'll be right back.” Cas left to go help his husband. Dean followed his instructions and found himself in a large, cozy living room.

The walls were an inviting yellow tinted cream, and a white shelf was tucked into a nook. There was a tan sectional couch in the center of the room with a large leather, tufted, square ottoman in between to prop your feet up. There were two matching colored chairs across from the couch, and a tan and white striped rug was underneath it all.

The stone fireplace was on the opposite wall, and a large flat screen television above it. A large window next to the fireplace looked into a green backyard. Dean hobbled to the couch, nearly knocking a lamp over in the process. He finally settled into the edge of the couch and sat down, looking out into the yard. Dean heard the door shut a pair of feet going up the stairs near the entry.

He assumed it was Sam, but instead it was Cas. Sam was in the living room with Dean now, and Cas was upstairs. “Do you want anything Dean? Something to eat? Drink?”

“I’m fine, thanks.” Dean didn’t want to be too much of a hassle.

“I just want to make sure your comfortable. Make yourself at home. If you need anything, just let me or Cas know.” Sam seemed friendly, Dean noted. Sam settled into a chair and flipped on the television. He turned to Dean, “What do you want to watch? TV’s all yours.”

“Anything’s fine. Put on whatever you want.”

“Football fine?”

“Sure,” Dean agreed. He was already uncomfortable. He’s barely met this guy and he was so welcoming. An awkward silence filled the space between them, the only noise the voice of the announcer talking about the scores of both teams in previous games.

Thankfully, Cas came back down soon, changed out of his scrubs and into some jeans and a shirt that looked like it was from some tourist attraction. Sam was dressed similarly, but had an unbuttoned flannel shirt thrown over his tee. Cas sat down on the opposite couch end, next to his husband. “Do you need anything, Dean?”

“I’m fine,” Dean assured Cas.

“Let me know when you do. I can show you around after dinner if you’re up to it.”

“That sounds good.”

“As long as your hip feels fine. There’s a lot of stairs, unfortunately.”

“We’d be screwed if something happened to either one of use and ended up in a wheelchair or cast,” Sam joked. Dean smiled, before turning his attention to football.

After a while, the game had reached halftime and everyone was hungry. Well, Sam and Cas were hungry. Cas knew Dean had to be, but didn't ask, because he knew what his response would be; the usual "I'm fine".

Sam had decided to fix dinner, as Cas could barely work a microwave. "Hey, Dean, is soup okay?"

"Anything's fine. Don't worry about me. I'm not picky," Dean quickly responded. Sam set to work cooking dinner while Cas and Dean sat in silence. The smell of onions and garlic sautéing was enough to even make Dean's mouth water.

After around twenty minutes, Sam emerged from the kitchen and sat down on the couch. "Soup's cooking. I've got some cornbread in the oven too." Sam handed Cas a beer.

"Dean, are you thirsty? The medicine bottle said thirst is a common side affect. We've got tea, Sprite, water, and possibly lemonade. No alcohol while you're on pain killers, sorry."

"Water's fine, thanks." Cas went to fill a glass for Dean while Sam began to drink his beer and catch up on the game. Cas came back holding a clear glass full of ice and water. He handed it to Dean and one pill.

"It's your antibiotic for the infection. You can't take anything for the discomfort until you eat, unfortunately."

Dean swallowed down the pill and some water. "Thanks Cas." A timer went off and Sam headed back to the kitchen to check on dinner. Cas was trying to focus on the game, but kept glancing back at Dean. He couldn't keep his eyes off his boy.

Sam poked his head in the living room. "I've set the table. Come join me when you're ready."

Cas stood up to help Dean. They managed to make it to the dining room where three bowls of steaming hot potato soup were. Cas made sure Dean was settled in his spot before sitting at his spot. There was triangle of cornbread on a small plate next to each bowl, as well as a bowl of salad on the table with serving utensils.

It felt weird with three people at the same time, but it also felt like it was meant to be. Sam fixed himself a small salad, while both Cas and Dean declined the greens.

“Sam has this thing where eats salad at almost every meal,” Cas explained. Dean only grinned, putting a spoonful of the thick soup in his mouth. It was easily the best meal he’d ever had.

He finished his bowl as Sam was telling Cas about their neighbor whose mail they had been getting the past few days. Nothing too interesting, but it was better than silence. “Do you want anymore, Dean?”

“I’m full, thanks Sam.” He took a sip of his water as Cas gathered the dishes to take to the kitchen.

“So how about that tour?” Cas asked.

“Sounds good,” Dean replied.

“Are you sure? Do you want to take something before or after?” Cas’ eyes gleamed concern for the younger man.

“After. I’m fine, Cas.”

“As always,” Cas muttered. He helped Dean out of the chair and slide his arms into the grips of the crutches. “We’ll start with this floor. If you get too tired, just say. We can stop anytime,” Cas assured him.

“This is the dining room, as you can tell.” They walked to the next room, the kitchen. Dean was in awe of how large and beautiful their home was. It was big enough for a family of six, not just two. After admiring the kitchen, they went upstairs, where Dean would be staying.

“That room is just a storage closet. There’s no need for us to go in there,” Cas said, pointing at the door. They headed to the room next it. “This is mine and Sam’s bedroom.” The walls were white, but not sterile looking, surprisingly. The bed had a large, wooden canopy over it, but no curtain. The bed had a fluffy, royal blue duvet on it and lots of white pillows, matching the under sheet. The flooring was the same as it was in the living room, and a small dresser was tucked in the corner.

