

# The Ghosts that sell Memories

## Supernatural / Queer as Folk (US) crossover

Von abgemeldet

### Part 13: ...Hmmm, coffee ... perfect!

A/N: Sorry for the overly long wait, but RL is once again a bitch. :( Anyhow, enjoy. \*g\*

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Dean wakes to Brian talking on the phone.

Or rather that should be cursing on the phone. One, because using words mostly interchangeably with 'fuck' and 'shit' in almost every sentence isn't talking, and two, no one's talking back. Which either translates into 'phone conversation,' or Brian talking to himself. For some reason, Dean sincerely doubts the latter. It seems to be a fairly one-sided conversation - not on Brian's end, and in spite of plenty of curses. If he didn't know better, he'd say the guy was talking to one John Winchester.

That makes him snicker into the warm pillow under his cheek, burying himself further into the covers. It muffles Brian's voice, all right, but that doesn't mean shit considering the sheer volume he's talking. Neither does it do anything to soften the irritation in his voice. It is, in fact, hard to miss.

As is the anger.

"I told you, something came up," he hears, and he's sounding like he's said it a million times before. "What the fuck else do you want me to say? Yeah? So now I say otherwise, again, what the fuck do you... no, no, no, don't pull that shit on me, Lindz," *ah, a chick*, he thinks, which explains nothing and everything all at once. "I gave my rights up so you could be... no, don't try to turn this into something it fucking isn't... he isn't even. Oh hell no, you don't... fuck you."

Groaning, Dean pushes himself up on his elbows, which ouch. Not good. Apparently getting thrown around wasn't a dream. *Too bad*. Sitting up further, and more carefully with the blankets pooling in his lap, he blinks into the brightness of the not-so early morning. Like on default, his eyes automatically search out Brian, who looks like he wants to throw the phone against the wall or right out of the window. *Double ouch*. And Dean would so swear he hears plastic crack when he finally puts the phone down.

It amuses him to no end that Brian startles as soon as he detects Dean sitting up and awake. Okay, so he's twelve, whatever. "Good morning, sleeping beauty," Brian drawls, coming over to stand at the bottom of the stairs. "Took you long enough to wake up."

"Yeah, well," he mumbles, "busy night."

"Right. And you hogged the covers, too."

Uh, what? Brian reads the frown right for he asks: "You don't remember?"

"Nope. Should I?"

"Our first night and you don't even remember!"

And fuck him if Brian doesn't do shocked and scandalous well. Of course he'd be even more fucked if he actually believed a word of what the man's saying. He's hurting far too much to believe he did anything but sleep during the last hours. And his ass is about the last part of his precious body *not* hurting, so there. *Yeah, being twelve and all that.*

Dean flips him off, quickly noting that it's not a good idea as a bunch of muscles scream in protest to moving that quickly. "Fuck off, dude. I doubt I would have been anything but enthusiastic last night. Probably would have felt more like you fucked a doll. But if that's your thing..." Then again. "Come to think of it, I kinda feel like a crash test dummy right now. Which reminds me. Someone should start a petition against violating those poor saps if they feel like I do right now after their stunts. Shit and fuck."

Brian has the decency to wince a little. And snort. *Bastard.* "Coffee?"

*Or not.* "Yeah... please. But first," he says, sniffing himself, "shower."

"I'd say be my guest, but hey, looks like you already *are*."

"If I am, you made me one."

Forcing his tired body out of that sinfully cozy bed is not as painful as he had imagined. Getting to his feet, however, *is*. Honestly? It's even worse. His shoulders are killing him, and his arm feels like it's gonna fall off or choke him. And let's not talk about his head, 'cause *ow!* Everything is tilted a little to his left until it's finally all right. Thank god. Then again, it's pretty quiet in here, and for his little brother not to come rushing in to help him and pet him and name him George. So: "Sammy not here?"

"Nope. Went out some time ago. Said he needed to do some research on some other things." He points to the living room table. "He left a folder on the living room table for you to look at, though."

