

The Ghosts that sell Memories

Supernatural / Queer as Folk (US) crossover

Von abgemeldet

Part 03: ...Yup, this has to be 'Brian'.

You know, for now, he's rather sitting here with the kid in one piece and mostly okay than reading about an attacked gay kid in the hospital a few days later. Or worse. God knows people are crazy, there's no need to remind him of that. No, the job could wait for another few hours. Yeah, they might have to hurry up, but what's done is done. They saved at least someone's... well, even if not life, at least they saved him a lot of bruises and pain.

And not just the kid's.

Next to him, Sam glares daggers. "A blind chicken?! Thank you, Dean, thank you so much."

"Aww, don't worry, princess, I'll still respect you in the morning.", he teases, reaching over to ruffle the brown mop that Sam calls hair. Across from him, the blond cracks up laughing. And all of a sudden it sounds all too close to hysteria. All humor goes down the drain, feeling like he got pushed into ice cold water. Sam and he share a look, but for once, it's Dean who reaches out to the kid.

Why, he has no idea. Maybe it's because he's sitting closer. Maybe it's because the kid reminds him of something – someone. Usually it's Sam who deals with this emotional shit, you know, chick flick moments, he's better at it, too, but this time? Dean has no idea what's so different about the blond. They've both seen full out hysteria, nervous breakdown territory, and this is not it. But it's too close all the same.

"Justin...", he whispers, and he almost recoils from the tone of his voice.

Justin doesn't notice. "I'm okay. I'm okay. Sorry.", he wheezes, and Dean has the sudden vision of him choking on laughter. Or something. *Is that even possible?* And why the hell is that even important right now? "God, sorry. I didn't mean to... it wasn't supposed to... I wasn't...shit. Sorry."

He doesn't say 'it's okay', because it's not. They all know it. What he does is keeping his hand on the kid's shoulder, thumb drawing imperfect circles on the few inches of skin exposed on the boy's neck. Keep it up as long as it takes for him to calm down.

Couldn't care less that the arm is throbbing like a bitch, and for once, even Sam keeps his mouth shut about it. Instead he pushes Dean's shot glass toward the blond. Which is... actually not a bad idea.

"Drink that, slowly, okay?"

Justin nods, and once he starts, it seems like he can't stop. When he finally does, his hands are shaking, hell, the kid is shaking, period. "Thanks..", he grits out, taking one sip, than another. The glass is shaking spectacularly. "I... used t-to get panic attacks... sometimes...after... Not...not that often anymore... You must think I'm crazy..."

Panic attack. Of course.

"Don't talk, kiddo, just breath and try to calm down. We've seen people flip out much worse for less valid reasons, believe me."

"Yeah. You're doing exceptionally well, all things considered, so don't sweat it." Sam's using this soft voice of his, the one he reserves for people they meet. Victims. His 'I mean you no harm, I just want to help'-voice, like one would speak to a scared horse, and it usually works like a charm. This time, it's not working like a charm, but it helps nonetheless. The kid's hands are still shake, though, and the glass might be in looming danger of taking a nosedive.

Sighing he curls his free hand around the boys wrist. Justin blushes at the touch, for a reason only the blond knows, flashing him a shy smile. And while the words are never uttered out loud, Dean hears the 'thank you' loud and clear. Once the glass is drained, he puts it down on the table, asking, "Better?" Strange thing is, the moment that the word leaves his mouth it clicks that it's not just another platitude. No. He really wants to know.

Nodding, the kid manages another smile, and Dean leans back in his chair. "Yeah, fuck, I forgot how awful this shit feels. Didn't happen for quite some time." Sam had panic attacks like that, before, when he'd still been a small child. It had scared the shit out of Dean, more than any monster he'd ever faced. Even their dad had been, well, not scared but troubled. He doubts his brother remembers. Somewhere along the way, it had stopped, never to return.

"I was... just on the way over here, I had a snack at the diner... and then I walked over here to meet... someone. So I took a short cut." Justin's smile turns somewhat sour. "And what a shortcut that was, huh?"

Yeah. Dean simply shrugs. *Time to drop the subject, me thinks.* "So, meeting someone?" He smirks. Oh he can just imagine who that someone is he's going to meet, bearing in mind how the boy's dressed. You don't go out like this just for a drink. Or Dean doesn't. He nearly snorts out loud. As if he could dress himself differently if he wanted to! *My, aren't we funny, tonight?* But the subject might be a good distraction.

To say the kid blushes would be way over the top, but his cheeks color enough to be noticeable. "A... friend."

