

# The Ghosts that sell Memories

## Supernatural / Queer as Folk (US) crossover

Von abgemeldet

### Part 11: ...Oh no, see, I don't really like guns."

*A/N: I'm so sorry for the long wait, but my life is a little crazy right now. I just got back from Australia, and am already heading for Kuala Lumpur tomorrow, but I'll try to post the next chapter as soon as possible. That said, enjoy. ;)*

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"This is not about work," Brian declares, voice gravely low. "You're just scared *shitless* that your little brother's going to find out what you do when he's not around. That *little Sammy*," and he makes his brother's name sound so dirty that Dean wants to clock him, "sees someone different then his fearless, straight-as-an-arrow big brother. Getting every fucking girl he wants and bragging about it, too. That's it, isn't it?"

"And you're so brave doing what? Fucking your undefined, unconventional boyfriend in a backroom every night? Give me a break!" He laughs. And my God, that's what it is, isn't it? Laughable.

Brian shrugs. "At least I don't pretend to be someone I'm not. Do you think he'll be disgusted when he finds out you like cock, too, beside pussy, that you like to take it up the ass like the little slut you are, anyway? That he's going to look at you differently when he finds out you jerk off to picturing two guys fucking and sucking? That Sammy will look at like you're a freak?"

Dean snorts, saying, "I *am* a freak, dude..."

"You shoot monsters in the face, Dean, but being fucking gay, *bi*, whatever, sucking cock, fucking cock, you're terrified that it makes you even more of a freak than that, right?" Brian looks absolutely cold, like a stone wall, but Dean knows this all too well. If he's trying to scare him or get him to crack, well, he's in for a long wait. "More than he is. It has you terrified. It's the reason why this is your dirty, little secret, isn't it? You're so afraid of what's going to happen if your kid brother finds out."

Maybe he should try this on the next poltergeist. Maybe it'll get them distracted enough so they won't throw knives at him and strangle Sammy with lamp cords. Or whatever is close at hand. You know, dirty talk? Or maybe not, considering that it

might land him in a cozy white, padded cell. Dean winces. Well it's either that, or Sam's going to think he's possessed and then try to exorcize him. So, either way, not a good idea.

Maybe, he thinks, he should walk away. Just turn around and walk away. There's nothing good that can come out of this. Dean Winchester is not a coward, though, never walking away from a fight. You have to pick your fights, he learned that pretty damn fast, but he has never ever walked away with his tail between his legs. "Are you trying to convince me or yourself?"

That gets him another cold stare. "You have a comeback for everything, don't you?"

"Don't *you*?"

"You're a fucking liar. A hypocrite, too."

Dean nods seriously. It's true. "Yeah, that's me, all right. And I'm freaking good at it, too," he adds with a satisfied smirk.

"What about lying to yourself, Dean? Any good at that?"

It's a low blow, but no, he never was and he never wanted to be. As much as he lies to strangers, to the police, or whoever needs lying to to get a job done, he's always been honest with himself. Brutally honest sometimes, has to. Otherwise he might lose himself in all the fake identities and credit card frauds and roles he takes on. And that's a price he isn't willing to pay. Only Dean's not good lying to Sammy either. Not because he doesn't try, but for the reason that's Sammy's just too damn insightful for his own good.

Which has always been the real issue, really. This? The whole fucking chicks and guys thing? He doesn't try to fool himself. He can't ignore the stirring in his gut when he sees a good looking dude. Or Brian and Justin together. But it's not something Sam has to know. It's a secret, a side of his being, which solely belongs to himself. Has nothing whatsoever to do with his brother or his father or the monsters they hunt. It doesn't influence anything at all that involves them or the 'family business'.

Nor would it do anything good for them to know. What would they gain? Nothing at all.

So, bottom line is this: it's none of their business.

And it isn't Brian's either. Not even close. Considering that, Dean shouldn't even been bothered with having this discussion.

It's not like he has forgotten where they're having the conversation, either. Brian doesn't seem to care. Surrounded by groaning and moaning and skin slapping on skin, wet sucking noises and what the hell not, he seems completely at ease. Or, hell, at home. The drugs play into that, obviously, but still. Dean couldn't care less if it wasn't for the fact that all of this is not any of Brian's business. And why doesn't he get that

already, for heaven's sake?!

Sighing, he takes comfort in the fact that Sam's not anywhere close. Looking Brian straight in the eyes, Dean tells him, "And all this shit about lying and being scared coming from the guy who doesn't have the guts to admit to having a boyfriend? Who's afraid of 'love'?" he taunts. "All the bullshit you throw around all the time? You have no right to call me a coward, a liar, or anything else. Not when you're not better."