"Good," Dean says while peeling off his shirt, and in an afterthought, "thanks."

He stretches tentatively once he gets rid of the fabric, both arms over his head, and as the pain doesn't feel like he's ripping his arms off, stretches a bit more. What do you know? His shoulders start aching as soon as he pulls them down to fumble with his jeans. Great. And sleeping in those things? Not the best idea he ever had. Nor will he ever repeat that if he can help it. It turns out a real challenge to get rid of them – stiff fabric clinging to his sweaty skin. Dean makes a face. *Yuck.* Throwing the clothes in the general direction of his duffle bag – he hopes – he catches Brian staring at him. Smirking.

*Oh, you've got to be kidding me!* And he tells him exactly that, too, but of course, he's not. "What now?"

As if he didn't know. And damn, does he know that look, he really, really does, so he isn't shocked when Brian offers to help. "In the shower. Make sure you don't fall on your ass, and all that?" And Dean has an idea how that *help* would turn out. In detail.

Dean doesn't bother with words. He offers the other man the infamous middle finger salute and a breathy "you wish" as he disappears into the bathroom. He doesn't close the door, and he's sure the laughter that follows his rather unmanly cries of, "Ow! Ouch, shit," is not a very cruel trick of his vibrant imagination.

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Thirty-something minutes, a shower, and the scrubbing of his teeth later, he's walking out of the steam-filled bathroom a new man. Almost. Still a little wet, yeah, but finally feeling human again. And that feels so, so good. The flowing water beating down on his abused shoulders hurt like a bitch, true, but it did the trick and beat some of the tension right out of them. Scrubbing a towel over his short hair, he doesn't bother to cover himself. Brian's seen it all before, and two can pay this game. Dean is anything but shy, so it's not like a big deal or anything.

And Jesus, the cold floor feels wonderful under his bare feet. It's only Brian's quiet, "Coffee?" that shakes him out of that wonderful warmth and harmony that has settled over him like a warm blanket. A shielding armor. But coffee? Oh, he's always ready to lose it for coffee. Dean moans in contentment as the sweet, sweet scent of caffeine fills his nostrils prompting him to close his (close his what?). "Hmmm... Coffee. Perfect," he murmurs just to himself and no one else. When he looks toward the kitchen, Brian's standing behind the kitchen watching him. "Perfect. Just let me get dressed."

"I'm pretty much enjoying the view from here."

"I bet."

Slipping into a fresh set of jeans, socks, and shirt, he slowly makes his way down to the kitchen. If he just moves a little bit lower than usual, well everything is going to be fine. Right? Right. The loft is still quiet, empty if it wasn't for Brian messing with the coffee pot. "So you're the lucky one playing babysitter then, huh?" he asks coolly,

seating himself. And if a deep sigh of relief rushes out of him for being off his feet? There no one to acknowledge it. *Perfect.* "How'd Sammy manage that stunt?"

Brian shrugs, way too casual look going out of the windows. "He didn't. I'm gonna work from home today. The weather is fucked, and I don't want to damage the 'vette."

Huh? Sam wouldn't dare to ruin his baby, so: "Lamest excuse ever, dude." He's gonna find out soon enough.

"Whatever."

Snorting he takes the offered mug from Brian. Dude. Coffee. Because seriously? This Dean so could fall in love with. The coffee, of course. Inhaling the oh-so-sweet aroma of the steaming liquid, he can't help but moan again. He carefully cradles the mug between two cold hands, trying not to burn himself, but at the same time warming them up. "Dude. Real coffee," he says in wonder, smirking, toasting to the man behind the counter before taking a huge swallow.

"I don't suppose you buy your coffee at Starbucks then?"

"That would be a big, fat *no way in hell*, dude. I'd have to hustle a lot more money if we did," he admits, and yeah, he would have to. Considering Sammy's fancy shit coffee cost them a fortune – seemingly a dollar per word in its name.

Brian's head snaps up, eyes narrow. "Hustle?"

"Calm down. Not that kind of hustling. 'M talking Pool, dude. Poker. Things like that."