There was a door leading to a bathroom, but they didn't go in there. They exited and headed across the hall. "This is your room. I put your bag up here. We can get you more clothes later, you have far too few." The wall had wood panels on it, and the rest were a dark grey. The sheets matched the walls, and had an orange blanket tucked at the feet. White curtains hung from the window and a closet was on the opposite wall.

"I'm sure what I have is fine, Cas. You don't need to go through any trouble."

"Nonsense. You barely have two outfits, and our washing machine has yet to be fixed too. You can't live in the same dirty clothes," Cas tried to assure him that it would be no trouble. Clearly, Dean had never had more clothes than what he did now. The only stuff found in the motel room was a Sex Pistols shirt, and pair of jeans, a plain white tee and some grey sweat pants. That was definitely not enough. He was cut out of the clothes he came to the ER wearing, so that set of clothing was done for.

"Do you want to stop? I can just help you get settled in here, and we can finish in the morning."

"No, Cas, I'm fine. Don't worry about me."

"Dean, I am your primary physician as of today. It's my job to make sure you're taken care of."

"I'm fine, Cas. Let's keep on going. Where to next?"

They left the bedroom and went back out into the grey painted hallway. The room next to Dean's was Sam's office. The walls were a pale grey, and had a stretch of white shelving across one wall. There was a large corner desk lining both walls, matching the shelves. There was one area with a white chair with files stacked in front of it. On the other wall, there was another chair and a computer in front of it. There were picture frames and books stacked on the shelves, most of Sam and Cas. "That's all of this floor, unless you want to check out the bathroom. It's small, just a typical bathroom." Dean shook his head. "Do you want to go to the basement or not?"

"Yeah, let's check it out." Cas guided Dean down the stairs, into the living room, and opened the door that Dean had presumed was another storage closet. It actually led to some more stairs. Cas helped him down again and Dean found himself in an entertainment room.

The wall facing him was just full of cubbies, each with alternating blue and green bins inside. It was an unusual change from the grey, navy and white scheme that filled the whole house, but it

was a nice pop of color. Cas turned him around and helped him walk into the main room.

This room was nearly identical to the living room, but the sectional was cream with yellow pillows, and the walls were white. There was a larger flat screen on the wall, but not fireplace. There was a fluffy white rug under the couch and two large speakers by the wall. "We typically watch movies in here. The sound is better than upstairs," Cas explained. Dean nodded, looking around the space.

They went to another guest bedroom, decorated completely different than any of the other rooms. The walls were burnt orange and it had a white, shag rug on the floor. The bedpost was nearly black and a chair sat in the corner, as well as a mini fridge. "My brother Gabriel typically stays here when he comes to town. It was decorated to his liking."

"Where does he live?"

"Everywhere. He doesn't really have a home. He likes to travel, buys a house and sells it when he's bored. He comes around every once in a while and stays for a month or two. He's truly a free spirit," Cas explains. Dean nods. He understands the urge to move around constantly because of his Dad, but the fact that this man had enough money to buy a house every time was extraordinary.

They walked to the next room, which was another guest room. The walls were the same grey as Dean's room, and had a twin bed and a dresser. This room was pretty bare, but it was still way more than Dean was used to. The bed was made, and as usual, had more than enough pillows.

Next up was the central bathroom, a simply decorated navy and white room, with a white sink, toilet and tub. "There's another bathroom in Gabe's room, but this is the only one that's not attached to a room down here."

"Okay. Was this a garage before hand?"

"Yes, it was. Sam did most of the converting. He's very handy. How did you know?"

"It echoes like a garage would."

"It's very interesting that you would pick up on that Dean."

“Yeah, well, practice makes perfect.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“John was pretty paranoid that he was being monitored by the FBI or something. After the fire, he was pretty distrustful of any law enforcement workers. He blamed them. He taught me how to analyze rooms and spaces to find recorders and stuff.”

Cas was silent. He was stunned by this answer, but suddenly everything clicked. They moved so that they couldn't be tracked. He used different aliases to not be tracked. He beat his son into submission, trained him to be this. Everything was clear to Cas now. “Oh,” was all he could sputter.

“Is this all? I'm kinda ready to head back upstairs now.”

“Oh, yes, of course. This must be pretty tiring for you. You haven't moved this much in a while without a break.” Cas felt stupid for dragging Dean around the house without so much of a break, but Dean was never one to ask for breaks. He couldn't have known.

He helped Dean back up and settled him on the couch. “I'll go get your pain killers. Put on whatever show you want.” Cas rushed out of the room to get a glass of water so Dean could take the pills. When he came back, he found a half asleep Dean watching the news.

“Dean,” he lightly tapped his shoulder. “I've got your pills for you.”

“Huh,” Dean opened his eyes and looked at Cas. “Oh, thanks Cas.” He swallowed the pills and handed the glass back to class.

“Do you want me to help you upstairs? There's a TV in your room if you wish to continue watching it.”

“That sounds good, Cas. I'm pretty beat.”

“Let’s go then.” Cas carefully held Dean’s shoulder as he hobbled his way upstairs to his room. “Can you dress yourself, or do you need help?”

“I can get it, thanks.” Dean shut the door on Cas. Cas could still hear him and stayed in the same spot to make sure he could hear Dean if he fell. The room grew silent, and after five minutes Cas became worried.

“Dean,” he called, knocking on the door. There was no response. He tried again. “Dean, can I come in?” Same as last time. Cas creaked the door open to see Dean asleep on the bed, in his sweatpants and the same shirt as before.