"You don't know me."

He steps closer and Brian tenses. *Jackpot*. "And you know me *sooo* well? Get real, dude." And that is when something snaps in the brunet's eyes. Something he knows well, but somehow can't quite name. That little, persistent thought in the back of your hand you can't put your finger on? Like having a conversation within a conversation in a language he can't quite follow. Words he can't comprehend. Yeah. Gives him a headache, too. *Ouch*. And it's not control that snapped, no. It's far more complicated than that.

Fisting a hand into his shirt, Brian roughly yanks him close. One arm curls tightly around his middle, the other comes around his neck, locking him in place against the other man's body. It's not like he couldn't get loose. As rough as Brian plays, his touches, his hold, it's oddly intimate. Given their surroundings, that's a very surprising thing to say. Erection poking his hip, he can feel him everywhere, body heat melding right through their clothes. Brian breathes hard and shallow, moist breath puffing against flushed skin behind his ear and his neck and... Dean inhales sharply. For God's sake, he's just a guy, okay?

Under different circumstances, he'd be willing to see where this was headed. Where he could take it. If he'd walked in here, like he's walked into a million other clubs and bars in the past, he wouldn't waste a single thought on what to do. But he didn't and it isn't. Yet, he doesn't move. If one would ignore the wandering hands and the lips and teeth and tongue on his neck, one could say they'd be hugging. He's not the hugging type. God knows he's not, and if he knew how to find his voice, he'd make a crack about it, too. Something witty and sharp and funny. But his voice is missing right along with his restraint. His control.

And that? Is bad for so many different reasons.

Dean just stands there, body apparently refusing to follow his brain's orders. Who is he kidding. It's nice, great even. Maybe his body's a lot more touch hungry, *skin* hungry than he thought. Craving the contact, soaking it up like a desert dry sponge does the water. When he opens his eyes— he doesn't remember closing them — Justin is watching them. Not just him, *them* and he wonders for a moment what he's thinking. What he's seeing. His smile is soft, and fuck, Dean can't think of a reason why he'd look like that.

A moan slips past his lips when Brian finds a particularly sensitive spot on his neck, right above his collarbone, and the passion, the fever burns even brighter inside the older man. A hand slips under his shirt at the same time a tongue slips between his

lips, both feelings pulling him in tight. Been a while since he's been with a guy like this, before dad has gone missing and Stanford and all the shit that came afterwards. It would have been pretty problematic taking all of this in. If he had been looking for it, that is.

Yet, it's still familiar. The feel of another solid body against his own, kisses not tender, but hard and needy and just like he likes it.

It's hot and good and it burns deep down. He doesn't bother to label this one thing or the other. Probably couldn't if he tried. Still, it's almost shocking how much he likes it. How much it actually surprises him to like it. How little he's forgotten. It shouldn't be surprised, though, he knows. It is, after all, like riding a bike. You never forget how to do that, either. Or that's what they say at any rate. The rough stubbles on the man's cheek burn the sensitive skin, back hitting the unforgiving, solid wall. It's then that the fog starts to clear, leaves him with the strange and panicky feeling to get away. Necking like teenagers and how the hell is he supposed to explain burn on his cheeks and teeth marks on—

His eyes snap open like he's been shot, hands finally obeying his will as he's pushing them between them. *Game's over.* "Stop." That word, that single word spoken quietly and calm, is like a gunshot, too. Brian reacts on instinct, head back and up to meet his eyes. Confusion twirling in the drug induced blurry gaze. He's smirking at first, thinking he's playing a little game, that it's a joke. He catches on quickly, though, that Dean's not and it isn't, that he's serious. Confusion turns into disbelief so quickly, Dean barely catches it.

"Don't try this again," he says, voice calm but firm when at the same time a voice in his chest screams *do*, and *please*, and *soon*. He swallows those words. Thinks of battered bodies, dark alleys and death to calm himself down. Literally. Clearing his throat, he hopes Brian understands. At least a little. Otherwise, if he tries again, he's not sure he's strong enough to say no again. And he can't say yes until this is all done. Or go back to the motel. But that would bring up a whole lot of questions from Sam Dean's not ready to answer.

Brian laughs, but it's not a happy sound. Not at all. "Right." He doesn't buy it more than Dean does, the one work makes that crystal clear. "You're a fucking tease, you know that?" Dean doesn't say anything. Nothing to say. Since, yes, yes he might as well be. Right now. Any other time he wouldn't be, at least not like this. Instead he shrugs, smiling. He doesn't say, *I'm sorry*, even though he is. A little.