Sammy hides his smile behind the neck of his still overly full beer bottle. Dean doesn't bother. "Friend, as in... boyfriend?" What can he say? Tact never was one of his strong suits. Although, it takes the kid's mind off of tonight's 'adventures', so *whatever*. It's worth it. "Aww, come on, kid, don't go shy on me all of the sudden."

Sam hits him. Hard. "Dean!", he scolds, sounding more amused than offended. Or angry.

Ha! "Yes, Sammy?"

"Back off!"

Justin laughs. "No, it's not that, it's okay. It's just... Brian isn't your typical boyfriend. Hell he doesn't *do* boyfriends, or love, or... anything. So it's just, I'd love to see you calling him that to his face." Justin has to see the confusion in his eyes, 'cause he adds softly, "You don't know Brian. He's... something else."

"Aww, aren't we all?"

It's not so long after that he feels one more pair of eyes on him. No, not really, because in contrast to any others stares they had to endure tonight, this one burns like fire in the back of his neck. It's like someone's breathing fire down his neck. Not a good thing in his job, or it's not most of the time. See, it's because there are things out there that can breath fire down ones neck and legs, literally, and that's fucked. But this is not the supernatural version of fire.

To notice things like that, well, it comes with said job. Dean's done it almost all his life, or what seems like that anyway, so it's no surprise he's good at what he does. Subtly, he roams the bar with his eyes. Not that anyone is paying attention in addition to the now and then Looks. Yeah, the ones with capital 'L'. The rest it either too busy messing with their drinks, their guys or both. But even though he can't quite figure out who's watching him, he knows that yes, someone is. He's not imagining this.

After more maybe not so subtle shifting and turning on his part, he finally catches sight of a tall guy--er, rather the reflection of a tall guy in a picture on the wall.

The first thing that comes to mind to discribe the stranger is stunning.

Only, yeah, he could stand in front of a mirror and say the same, right? So no, that's not really why the man catches his eye. No, it's how he's holding himself.

Moving like a tiger closing in on his prey, and maybe that's exactly what the guy does. The prey? Him. Or, them. Once he's close enough that he can see him out of the corner of his eyes, however, Dean somehow knows. The guy carries himself with a confidence that's got to count for 'impressive'. Imposing even. That is, of course, if he wasn't who he is. Still. Tall, handsome, the smile of a shark, hmm, he looks like someone who draws people in, naturally, but try to get closer and you usually run into a brickwall.

Dean knows. He should, too, right, being somewhat like that? Plus, this guy? Is the textbook definition of 'something else'.

One look at the blond's face confirms his thoughts.

The moment Justin sees who's approaching, his eyes light up like the freakin' Christmas tree in front of the Rockefeller Center. Yup, this has to be 'Brian'. The not really but still boyfriend who doesn't do boyfriends. Which is, kinda, fucked up. The brunet doesn't give them so much as a second glance, he merely pulls Justin in for a kiss that, too, one could describe as something else. Despite not knowing them, the two have chemistry to burn, that's for sure. Justin's Brian – *boyfriend!*, *boyfriend*, the not so sane part of his mind shrieks – is, uhm, older. By a few years.

Or ten.

Take your pick. To tell the truth, they look hot. Together like that, kissing and making out like the rest of the world doesn't exist, they burn a hole in Dean's gut - and jeans, if he's not careful. He glances at Sam. Kid's got the goofiest facial expression ever going on, but the small smile tugging at his lips tells another story altogether. He might be thinking the same. Okay, minus the 'hot' part, certainly, but that's one of the things Dean never really talks about. *Duh!*

Brian's darker hands in the blond hair, pale fingers on a strong jaw... yeah. Dean shivers. They look more than hot together, and Dean can't help but react to the show. No wonder that Justin is known around here if they do this every day. Twice a week, or whatever. They fit. Why, Dean has no idea. They just... do. No matter how different they seem from just looking at them. And you can't do anything but stare. Finally they apart, and the dazzling smile on Justin's face is saying more than a thousand words ever could.

Uh-huh. It's a good thing they sitting.

"Hey."

"Hey...", the blond breathes, and his breathlessness makes Dean chuckle. Which promptly draws the attention to him. And Sam. Sharp, dark eyes focus on his face like a spotlight, the eyes of the tiger on its prey. Blatant interest flickers therein, like he's being measured, to what standard, Dean doesn't know. But he can guess. *Terrific.*

Dark eyes look him over from head to toe. Licking his like Dean's the most delicious meal ever and he can't wait to taste him. It's so intense that the look might as well be fingers, caressing his skin, goose bumps raising on the spot they come in contact with. It's blatantly obvious that Brian likes what he sees, he doesn't bother to try and hide it either. In fact, it's written all over his face, eyes shining with lust.