Cas walked over to bed and moved away the crutches. He sat down next to sleeping figure and grabbed his hand softly. Dean shifted, but didn’t wake up. Cas sat there for nearly an hour, just admiring him and running his hand up and down Dean’s arm.

Cas knew he was the one the moment he met him. Cas knew he had made the right choice.

Chapter End Notes

Ghostie here! Thanks to all of you wonderful people leaving comments, kudos, and for just reading! This was kind of a filler chapter, and I'm sorry about that, I needed Dean to get acquainted with his surroundings and for Cas to learn a little more about him before moving on with the plot. Comments/Kudos are always appreciated!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

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

Cas was so occupied with Dean that he didn't hear Sam come in. Cas looked up to see his husband standing in the doorway, admiring them. "I need to talk with you," Sam whispered.

Cas pressed a kiss to Dean's forehead before leaving the room to join his husband. Sam was in their bedroom on his laptop typing away, but shut it when Cas walked in. Cas shut the door and sat on the bed next to his husband.

"What did you want to talk about, Sam?"

"I wanted to talk about Dean." Cas held his breath. "I think he's the one." Cas let out a breath and smiled.

"You really think so?"

"Definitely. You're right. He's even more beautiful when he's awake. I just- Cas. Words can't do him justice." Cas hugged his husband tightly.

"When should we start?" Sam asked.

"I say tonight." Sam looked at him strangely. "I gave him a sleeping pill too. Mixed it in with his water at dinner."

"Cas," Sam said sternly. "Were you planning on starting tonight?"

"Sam, no. I wanted to wait for you. But he hasn't been sleeping well and looked so tired today. I couldn't hold back the urge to help. He's our little boy now, Sam. I want to take care of him."

"Okay. Just, talk to me before you drug him next time okay?"

“Okay. You want to get started?”

“Of course. The room is set up, right?”

“Yep. Did you get the clothes in his size?”

“They’re in the dresser.”

“Sam, you go get him, I’ll prep everything else. Please be careful not to wake him.”

Sam gave his husband a kiss and left the room. Cas followed suit, opened the door that he told Dean was storage closet. The room was actually a baby room they had made, with a changing table, crib and all. The walls were painted a pale green and the crib was a dark cherry wood. There was a white and blue striped rocking chair in the corner, big enough to hold two grown sized people. A bookshelf full of children’s books sat next to it for easy access. The changing table was also big enough for a grown man, and same as the crib. Sam had made them, before they had met Dean. There had been another possible baby of theirs, but the deal turned sour. They were left with an empty room and a hole in their hearts.

Sam came into the room carrying Dean. Dean stirred a little, but not enough to alarm either of them. He gently places Dean on the changing table where Cas was waiting. Cas opened the drawer in built into the changing table and pulled out a syringe and a bottle. He filled the syringe with the liquid.

“I hate doing this to him,” Cas muttered.

“I know, but it’s the only way we can be sure he’ll sleep through this is if we give the drug. Just this once, Cas, okay?”

“I’m going to take hold you to your word, Sam. After we get him trained I don’t want to drug him.”

“Cas, we’re not going to turn him into some mindless zombie. We just need him to heal right now. We need to let him be accepting of us, and this is only way.”

“This isn’t the only way, Sam. We could just try to build up his trust,” Cas pleaded. He couldn’t stand the idea of drugging his little boy. It made him sick.

Dean stirred on the table, grunting a little. “Cas, you have to do it now. We can talk about this later. I would do it, but I’m not trained like you are.” Cas sighed, but stuck the needle in Dean’s arm nonetheless. He carefully injected the liquid to make sure Dean would stay asleep.

“It’ll take five minutes to take full affect. I think he should be fine before then, but I don’t wish to begin until we know he won’t wake up.”

“Okay, Cas. Whatever makes you comfortable,” Sam said. Cas’ husband hugged him lovingly, before turning to Dean.

“He’s just so perfect. I can’t believe he’s ours.”

“I know, Sam. I can’t believe it either.” They stood in silence, watching over their angel. “I think it’s time.”

Cas and Sam set to work on making Dean a true little boy. They stripped him of his clothes and began working. Cas pulled out the shaving cream and began to shave his private areas. Babies don’t have hair there, so neither would Dean.

When he was done, he wiped him clean before moving on to his face and legs. It didn’t take long. Cas was used to shaving patients to prep for surgery, a common task for med school students, no matter what field they wanted to go into.

Sam just stood aside, watching Cas work. Cas next pulled out the scissors and snipped at Dean’s hair. He didn’t take much off, just some dead ends and evened out the cut. It looked like someone with no experience had cut it, so it was either John or Dean.

“Sam, can you get some clothes for Dean? I’m going to run the bath real quick.” Cas left the room and Sam could hear the bath running. Cas came back into the room and looked to his husband. “It’s ready. I want to wash him with the nighttime stuff and clean the rest of the shaving cream off. Can you bring him in?”

“Absolutely. Actually-” Sam said, “Do you mind if I bathe him?”

“Oh, of course! Take as long as you need, just make sure the water doesn’t get too cold and be careful of his stitches.” Cas pecked a kiss on his husband’s cheek. Sam lifted Dean off the table and took him to the bathroom. The water was shallow, to help keep his stitches dry. They were almost fully healed and wrapped pretty tight, but Cas was still worried about infection.

Sam ever so carefully places Dean into the warm water. He wet a loofah and got to scrubbing. He used a nighttime baby wash Cas had found at Walgreens. It smelled like lavender and vanilla, a calming scent.