Brian's chuckles yet again, still without any trace of humor. "Fuck. Fine. Remember the code?" Dean nods. "Good. I don't want to be called back to the loft by the police when I'm in the middle of something."

"Course you don't," he laughs, relieved. Offering Justin a sincere smile, and a "Have fun," he says his goodbye. He's sure the twin calls of 'Later' that follows him down the hall are not his imagination. And maybe, maybe there is a later. There's always tomorrow, after all. When, when there's no upcoming apocalypse and no one tries to take over the world, that is. Otherwise, sure there is a tomorrow and a later. And

maybe even a time for this.

Smirking to himself, he makes his way out of the dark environment, Sam meeting him as soon as he walks out of the backroom's door. "Found them?"

"Yeah, yeah, they are pretty easy to spot."

His brother offers him a grin and a glare over his right shoulder as someone brushes past him *way* too close in what can only be an invitation. In other words, rubbing himself all over his backside. He grins inwardly. *My aren't you protective, Sammy.* "Ready to go then?" he grumbles, still glaring at Dean's admirer.

Dean nods, chuckling. But... "Tap?"

"I tried to pay, guy said Brian already told them he'd take care of it."

Oh. "Huh. Well, then. Let's get out of here. Come on."

The night outside is cold. Like really, really cold, or maybe the club was just overly warm. Doesn't matter. Dean's pretty darn grateful for having his gloves with him either way. They walk in silence. And they're the only ones. The car's parked a few blocks away – who knows what could happen to his poor baby out here all alone – but it's not raining or snowing and the few minutes of fresh air is kind of welcome.

Probably halfway to the car Sam finally breaks the silence with, "I've never been to a gay nightclub."

"Obviously." He snorts.

"No, I mean... it was kinda weird."

Huh? "Meaning?" he prompts.

"It felt weird. Not like bad weird, just different weird, I guess. But you? You took to it like a duck to water. Looked pretty comfortable out there."

What the fuck? Take in his comments from before, that's something he so doesn't want to hear from his brother. Not tonight, not in the morning, not ever if he can help it. Dean stops walking. Just stops. "What is *that* supposed to mean?"

For just a second, Sam looks hurt. It's gone the next. "Nothing, man." He says, "Nothing, just... Okay. Look, it's probably just that you're better at adjusting to new surroundings than I am. You always were, so..."

"So?"

"So nothing, I guess. Forget I said anything."

Oh, to drop this shit sounds oh-so-appealing, so when he opens his mouth to tell him

that yes, that's a pretty decent idea, and out comes, "no, no, no, what the hell are you implying here, Sammy, because I sure as hell don't get it"? He pretty much wants to eat his tongue.

"I'm not implying anything, Dean. Why can't we just have a normal conversation? Why do you always have to look for hidden traps in everything someone says to you? And I'm not a even stranger, you know, I'm your brother--"

"Sam." *Shut up.*

--and I care about you. Is it so hard to be honest with me for once? I mean, I'm not the little kid anymore, I don't need to be protected from shit." *I beg to differ, little brother.* "I don't need to be coddled. I'm just saying that I wouldn't care if there was--" And fuck him, he's never been so grateful for a distraction in his life then he's here and now.

A loud crash cuts off his brother's words as the iron gate they walked past moments ago bangs shut. They whirl around so fast that he gets dizzy for a second, hearing Sam swear next to him. Dean doesn't know what he would have done if Sammy had gotten to finish what he thinks he was about to say. Bolt, maybe, he still wants to run. And isn't that just fucking pathetic? That he wants to run far, far away from his little brother? Yeah, he thought so.

Only he can't even if he dared to give into the childish impulse, 'cause there's someone standing there, clad in black and half covered by shadows. Not. Good. Dark clad strangers in an even darker alley in the middle of the night are never a good thing. Even if they're female. And yup. Dean can clearly make the gun cradled in the chick's hand. Figures. After all the shit of the last few days, now they are getting mugged?! Oh for the love of--! He makes to take a step forward, but Sammy grabs his arm holding him back, and what's that about?

"Dean, no."

"Dude. What?"

"Just don't."

"Don't what?!"

A soft, quiet chuckle makes him turn back to the chick. "I guess he means you shouldn't do anything stupid," she says lightly. "Pretty good advice, if you'd ask me."

"That's okay. No one asked you, sweetheart."