Sammy's next under the severe scrutiny, unblinking. Sure, Sam has been living under a microscope since he was a baby, they all had, so it takes more than this Brian to shake him. A lot more. Same for him.

Then again, his own reaction to the man is for different reasons. It's not uneasiness because he's looked at, quite the contrary, it's more familiar than he cares to admit. No, it's just that he's so easily affected by that stare, he has to bite his cheek to keep from squirming in his seat. And when those inquiring eyes return to Dean's, the... seductive leer that follows, he's pretty sure Brian knows.

Not that he's going to look away or anything. No way.

Never be the one to look away first, it's a law of survival in their world, and there are not a lot of scary things on this planet who can make Dean Winchester do just that. Let alone people.

Brian is just not *that* intimidating.

Intense, yeah, sure, intimidating, not so much. Justin fake-coughs, clearing his throat to snap his... boyfriend out of this trance. Or staring contest. "Starting to collect toys without me now, Sunshine?", he says, tongue in cheek.

Literally.

Next to Dean, Sam snorts out a wet laugh, choking and coughing around a mouthful of beer. So, he isn't exactly troubled by the suggestion, just sincerely amused. *Huh. Wonder never cease.* Covering his surprise, Dean puts on a smirk of his own, patting his brother on the back. Hard. "Fuck Brian! Could you stop that? Please? Just for a minute?"

"Do what?"

"Fuck them with their clothes on. It's not Babylon, Christ!"

"Again, I ask, what?"

"They are not some piece of meat for you to—You know what? Forget that I said anything. I just had a shitty night, that's all. Don't mind me."

"Sunshine, weren't they entertaining enough?" Dean has a gotten some dirty and leering looks over the years, but this one? Goes for the kill. There's no way not to know what he's saying. "To think someone like that is disappointing..."

"Aren't you just hilarious, sweetheart," Dean deadpans, voice intentionally rough, resting his chin on folded hands and batting long lashes at the man across him. Pouting ever so slightly, he knows exactly what that look does to people and Brian is no omission. *I can play this game, too, dude*, he thinks. "Jealous?"

He sees his jaw tighten, and he scowls, "Of whom? *You?*"

"Hmm, that he might have gotten his very own... entertainment, without you, so who knows..." By now Dean is almost worried that he's going to break his jaw. Or... his

teeth, depends. It's not worth it, however, so he snickers. "Come on, dude, lighten up. I'm just pulling your leg."

"Har fucking har." He says, face blank. "How about pulling my dick instead? Or, better yet, how 'bout sucking it to--"

A hand on his mouth cuts him off. "Cut it out, Brian!", Justin tells him. But he's laughing all the same, the blue eyes sparkling with delight. "Nothing happened..."

A perfectly shaped eyebrow climbs up Brian's forehead. Uhu. *This is gonna be good.* "So why don't you introduce me to your new *friends*, then?"

"Uh, Brian, Dean and Sam, they.. well, kinda lend me a hand." The second brow joins the first, and Dean can see the wheels turning behind the man's eyes. Justin apparently sees it, too. "Not like that, you nymph."

"That's me, alright. So... if it's not *that*, how the fuck did they happen to 'lend you a hand' than?"

"Nothing, it was nothing."

The brunet stares at his younger companion like he can look into the kid's head if he only looks hard enough. Like he wants to read his mind. Of course, there's no way for him to do that. Very few creatures can, but that's a totally different story and does so not belong in here. Like, ever.

Justin merely shrugs, looking away and making a grab for his beer. And that's his first mistake. Dean can see it happening, the exact moment Brian spots it. The dark, fuzzy shadow of a bruise on pale skin, almost black in the dim light of the bar even though Dean knows it's not the case. It's just a mild bruise on the blond's forearm, but something in the older man's eyes flashes like a cold thunderstorm, and he takes hold of the very same hand. "Wha..."

"What the fuck, Justin?!"

"What's wrong? I... Brian...?"

"Fuck that." Dragging the sleeve up the boy's arm, Dean scrunches up his face at what comes to the light. *Ouch.*

More bruises, in fact, an impressive set of yellow and blue, darkened by the bar's lighting. It's not obvious, but he knows what he's looking for, he recognizes them as what they are. The rough shape of a hand, fingers, curling around the slender arm; like someone had grabbed him, hard enough to leave marks, too. It's nothing life threatening, obviously, but 'nothing' looks different, alright. By the set of his jaw, Dean thinks that Brian has it all figured out, too.