He washed Dean carefully, trying not to irritate his skin or disturb his sleep. Once that was done, Sam pulled a cup from the counter and wet his hair. He massaged the matching shampoo into Dean’s hair, taking time to rub all of the product in. He washed his hair out using the cup before lifting him out to dry him. He situated a naked Dean in his lap, not caring if his clothing became wet. He wiped him down with a fluffy towel and began working the nighttime lotion onto his skin.

Soon, Dean was fully dry and moisturized. Sam carried him back to the nursery to see Cas in the rocking chair, slowly rocking. “He’s all yours, babe.” Sam placed Dean back on the changing table and Cas walked over to where Dean and his husband were.

Cas pulled a diaper, rash cream, and baby powder out of the drawer. He rubbed the cream onto Dean’s diaper area and thoroughly powdered him before taping up the diaper. He pulled on the onesie that Sam had picked out. It was blue with dinosaurs on it. Cas smiled at the choice and dressed Dean it before turning to Sam. “Do you want to swaddle him?”

“I’m not sure how.”

“I can show you. I sat in on a newborn swaddling class in the hospital one day.”

“That sounds great. What blanket are we using?”

“I was thinking blue to match the outfit. What do you think?”

“Blue sounds great.”

Cas began to show Sam how to swaddle Dean when he felt pressure on his shoulder. Cas looked over to see Sam's head on his shoulder. "What are you doing?"

"Just watching you." Sam had a goofy look on his, one of pure love. Cas smiled as he finished wrapping Dean up. Sam picked Dean up and put him in the crib. Cas shoved a pacifier in Dean's mouth and secured the wrappings so that Dean couldn't spit it out.

Sam and Cas stood in front of the crib for a while, just admiring Dean. "We better go to bed," Sam said. "Once he wakes up, we'll both have to."

"That's true. We need to get him adjusted," Cas agreed.

"I'm a little scared that this will be an ordeal tomorrow. What do we do if he rejects it?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we get there, Sam. Come on, let's go to bed." They headed off to bed, not bothering to close the door. Even though they had a baby monitor, Cas was still hesitant about Dean waking up without one of them readily awake and available. The wall from their room to Dean's was thin enough to hear him, Cas wanted to be extra cautious.

They both tucked themselves in for the night, sleeping soundly until Dean's weight on the crib shifted, waking them both.

He was awake.

Chapter End Notes

Ghostie here! Thanks for reading! It truly means a lot to me! Thanks for all the feedback/comments/kudos/bookmarks. We'll be getting into the deep infantilism/ageplay in the next chapter. As always, kudos/comments are always welcomed and appreciated!

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

Dean was confused. He couldn't move and everything was hazy like when he woke up from his coma. He could barely see anything his vision was so blurry. He had something in his mouth. Something rubbery and plastic tasting was stuck in his mouth. He couldn't spit them out, no matter how hard he tried.

His eyes began to water from panic. His mind was jumping to all different places. Had John come back? Was he taken by the feds his father had always warned him about? He wriggled around, trying to break free of his bonds.

There was something bulky between his legs and a strap around his face. The tears began running down his face, no matter how hard he fought it. He shut his eyes in a desperate attempt to stop them from falling.

He heard footsteps coming into the room. They were light, like the body they belonged to didn't have shoes on. This was puzzling to Dean, as he had never known of an attacker who liked to do his job barefoot. Dean's eyes were still closed when he heard the steps stop. He felt a hand on his stomach and clenched his eyes shut. The hand was warm and familiar feeling, but it didn't stop the panic.

Dean felt himself being lifted up and pressed against a warm chest. A hand ran through his hair. The hand was really big, and bumpy, most likely from callouses. There was a cool tinge on one of his fingers, probably from a ring.

This hand was the same one he remembered from being in the hospital. Whoever this sicko was, was good at their job, Dean concluded. They had obviously done their research and had been keeping tabs on him.

This wasn't a fed, Dean decided, but definitely someone he didn't want to fuck with. "Shhh, Dean, it's okay. Calm down, baby."

That voice. Sam?

Dean felt the person (Sam or whoever) walking around the room, bouncing him up and down like

you would a newborn. Dean sniffled- an involuntary reflex. “Oh Dean, baby, it’s okay. I just need you to calm down for me, alright?”

Dean was right. This was Sam. Dean cracked an eye open and it confirmed his suspicions. The long brown hair, high cheekbones and unshaven man was definitely Sam.

Sam’s hand ran through his hair again. It was almost comforting, despite whatever circumstances Dean was in. The tears had stopped, but he was still shaking.

“Is he okay?” a new voice rang through the air. Was Cas in on this too?

“He’s calmed down some, but he’s still shaking. I don’t know if it’s the meds, or because he was so upset.”

He felt another hand on his back, most likely Cas’. He felt betrayed and confused. He didn’t understand what was going on, or why Sam and Cas were acting this way. Cas’ hand rubbed up and down his back, in an effort to calm him. “Shhh, Dean, you’re alright. You’re safe, you’re with us.”

How was he safe? Sam had mentioned drugs. Had they drugged him? How was he safe if they had drugged him?

These thoughts only made him seize up even more, and he felt Sam’s arms wrap around him tighter than they were. “Dean, you need to calm down. We’re not going hurt you, okay buddy?”

Sam started humming softly, a tune whose name Dean didn’t know. Sam continued moving around the room and bouncing him softly. Oddly, it calmed Dean down. He was still on edge, but he wasn’t outwardly showing his panic. Sam kissed the top of Dean’s head and continued to bounce him softly.

Dean heard Cas shuffling around cabinets, obviously looking for something. Cas must’ve found it because the shuffling stopped and Sam stopped bouncing Dean. He heard them talking, but it was muffled by Sam’s heartbeat.