She shakes her head, and if they were standing closer, Dean's sure he could hear her sigh. "See, I knew he's the clever one of your dynamic duo." Dean watches her turning her gazes to Sammy. It's still too dark to see clearly, but he's pretty sure of that. "You'd better make sure to keep that brother of yours on a leash if you want to keep him. I mean, we wouldn't want anything... bad happening to him, would we?"

"What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," she says, and the bitch actually has the nerve to point the gun at him. Finger against the trigger. He can see it in the little of light that's there. "And just in case you wondered, I'm not going to mug you. It's just... I've been looking for you. You're asking too many questions." She nods to herself, like she's having another conversation with herself in her head. Which is a little wacky, Dean thinks. "I think it's better to stop with that, wouldn't you agree?"

"Because you're gonna blow our heads off?"

"Oh no, see, I don't really like guns," she admits, eyeing the shiny chunk of metal in her hand with disdain. Almost wary. "They are so... dirty, unclean, you know. But sometimes you need one just to get your point across. Like now." Okay, correction. This isn't wacky, this is nuts.

"The point being?" Sam counters, and he silently applauds his little brother.

"Leave town. Never turn back. Forget about everything you know about what I did and I'll do the same."

"Sorry, can't do, sweetheart," Dean sing-songs, tilting his head from side to side. "Hmm, what do you think? I kinda like the city."

"You think you're so clever, don't you?"

"Nah, Sammy's the smart one. Said so yourself." Dean says, "Me? I'm just pretty."

"Well, then, let me see what I can do about that." She's mumbling to herself now, gripping something to her chest, and Dean gets a bad feeling about all of this. A very bad feeling. Oh ha. It doesn't really come as a surprise once the air around them gets colder. "It's a shame, I thought that we'd maybe could talk it out, like adults, but if you'd rather play. Oh well. My babies like to play after all."

The one streetlight he can see from where they stand starts to flicker and... *oh shit, oh shit!* That's not bad, that's fucked. *They* are fucked.

Hand on his elbow, Sam says, "Dean," and, "shit."

Dean says, "Run." And they do. But it won't help, won't get to the car in time. He knows.

"Maybe you'll wise up a bit after our little game. Enjoy." The last thing he sees before his world implodes in cold and pain, is a translucent, malformed face heading his way, sneer firmly in place.

This is when the night starts to go downhill.

Like, *really* downhill.

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*Didn't even split up this time! Fuck.* The loft door slides shut behind them with a dull bang, abruptly tossing them into darkness yet again. Obviously Brian and Justin are not home yet. *Good.* Covered in black and red and whatever, they are a sight to behold and Dean's very glad that no one cared to stop long enough to take a closer look at them back on the way to the car or just downstairs. Sam doesn't pause after typing in the code and turning the lights on before he's dragging Dean up the stairs. Sam's not bleeding like a strung up pig, so it's just natural that he's got no problems with balance or dizziness. Has no problem not stumbling over the three steps or anything.

Dean so would complain about all the dragging, he just can't get his mouth to work. And oh how he hates it. Dragged around like a doll. Like a bother. And if there's something Dean hates more than those evil sons of bitches out there, it's to be a bother. To depend on someone else, least of all Sammy. Sadly there's no way of taking care of the cuts himself without putting too much strain on his shoulders. And that's not a good idea at all. Hurts like hell, too. Muscle strain, he supposed. *Terrific.* Somehow he gets into the bathroom, right up to the sink, when Sam vanishes for a second or three before appearing at his side again. Red stained fingers dig into the edge of the sink, holding on as the room spins around him.

*Must be the blood loss,* he thinks stupidly.

And how stupid could they be anyway? Going out like this? Being so damn reckless? That's something that could have happened ten years ago, but not freaking now. Not after everything that happened. There's not even a good excuse at hand. He opens his eyes again when Sam start cursing softly under his breath. It takes a moment to focus. Sam's fumbling with the previously thoroughly polished faucet, hands too slippery with blood and sweat for stainless steel.

But oh, hey, somewhere between cursing Hell, Heaven and whatever else, the water finally comes on. Which shuts Sam up. Dean would be happy to make a joke about that, it's just, well, he isn't so sure he's not going to throw up all over them instead. And that would pretty much ruin the punch line. Also, *yuck.* Before he knows it, the pressure on the cut is gone and he winces at the abrupt strain when his jacket comes off. Along with a lot of blood.

Oh and there's nothing that compares to seeing countless twinkling stars in a closed room with no window. Nothing whatsoever.