"Yeah, well," Brian rolls his lips into his mouth, "not to say that you wouldn't be a fucking success."

Dean just snorts again, into his coffee this time, almost spewing half of it over the counter and his lap. It doesn't deserve a reply, yet it's dead on. It's not like he never got offers, mind you, but despite doing a hell of a lot of fucked up shit in his time, he never went as far as selling his body. And he won't do it, either. Not if he can help it. He's not *that* fucked up, sorry. He doesn't think. *Hm.* They are both silent, drinking coffee, and Dean thinks that this? Is a good way of starting a day. Any day.

Only the folder on the couch table is mocking him, calling his name – using Sam's voice. Fuck that. It can wait five minutes for him to finish the coffee. No need to ruin this, too, with whatever's in there. And it's got to be imported, otherwise Sammy wouldn't have bothered leaving it for him. Dean stares some more at the faded, yellow thing, and the thing stares back. Brian's faster than he is with the coffee, obviously, and excuses himself to take a shower.

Dean frowns. Would have sworn the older man was freshly showered in the first place.

Oh well. Of course there are other reasons for a shower than, oh, say, cleanliness, for example. A lot less practical, but oh-so human. He doesn't bother to hide his interest as he watches Brian strip. He doubts he's supposed to look away, either. To pass up on the show he puts up for him. He doesn't. It doesn't hurt no one, and Brian's hot, all right. So he can't touch right now, but he can very well look. And enjoy himself just a little.

Oh fuck that. Brian knows just how gorgeous he is. He plays that knowledge almost to the point where it turns to arrogance. But hey! Dean's guilty of that, too, and if it is indeed a crime, he doesn't want to be blameless. It doesn't make it any less annoying to have that trick played on him, though. Or amusing. He hasn't quite decided yet, but it's somewhere in between. *Maybe both.* The way Brian removes all his clothes, all grand gestures and still intimate as hell, it reminds him of a stripper performing to a crowd.

When he's done, naked from head to toe, he just keeps standing there. Staring back at him, he says, "Like what you see?" Four words. Innocent, and in addition, full of innuendo. The guy's impossible – knew that already. He can't help that bark of laughter escaping him. Squirming a little in his seat, he thinks it's a pretty stupid question. It's so obvious that it hurts. Literally hurts.

"Like you didn't know..."

"Yeah. Just making sure that you do, too."

Annoying. That arrogance right there? Definitely annoying. Yup. For Dean does not *blush*. Does not stutter in the company of lovely women or men alike. He does not get flustered. Not since a long time. A very long time. So what the fuck is it about Brian that makes him feel like a virgin on prom night? What is it about him that turns Dean Winchester's hormones into a mess, sending him on a rollercoaster ride barely able to say no and stick to it? The only thing is, he doesn't seem to be the only one regressing to teenager status when confronted with that man.

*Thank God. But it's nothing new, either.*

And it wouldn't hurt either if his conscience freaking stopped sounding like Sam while trying to encourage him for fuck's sake! Come on, that can't be normal, right? If the little voice in his head is sounding like his little brother, it might as well kick his ass for being so distracted. Instead it's egging him on. *Yeah, well, no play makes Dean a very dull boy. And no fun to be around.* Argh. It's distracting. That's what it is. All of this.

"If you want to join me, feel free," Brian's interrupts.

Dean snorts. Persistent like a dog with a bone. And if that isn't one bizarrely-fitting analogy, Dean never heard one before. But it's not gonna happen. No matter that everyone seems to tell him otherwise. He's never been good at doing what he's been told, minus John Winchester, of course. Oh and how's that for a disturbing thought? No really. Pretty good, he'd say. Yeah. He stays silent as Brian shrugs, slowly turning around and parading his body into the bathroom – while giving him a good view of his

backside. *Tease.*

He waits for the shower to turn on before he goes over to the folder demanding his presence. He can guess what's in there, and not particularly hot on finding out for sure. Not that he's got a choice or anything, but one can dream, right? Right. Adjusting himself in his pants a little more comfortably, he squats down low in front of the table. Reaching out, he pulls the innocent-looking thing closer. Looks can be deceiving. He's fairly certain his gut isn't leading him on in this. The innocence? Is all an act.