“...dry?”

“not...I think...still...”

“...change him?”

“No,” was Sam’s answer to whatever the question was.

“Should...remove...fier?”

“Dean,” Sam’s voice was in his ear. “Can I trust you?” Dean was taken aback by the question, but couldn’t answer because of the thing in his mouth. “If I take the straps off, will you still keep the pacifier in your mouth?”

Pacifier. That’s what was in his mouth. But why was it there?

He felt the gentle pressure of a hand on the back of his head and heard a light click. The gagging sensation was gone. It was still unpleasant having this thing-pacifier-in his mouth, but it was better than before.

Sam’s hand ran down his back through his hair again. “Good boy, Dean. You’re so good for keeping it in like I asked. Can you breathe alright now?” Dean nodded into Sam’s chest and he could feel the tension fall off of Sam.

Sam’s hand was cupping the back of Dean’s head, keeping his face pressed against his chest. Cas was silent, if he was still in the room. “Dean, I know you’re scared right now and you don’t know what’s going on, but you just need to trust us, okay?”

Dean didn’t move a muscle, curious to hear what Sam would say next. “Cas and I know that you had a horrible childhood. Your mom wasn’t in the picture and you never had a real home. You never got the love and attention you deserve so much and Cas and I want to change that. We want to re-raise you, if you will. We want to give you a happy childhood.”

What the hell? Dean was still confused. He was twenty-two years old for crying out loud, not a baby.

Sam continued talking, unaware of Dean's thoughts. "I know this sounds crazy, but regression is a common thing for people who've been through traumatic times. It helps. You'll never have to worry about anything. Everything will be provided for you. Cas and I can be your daddies. We already love you, Dean, we really do. We just need for you to know that."

Dean tried to wriggle out of Sam's arms, but he held him tightly. "Dean, please, just let us take care of you. It's a big change, but it will be good for you. Just let us help you." Sam's voice was drenched in sincerity.

Dean knew that there was no escape. Inner conflict raged inside of him, but he finally gave in. He knew that there was no way out- or not *now*.

Chapter End Notes

Ghostie here! This came out a little shorter than planned, but I really wanted to update. I'll have more free time tomorrow to write, so maybe I can make the next chapter a bit longer. I want to thank y'all for all the comments/kudos/bookmarks! It truly means a lot to me! As always comments/kudos are always welcomed and appreciated.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

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

The next few hours passed in a blur. Dean had dozed off in Sam's arms and woke up in their bed, with Cas. Sam was nowhere in sight. Dean couldn't shake the grogginess he was feeling and his eyes were only half open.

"Hey, baby boy. Did you sleep okay?" Cas held a book in his lap, some sort of parenting thing most likely. Cas' hand ran down Dean's in arm in an effort to comfort him. He didn't want another episode.

Dean's mind was hazy and he couldn't form words to answer. "I bet you're feeling kinda weird, huh? That's just the medicine. It's going to help you feel better. Are you hungry?"

Dean's head nodded slightly, an effort that took most of what little energy he had. Cas reached over to the side table and pulled a bottle off of it. He eased the pacifier out of Dean's mouth and replaced it with the bottle. The smooth, creamy liquid leaked through the nipple and into Dean's mouth. It was hard to resist swallowing it, and Dean soon gave in.

He lazily sucked on the nipple, drinking the liquid. Cas' hand ran through Dean's hair as he continued to read the book. Dean's eyes were heavy, but he resisted his body's urge to close them.

The bottle had been sucked dry too soon and Cas removed it from his mouth. He lifted Dean with effortlessly, which was odd as Cas was nowhere near Sam's size. Sam had only held Dean before, so he had assumed Cas couldn't support Dean's weight.

Dean's head was over Cas' shoulder and his torso was pressed against Cas'. Dean felt Cas' hand on his back, patting gently. A soft burp came out of Dean's mouth before he could feel the urge to.

"Good boy, Dean," Cas praised. He rubbed up and down on his back gently before pulling him away from his shoulder. He laid Dean down to where his head was in Cas' lap, but his body was only on the bed. Cas continued reading his book and ran his hand through Dean's hair.

The haze still clung to Dean. He felt...weird. He couldn't really think a lot, he just lay there. His brain felt like mush and his limbs felt heavy. His eyes closed themselves and he didn't have the

energy to re-open them.

He wasn't sure how long he was asleep, but when he woke up, he was back in the crib. He was on his back staring up at the dark ceiling. Dean rolled himself over on his stomach and looked around the room.

It was set up like a real baby nursery, changing table, rocking chair and all. Dean's eyes widened at the sight. They were serious about this. His eyes pricked with tears and the pacifier fell out of his mouth. He didn't even know it was there in the first place. He let out a small noise in panic and rolled back onto his back. He couldn't bear to look around the room anymore.

"Hey, baby," he heard Sam's voice from the doorway. He hadn't even heard the door open. Sam was wearing some pajama pants and tee shirt and his hair was all messy. Sam stood at the edge of the crib and looked down at Dean. His hand reached down and stroked Dean's hair. "Your paci fell out, huh?" Sam's voice was rough, like he had been in a deep sleep.

Sam placed the pacifier back in Dean's mouth and kept stroking his hair. Dean shifted and whined again. He didn't know what had come over him; he was supposed to be resisting this. "What's wrong, baby boy? Are you hungry?" Sam lifted Dean up with ease and rested him against his hip.

"Hey, Cas?"

"Yes?" Cas walked into the room, wearing his pajamas too. What time was it?