"Oh." Justin sounds surprised. "I didn't even... notice that. Oh."

"Obviously. Fuck." Brian rakes a hand through his hair. Roughly. "Jesus, would you mind to tell me what the fuck happened now?!"

"I... don't know. I guess I fell last night and--"

"Don't try to fucking bullshit me!", he hisses, and the anger is very apparent now. But it's not only anger simmering right under the surface. No. It's something entirely different. Fear. And concern. "I've fucked you this morning, in fact, I fucked you *several* times this morning, I'm *sure* I would have noticed your arm looking like one of your fucking paintings!"

"Brian, it's..."

"If you're going say nothing, your ass is mine."

"Is that supposed to scare me?", Justin cooes.

"Fuck Justin!"

"Okay, okay. Someone stood me up in the alley on the way here, pushed me around a bit. No biggie, since Dean and Sam came to my rescue.", he explains, leaving out a lot more than just 'something'. But hey, it's between the two of them, so he keeps his mouth shut. "My knights in shining... well, jeans.", he teases an attempt to lighten up the mood.

It doesn't work on Brian. Except that Sam must have come to the the same conclusion that changing the topic would be a pretty good idea, since the next thing out of his brother mouth is a grumbled, "Him more so than me, but whatever."

"Aww, come on, I already said I'd still respect you in the morning, so cut it out."

Justin giggles. "He's right. I was glad that you showed up when you did. Anyway. Guys, this is Brian..."

"No, no, no, don't tell me.", Dean drawls, interrupting somewhat rudely, but hey! Brian's gloomy mood is really starting to bother, so he does what he does best. Making fun of it. "The infamous, unconventional '*boyfriend*'", he smirks at the man's scandalous stare, "in the flesh. Yeah, I kinda figured. Because the kissing and the dazzled smiles? Totally gave it away, dude."

Brian looks about ready to throw up. Or walk out. Or murder someone, preferably Dean. And then some. Yeah, probably the latter. Or, you know, all of the above. Why choose? Dean calmly meets the fiery stare, trying to keep his pose serious and the grin off his face. It's not easy with that brother of his stiffling laughter, sounding like he's choking on something, and Justin not even trying to. Except that it's good to see – hear – that regarding the blond.

Especially after the almost but not quite panic attack. The laughter suits him much better anyway.

For a moment Brian watches the blond with his arms cross on the table, head burried in said arms. Kid's laughing his ass off. Brian looks like he's going to strangle him. When the hazel eyes return to his, he receives a smirk that is not good news. It's the smile of a shark, a shark that is ready to tear you apart any minute now. "Care to let me in on the little encounter? Since this fucking clown here isn't willing?"

Uh-oh.

Sam and he share a look. No, not really. "Uh..."

"Come on, Brian, leave them alone. I was in trouble, they swept in to save me. End of story."

"*'Swept in to save me'*? Geez, Sunshine, we'll have to limit your quota of *Powerpuff Girls* and your being around Mickey again, won't we?"

Whatever he's talking about, the blond blushes like nobody's business, smacking the other man's chest with the back of his hand. And horrified isn't nearly enough to illustrate the kid's expression.

"What? Not gonna tell me *exactly* how they swept in to save poor, innocent you? I mean, them being your *fearless heroes*?"

Justin doesn't seem so horrified anymore after that comment, instead he looks mightily pissed off. Which is kinda creepy if you think about it. Hm. "For fuck's sake, let it go Brian! Nothing happened, well, nothing serious anyway, thanks to *them*, so I ask you to *please* leave it alone."

Dean watches them stare at each other. In a way, it reminds him all too much of Sam and himself and their interaction. Brian is the one to look away first, just like he's the one giving in most of the time where his brother is concerned. And isn't there a joke somewhere in there? Then again, Brian gets to fuck his little blond, so there's a motive right there. And it's no revelation that the next thing out of the brunet's mouth is, "Fine, but you'll owe me more than a fucking blowjob in the fucking shower, little boy. Got that?"

"Whatever you want, Brian, whatever... fucking you want." The inuendo is impossible to miss as he leans in to place a kiss on the man's lips. His cheek is next, his jaw, his ear, his neck; it's kind of hypnotic to watch them. Between kisses, the blond manages to articulate some more, "Whatever... you want... to do... to me... Anything... you... want, Bri...hmmm..." And as chaste as the kisses are, his cock seems to like the show very much, especially when the two dare to move on to french kissing.

Fuck.

Yup, time to get laid. And soon.

- TBC