Shutting out the low moan reaching his ears from the other end of the loft, he goes for the kicker and flips the thing open.

And comes face to face with the two ghosts of last night's adventure and the source behind his most recent bruises.

Or better said, a dozen or so pictures of the children the ghosts once were; living, breathing individuals and not the pale, screeching distortions he and Sam met. "Been busy, huh Sammy?" It's good to know that getting his arm and shoulders torn apart wasn't for nothing. Even better to know that they're just this little bit closer to putting that puzzle together. Doesn't hurt less, but yeah. Smiling sadly, he flips through some of the documents attached to the photos.

"Sammy say what he was going to do?" he calls out, loud enough for Brian to hear him over the flowing water.

"No. But he left a message somewhere in that folder."

Figured.

Looking some more, he finds a yellow stick-it note on one of the last pages. It's an eight by eleven photo of a young woman in worn jeans and a loose, white shirt, a tri-colored cat rubbing itself against her shin. If he looks a little more closely and frowns a little less, she actually looks familiar. *I'll be damned!* Younger she might be on that picture, but her features are the same. The hard eyes, the stern set of her mouth. No question asked. Ghost-wielding chick got a name now. "Emily McNamara," he murmurs to himself, trying the name on his lips and carefully removing the note, "Nice to finally meet you."

He crumbles the memo in his hands that tells him further that Sam has gone to do more research. On witchcraft. No, really. Witchcraft.

*Huh.*

At least the whole deal got rid of that hard-on.

Scoffing, he starts to flip through the folder again, pictures and reports and newspaper clippings catching his eyes for an instant as they slip by the next. Then there's the deep rumbling of the door as it opens in the background, followed by footsteps

walking in. *Ever heard of knocking?* Apparently not. The tip-tap on hardwood floor is simple to relate to one thing: high heels. So. Not Sam. Craning his neck so he can look over the back of the sofa, he catches sight of a mop of dark brown hair and leather jacket. Whoever this chick is, she's hot. And tiny.

She doesn't notice him at first, only when she turns around, obviously searching for someone – and Dean is very inclined to think that someone is Brian – does she spot him. She stops right in her tracks on the way across the room. Dean has just enough time to put on his charming grin when she bristles at him. *Now, what? I didn't even say anything!*

"Get your dick out of wherever it is, and get down here, now!" He really wants to pat himself on the back for not jumping at her clipped tone. And... *what?* The shower shuts off even before she finishes the sentence. Fierce eyes back on Dean, she murmurs, "Well, well, well, at least one could argue that he has *some* taste," eyeing him with something like interest. Only not really. The disdain? Oh, yeah, definitely there. And real.

Not letting that stop him – because, seriously, when did it ever? – he gets up from the floor, all but towering over Brian's visitor even from half across the room. "Come again?"

"Ha. Yeah. Good joke," she says, and Dean's a little bit lost. Geez, what joke? Before he can question the chick, she goes on. "Since when do you keep your tricks around for longer than it takes to get off?" she calls out loudly obviously to Brian coming out of the next room as her eyes never leave Dean. He feels like the proverbial monkey in the city zoo. Gawked at like *whoa*.

"Why, Mel," Brian drawls, has he casually drapes his long, wet – naked – body against the frame of glass panels, "I didn't know you cared." That has 'Mel' spinning around, startled.

And averting her eyes as soon as he notices the man's state. "Put something on, for fuck's sake. I just ate! Geez!" *Just ate?!* Dean chuckles to himself. Come to think of it. Watching and listening to them just now, there doesn't seem to be much love lost between these two, if at all. *Interesting.* "And I don't, but I care about Justin, so you better not—fuck, I meant put some clothes on, not *that*!"