"Can you get a bottle? He's fussy and I think he's hungry."

"Sure thing. Does he need to be changed?"

"I don't think so. He doesn't feel wet. "

Cas left the room and returned soon with a heated up bottle. "Thanks babe," Sam kissed his husband before pulling the pacifier out of Dean's mouth.

"You want me to do it?" Cas asked.

“I can do it. You’ve got to get up early tomorrow. Go back to bed.”

“If you’re sure. Goodnight.” Cas left the room, leaving Sam and Dean alone.

“Your Daddy’s so sweet, isn’t he? He’s got an early morning but is still willing to help,” Sam mumbled.

Sam sat down in the rocking chair next to crib and cradled Dean in his arms like you would an actually newborn. He stuck the nipple into Dean’s mouth and he began instinctively sucking.

He was so hungry and he wasn’t sure why. The bottles they’d given him were surprisingly filling. Dean finished bottle quickly, his stomach feeling full. It never took much to fill him up. John never had a stable income, so food was limited. He was used to surviving on as little as possible.

“Woah, you were hungry weren’t you, buddy?” Sam lifted him up and burped him like Cas did. “Do you want more?”

Dean shook his head ‘no’. “Alright then, baby. You starting to feel sleepy again?”

Dean fought the urge to shut his eyes. What was with him? Why was he so tired all of the time?

“It’s okay if you are, Dean. You can sleep as much as you need too. Your body needs rest.” It was like Sam was a mind reader when it came to some of these things. “You’re in the newborn stage right now. All you need to do is eat and sleep. You don’t need to worry about anything.” Sam’s words were comforting, or they were supposed to be, but they only sparked panic in Dean’s mind.

Sam must’ve sensed Dean’s apprehension because he began humming softly and rocking him back and forth. “Everything’s okay, Dean. This is good for you, I promise. Cas and I love you so much. We would never do anything to hurt you. We want you to know what it’s like to be in a loving home, where your every need is taken care of. All I need you to do is calm down and just let us do this for you.”

Sam kept rocking Dean gently. Dean calmed down sooner than he had the night before, which was an improvement in Sam’s book. The feeling of tiredness washed over Dean not long after he

became calm.

“It’s okay, Dean. Just sleep. We’ll take care of you. Nothing is going to happen to you.” Dean shut his eyes, unable to resist. He felt Sam stand up and walk around, bouncing him slightly.

When Dean was almost asleep, he felt Sam put him back in the crib. He felt a kiss on his cheek. “Good night baby boy. Daddy loves you.”

Chapter End Notes

Ghostie here! Thanks for reading! Thanks for all the comments/bookmarks/kudos! I love reading y'all's comments, and they are also welcome, along with kudos!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Woah! I am so sorry it took me a while to update. I'm hoping to get back on track soon. There is TW for mentions of rape and panic attacks.

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

Dean woke up a few hours later, uncomfortably warm. He moved around in the crib trying to cool off. The onesie he was wearing had feet and sleeves, not to mention he had a thick fleece blanket on top of him.

His crotch was warm too, and squishy? He wriggled around some more trying to make himself more comfortable, but nothing happened. He whimpered around the pacifier in his mouth.

“Dean, are you awake?” Sam was at the door again, this time wearing jeans and what looked like the same shirt as the last time. Sam stood over the crib and picked Dean up with ease.

He felt Sam’s hand on his crotch and Dean tried to pull away. Dean knew where this was going. They were just sick, weird guys with some creepy fetish, right? “I think someone’s wet. Come one, let’s get you changed.”

Dean tried to resist. Sam placed Dean gently on the changing table and began to zip the onesie down. Dean tried to wriggle away, rolling himself towards the edge. Sam grabbed him without missing a beat and held him still. Tears filled Dean’s eyes, he knew what was going to happen. John had sold him to some drunks at the bar a few times for money, and they weren’t gentle. Dean knew that this would not be different.

“Dean, what’s wrong? I’m just going to change you buddy,” Sam comforted. Change him? What the hell?

Sam untaped the diaper Dean was wearing and pulled it out from underneath him. “Looks like someone wet a lot in his sleep, huh?” Sam grabbed a new one and put it down, lifting Dean’s legs up to slide the diaper into place. He wiped him down, making Dean wriggle even more.

Dean was still convinced that this was more than just being changed. Why would they do this to him for anything other than sexual pleasure? He had seen some pretty weird shit before that dudes

got off to.

Sam continued changing him, sprinkling powder on Dean's privates, making sure that they were covered thoroughly. He taped the diaper up and zipped Dean up again. "All done. I bet that feels better, doesn't it?" Sam kissed him on the cheek and picked him up, carrying Dean on his hip like he had done before.

They went down stairs, but not to the living room. Sam bypassed the living room and went to the basement. Dean's eyes widened. He had seen the basement already, but he wasn't sure how much they had changed it since he last saw it.

His panic took over again and he tried to flail out of Sam's arms. Sam put a large hand on Dean's back to hold him in place while they finished going down the stairs.

To Dean's surprise, the basement was exactly the same as it was the last time Dean saw it. Sam sat on the couch and placed Dean next to him. Sam wrapped an arm around Dean and cuddled him closely to his chest. He turned on the TV and changed channels until he found "The Lion King" on Disney Channel.

Dean shifted again, trying to get away from Sam's arm. He knew it was coming it soon. He didn't want to have sex with him, but if that's why they were doing this, then it was going to happen soon. He was still groggy and vulnerable from the drugs whenever he had been given them. He didn't know.