Sam lets the flowing water wash the blood away, a shirt – *and where'd that come from?* - going where even the lukewarm stream isn't helping any. Once the dried blood and all are gone, it doesn't actually look so bad. Well, that's something. But as always, being the overdramatic little brother that Sam is, he's huffing and puffing and making an easy task of cleaning a flesh wound look like heart surgery. Sam glowers at him.



Which, what? "I didn't say anything."

Sam's glare deepens, jaw clenching. "Oh, no need to, dude."

It says a lot about them - and him - that he keeps his mouth shut after that. Thinking about the blood, he wonders what Brian will think when he discovers blood stains on his shiny hardwood floor. Maybe nothing, who knows what the guy's into. He can't imagine him being into that shit, but a grin tugs on his lips nonetheless.

"What's so funny, asshole?"

Uh-oh. "Nothing, I was just thinking—ah, know what? Never mind."

Sam scoffs, face crunched up in concentration. "There might be something still in there," he murmurs after a while.

"So get it out."

He barely hears the door over the water and the blood rushing in his ears. Open and close again. Then voices, and as far as he can tell, it's not just Brian and Justin. There's third voice. Soft murmurs and the rustle of clothes follow, and *they brought someone home with them?! Knowing exactly that Sam and Dean would be here, that's either kinky or miserable. Maybe both. Miserably kinky? Hmmm...* He starts a little when Sam pulls his arm from under the faucet, shutting the water off. Either he didn't hear, or he didn't care.

Then suddenly it's Justin's voice, loud and clear, and he sounds... stunned. "Brian."

He'd be stunned, too, if there were bloodstains all over his floor, not knowing how they got there. Or maybe he'd be more alarmed and get a gun. Considering what could jump out at him from the darkness. Whatever.

"What the..."

A sharp intake of breath, then, "Get out." Brian. Of course.

"*What?*" The trick.

Door open. "I said, get the fuck out. Show's over."

"Fuck you."

"Yeah, yeah. Dream on." The door bangs shut and there's silence again.

It takes Brian and Justin approximated two and a half minutes before they walk into the bathroom. Two and a half minutes in which Sam prepares to dig into his arm to look for leftovers of the wire. Brian's still in the most expensive jeans Dean's ever seen – and no way in hell would he dig a grave in those – Justin in his club outfit. He ignores the gasp from the latter. He can't, however, ignore the, "Jesus fucking Christ,

what the fuck happened to you?" The *fabulous* scene they walk into? *Must be awe inspiring.*

Brian stares at them. And... oh yeah, answering the question might be a good idea. "Got slammed into a nice, sharp fence," he gets out between clenched teeth, "Barbwire is so not a good thing to get thrown into, let me tell you. Hurts like a bitch to rip it out of your flesh, too. But otherwise? Nothing to worry about."

"Yeah, if you excuse the extensive *blood loss* all over the place," Sam snarks.

Dean rolls his eyes. "Oh yeah, that," he jibes with a smile.

Justin isn't looking so good as he offers Sam the first aid kit. They've got their own, even though Sam has no idea how it got here. Into the bathroom with them, that is. Sam tells him just that, summoning a pair of tweezers and gauze from out of nowhere. Maybe he got it when he vanished before. Yeah. Probably. He asks for a magnifying glass, however. Dean can guess why Sam doesn't get theirs. It's not likely that Sam wants to leave him alone, not even for a few minutes and despite the fact that he's not gonna die in the meantime.

Sam's curt "thanks" gets lost on Dean when he's pushed onto the closed toilet. A bottle with clear liquid is handed to him a moment later along with two white pills. Dean swallows them without a fuss.

"Shouldn't you, I don't know, go to a hospital?" the blond inquires soon, "I mean, that looks kinda nasty."

There's an ironic little smile tugging on his brother's lips whilst he prods and stabs at the cuts. "Nah, it's not so bad."

"I think he's...uh, going to need stitches, Sam."

"I know."

Confusion leaves the blond's eyes as Sam produces a pair of needles. "You're gonna do that by yourself?"

Sam doesn't answer, but Dean does: "Yeah. He's done it before. We all did. Hell, we'd bleed to death a million times if we didn't know how to stitch each other up."

There's got to be a joke in there somewhere, right?

-- TBC

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@moko-chan: Thanks for the comment. In the beginning I wasn't sure how to make this work, either, but I hate to let a challenge go, so it grew and grew and in the end it

ate half of my brain. ;) Glad you like it, though.

@Freak1395: Wenn ich die ganze Story fertig habe, vielleicht nehme ich mir irgendwann die Zeit das Ganze zu übersetzen oder jemanden zu suchen der es macht. Ich bezweifle das zwar stark, sorry, aber wer weiß.