'That' turns out to be a towel. Well, it is, it's just, well. Really small. "Fuck off, it's my house, I can fucking walk around naked if I please." With the towel barely hiding anything, he might as well *be*. Dean's damn sure Brian does it just to poke fun at her. "So? I better not what? Fuck around in my own fucking home? Like I said, it's my loft, Justin knows that."

"Doesn't mean he likes it."

"He *knew* what to expect when he came back, so leave it the fuck alone. It's none of you business. Geez, you'd think you're the poor little wife / cheated on, how's that? Oh, wait. No, that was you."

"Asshole."

"Likewise."

O-kay. Leaving the fact alone that they technically aren't fucking, and that, hello, no one's married to anyone as far as he knows in this room, he has no idea what's going on. So it's getting mixed up into, oh, whatever this is, or stay the hell out of it. Considering his way with words. *Door number two, it is.* And there is a cup of coffee still waiting for him right over there. Still warm, for he wasn't gone that long. Tiptoeing around the duo, he makes it back to the kitchen unnoticed. And unharmed.

Dean sighs in pleasure to find that, yup, the drug of his choice is still plenty warm. *Yum.* Re-taking his seat at the counter, he inhales it like he does all the time. All over the United States. When he looks up, now aware of a tense hush, the chick is glaring daggers at him. "Well?"

His confused look only has her rolling dark, rouged eyes. *Well, tough luck, lady.* "Well what?"

"Don't you think it's time you left?"

Dean blurts out a flabbergasted, "Excuse me?" the same time as Brian says, "Leave him the fuck out of it. Jesus." But then there's this certain flicker in his eyes and... a sudden sense of dread charges through him like lightning. Brushing past his seething visitor, he puts himself right in Dean's personal space. One hand landing high on his left thigh, the other on the back of his neck. *Uhoh.* But, it gets better – or worse, depending on which end you're looking from. And 'Mel', for example, doesn't seem to like her end a lot.

Thoughts stop there, though, because Brian's suddenly *right there*, hot breath against his ear and cheek, hand sneaking upward to his crotch. *Fuck!* "We're kinda... busy here," he tells her smirking, coarsely cupping Dean through his pants to apparently make his point crystal clear, "you know, so tell me what you fucking want or get the fuck out." *The. Hell?*

They've got to excuse him now, but *what*?! They were what?

So yes, fine, he does it to provoke that chick, and Dean knows all about poking a sleeping dragon, but come on! He should open his mouth and tell him off, to remove that fucking hand from between his legs and don't fucking stand so close. He doesn't do any of this. Why? Dean shrugs inwardly. Maybe it's the closeness, the hand kneading his groin or the way Brian's warmth and scent is all around him; he can't bring himself to say something. He just looks on. Looks on as Mel sends him a nasty snarl, huffing and puffing and whatever else she's doing bitching at Brian.

Who is still standing *too damn close*.

Sighing, he goes for the coffee again, something to hold onto and ignore – escape –

their conversation. He's good at that. At turning people out, ever since school and being a kid and being different. They've always been the odd men – kids – out, and people don't like 'different.' Rich, spoiled kids don't, either. Only when Brian's nimble fingers get a little too friendly with the jeans' zipper is he finally he reacts and catches the man's wrist in a tight grip, stopping him. He doesn't have to look. He can *feel* Brian smile.

Not bothering to turn around, he can hear the woman snarl, too.

Whatever. This is so not his business, so who the fuck cares.

Brian steps away from him then – cool air filling the space left by his warmth – making him shiver. He wonders if those two always bicker and bitch like this in front of strangers or if Dean is just that lucky. Merely the words 'your son' coming out of the chick's mouth manage to whirl his attention back to the pair. So fast, in fact, that it almost gives him whiplash. *Uh... what?* Thing is, he is not just good at tuning people out, he's also good at replaying conversations in his head he didn't pay vast attention to.

Therefore, his head presents the explanation that, evidently, Brian's got a kid. *Well, fuck me.* So okay, granted, gay men have testicles, so they obviously can procreate, but still. Huh. And for the sake of that kid he hopes that these two? Ain't the parents. *Christ.*

-- TBC