"What's the matter, baby boy? Are you okay?" Sam put a hand on Dean's forehead. "You don't feel feverish." Dean tried to wrestle away as Sam pulled Dean onto his lap. "You're a little feisty today, aren't you?"

Dean panicked. He knew that it was coming any second now. He was already in his lap. "Dean? Baby, talk to me. What's wrong?" Sam pressed Dean against his chest and began running his hand up and down his back in an effort to calm him down. Dean continued wriggling trying to get away.

"Dean? Please calm down. Everything's okay, I promise. Just take some deep breathes for me, okay?" Sam ran a hand through his hair in yet another attempt to comfort him. Dean's breath hitched and soon the tears followed.

What was wrong with Sam? Is he not going to force himself on Dean? I mean, why else would

they take him and treat him this way?

"Shhhh, Dee, it's okay. I know this is new and scary but you really need to calm down for me. Panicking isn't going to make this any better. We want to help you, not worry you." Sam kept walking around, bouncing Dean and humming softly.

"Y-you're n-no-not g-gonna," Dean hiccuped, unable to spit it out.

"Not gonna what, baby?" Sam ran a hand in his hair again.

"T-that's w-w-hy you t-took me. T-to-" Sam knew what he was going to say before he could finish.

"Oh, Dean! No, no, no! We would never. We love you and want to take care of you, we would never do anything like that. I love you and Cas loves you and we want you to have a nice, safe, loving, home. That's not the point of this."

Dean hiccuped again and Sam pulled something out of his jeans pocket. The pacifier that was once in his mouth. Sam tried to stuff it in his mouth but Dean resisted. "This doesn't have a strap, baby. It's just a paci."

Those words calmed him down a little and Dean let the paci be put in his mouth. It was oddly comforting. Dean used to suck his thumb, a habit that was quickly stopped by John. Sam sat back down on the couch and curled Dean up close to him.

He kissed his baby softly on the cheek, knowing he would have to have a talk with Cas about what just happened. He wanted to ask Dean more questions, but he knew it wasn't the time. Now his main focus was on snuggling the baby and making sure he knew he safe with them.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Kudos, bookmarks and comments are always welcomed and appreciated! Thanks!

~Ghostie

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Hello again! I am so so sorry about the time that has gone by since I last updated. I've been having a lot of medical problems recently that cut down my writing time. This chapter was shorter than I intended it to be, but I didn't want you to think I had abandoned it, so I'm posting it now.

There is a trigger warning for mentions of abuse and rape in this chapter. Please do not read if those things trigger you.

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

"He thinks we're going to hurt him, Cas." The words were harsh, slicing through the still air.

Cas choked on his water before sputtering out a few coughs.

"What do you mean? Did we give him that impression?" Sam's words were still settling in Cas' mind.

"He," Sam took a breath, "He's been hurt before. I don't know by who but I have a feeling it has something to do with his father."

"Sam, we already know that his father hurt him. Abused children tend to be wary of their surroundings because they are so used to being hurt. We should've expected this." Cas ran a hand through his hair.

"Not like that, Cas."

"What do you-"

"He was raped, Cas. He thinks that's why we took him. He had another panic attack when I tried to change him. He was convinced I was going to force myself on him!"

"Oh my word," Cas muttered. His hand flew to his mouth in shock. Their little boy thought this

was for some sick, sexual gratification?

"Did you reassure him? Please tell me you reassured him?"

"I tried my best. I calmed him down but I don't think he fully understands that we're not going to hurt him."

"Oh my. This is not what we wanted. Why would he think that? We've done nothing but love him? Have we given him some reason to doubt that?" Cas was in utter panic, trying to figure out how to fix this.

Sam pulled his husband into a tight embrace, cradling the shorter man. "It's okay. We'll figure this out. It's just like you said, abuse victims are accustomed to being hurt. We have to not only reassure him that nothing is going to happen but to also break the down those walls. He's going to be okay, I promise."

Cas wasn't sure if that was true, but they were going to try.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I will update again soon! As always, comments/kudos/bookmarks are appreciated!

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Hey look, another chapter! Since the last one was so short, I wanted to give you guys another! I hope you enjoy!

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

Dean wasn't sure where he was. He was groggy and the colors were different. Everything was swirly from the sleep still in his eyes. He reached up and rubbed them a few times before he finally was able to see clearly.

He was in the basement, on the couch. He must've fallen asleep. He wriggled around some, trying to stretch out. He was wrapped like a burrito in a fluffy blue blanket.

"Looks like someone's awake," a voice from behind said. He came into view. It was Cas this time. Cas took a seat on the couch and pulled Dean into his lap. "How did you sleep, baby?"

Dean just stared, thoughts still coming back to him. Then it hit him. The panic attack, the fear, oh gosh had he scared Sam? What had he done?

"Hey, hey, hey. You're okay. Come back to me, no more of those nasty thoughts alrighty?" Cas ran his hand through Dean's hair, propping him up a bit so he was leaning on his chest. "Focus your breathing. It's all okay."

How was everything okay? This was some sick game for them. He didn't understand Cas, honestly. Sam seemed somewhat normal (though kidnapping a grown man in order to gratify some kind of sick fantasy isn't normal) but Cas was just odd. He acted like Dean wanted to be there, which totally wasn't true. If he had the choice to leave, he would.

Or that's what he told himself.

He was a victim of kidnapping, wasn't he?

Technically he had chosen to move in with Cas and Sam before all this started. He legally hasn't

been kidnapped.

But he's being babied against his will. That's got to be something, doesn't it?

He hasn't been hurt...yet. They actually seem to care about them, and he seemed to care about them?

Dean was conflicted. He didn't want to be there, or so he thought. It was odd. He didn't mind be taken care of, to some degree.

But he's a man for crying out loud. He can take care of himself. He has for years.

He wasn't fond of changes.

But he didn't have to worry about food- something he didn't always have.

He can sleep as long as wants. He actually feels rested for once.

But, he reminds himself, he didn't ask for this. This is too good to be true. There's no promise they won't hurt him.

"Dean."

Dean was snapped out of his thoughts by Cas' voice. He was holding a bottle full of milk, hopefully warmed.

Cas smiled when the green eyes looked up at him. "Are you hungry?"

Dean's eyes stared at the bottle. Cas took the pacifier of Dean's mouth and stuck the nipple of the bottle in. Dean started sucking immediately. Cas turned the TV, which was on Disney Jr, from earlier that day.

After the episode, Sam had put Dean in the playpen downstairs while he was asleep and joined

Cas for dinner. The baby monitor was on, but Dean never fussed. Sam was showering currently and Cas couldn't resist coming downstairs.

The floor of the playpen was most definitely not as comfortable as the couch, so he had moved Dean back on it before reading his book, waiting for him to wake up.

Cas continued running his hand through Dean's hair, using the other to support the bottle in Dean's mouth. Dean's eyes were focused on the TV while he lazily suckled from the bottle's nipple.

Soon, the bottle was finished and Dean was wriggling again. "Dean, your daddy and I were thinking about something."

Dean's eyes shot open from their half lidded state and looked at Cas intently. "You seem adverse to this new kind of therapy."

Therapy? Is that what Cas and Sam were trying to pass this off as?

"We know you're scared of us hurting you. We are not going to hurt you, I promise, but I am worried that you're going to hurt yourself."

Dean's eyebrows went up.

"If you don't want to do this anymore, you don't have to."

Dean was confused. He now had a choice?

"You really scared your daddy earlier with that panic attack. It got us thinking. Maybe this isn't right for you. I thought it was, you fit the mold perfectly. You never had a real home before this, or a childhood. We wanted to give you that."

What was Cas trying to say?

"What I'm getting at, Dean, is that if you don't want to be our baby anymore, you don't have to. You can walk out if you want. We'll let you leave if you really want to."

Dean was shocked. He was getting a choice now?

“Whatever you want, we’ll give you. We just want you to be happy.”

Dean’s forehead wrinkled. This was new...and sudden.

“If you want to leave, just let us know.”

Dean’s thoughts began racing. What was he going to choose?

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments/kudos/bookmarks are always appreciated!

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

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

Three months.

That's how long it had been since Dean left.

3 months.

90 something days.

Over 1,000 hours.

12 weeks.

That's how long it had been.

3 long months.

3 cruel months.

3 months of stealing, starving, and hiding.

Dean had jumped at the offer of leaving. Cas had left the room silently while Sam gave him a change of clothes and left him alone so he could change. Dean came back to find his crutches, a suite case and a small bag of food and money waiting for him.

Sam said goodbye.

Cas didn't.

Dean took public transport to the state car lot, and used the money from the bag to buy his dad's car.

\$220 dollars was his total. It wasn't bad for a beautiful car. There was a holding fee and a parking fee, but he thankfully didn't have to fully purchase the beauty.

His dad had been arrested sometime during his stint with Cas and Sam. They found a dead hooker with his fingerprints on her dress.

A drug deal gone wrong had lead to his fathers detainment. He insists he didn't kill the girl, his buddy did, but he was still facing charges for assisted murder.

Dean took his car and left town, driving as far as he could before he needed gas. He bought \$30 dollars worth and planned in gambling to win more for a motel.

The note inside the bag said it was money from his wallet-\$250- that they were returning to him. Dean knew it was a lie, he didn't have a single cent on him when he woke up in that damn hospital.

That was either and act of extreme kindness, or a way of repaying him for all the shit they put him through.

This was the kind of act Dean was questioning.

They had forced him to be their baby, an act which Dean had once considered insanity.

Now, he seems to understand it, sort of.

Or does he?

Dean's not sure what he understands anymore.

He was currently slumped over a toilet in some motel in northern Oregon. He'd used the last of his money to gamble, won a couple hundred, and had been shacking up in cheap motels with it.

This had started with a cough. He thought it was just triggered by the amount of cigarette smoke in the air in the little hole in the wall he was playing pool at, convincing himself he wasn't sick.

Then, the fever started. The moment he felt chills run down his back, he longed for Sam and Cas. He didn't know why, he had refused to enjoy himself while in their company.

Maybe it was Stockholm Syndrome? Or maybe he had actually liked being taken care of?

No, no he didn't. He's a grown ass man who doesn't need to be taken care of. He pushed that thought out of his mind.

Still, he needed medical attention. This fever was getting worse, his cough had turned into a hack, and he hasn't been able to hold down food in at least three days.

He could go to the ER, but he doesn't have any more money or insurance. There would be too many questions that he didn't want to answer. He still should be in physical therapy, he sold his crutches for more gambling money, and has been walking on his own with a limp since.

Dean gagged again and vomited. There was nothing in his system, only stomach acid came out. He was dehydrated and shaking.

His phone was the counter. Should he call 911?

Dean shakily reached a hand up and grabbed the phone, his fingers hovering over the buttons.

Should he?

Dean sat there, weighing his options.

His fingers pushed the buttons.

On the second ring, there was an answer.

“Hey, Sam? I need you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please comment/kudos/bookmark if you wish!

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